THE

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

BY

CORNELIUS WEBBE,

AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT LIFE," ETC.

"'Your counsel,' quoth Panurge, 'under your correction and favour, seemeth unto me [illegible] the song of Gammer [illegible]. It is full of sarcasms, mockeries, bitter taunts, nipping [illegible] derisive quips, biting jerks, and contradictory iterations, the one part destroying the other.'—RABELAIS.

"I, too, am in love with this green earth—the face of Town and Country—the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets."

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PREFACE.

In hastily glancing among these papers, now that they have gone through the press, and wear that fixed, small-pica stare, which is so apt to frighten your author, who is valiant enough while he looks at his handiwork in manuscript, I can perceive—and am affected accordingly—many errors, literal, verbal, and others: for all which written, and now printed sins, and for many more, not so much upon the surface—whether they be sins of commission or of omission, I have but one apology immediately at hand, which I shall have great pleasure in ——But I perceive that the gracious Reader is extremely happy without an unhappiness, and most agreeably willing to waive any apology; and that he seems, quietly, to express in every line of his good-humoured countenance, "Oh, no apology, I beg, my dear Sir! I'm very sure I—no person

more so—in fact, I was about to say—in short, pray take a chair, for you must be tired, after so much rambling; and when you feel yourself perfectly refreshed — and quite competent to make the handsome apology you are so very capable of making, no doubt of it—you will, if you please, say not one word more upon the subject: for, as the old proverb hath it, 'The least said is' ——but you appear to know the economy there is in saying little or nothing when much might be said. Offer no further apology, then, I intreat: for, to vary the old tag-line a little,

"On their *demerits* modest men are dumb!'"

——As I always listen to reason, when it puts a pleasant face upon what it has to remark or advise; and as I am, in general, anxious *not* to "inflict my tediousness" upon a friend—(for, if anybody is entitled to have it, it should be some indifferent person)—I shall postpone the particular apology I was about to offer, and shall content myself with a general one, which will, I hope, be taken in good part, both by the patient Reader, and the impatient Reader, who justly hates long graces to short commons.

I will, therefore, simply and sincerely say, that

I think diffidently enough of these hasty sketches —I should be loth to say how diffidently, for fear I should be wrong in my estimation of myself, and set a bad example to others. The considerate Reader will, of course, properly appreciate such an amiable anxiety on my part not to mislead him in a matter of so much delicacy. I shall therefore say no more on that head. One word more, however, I must say: that if I have written anything in these two volumes, either in jest or in seriousness, which I should not have written, I beg pardon for it, before I know that I have so committed myself. I should rejoice to think that there was no line, or thought, or word which, "dying, I should wish to blot." If there should be one, or more, calculated to give offence, I shall regret it. In running headlong after humour, it is not always possible to avoid such errors; but it is always possible to avoid intending to commit them, and this I have earnestly desired: if I have not succeeded, my hasty judgment, and not my deliberate will, must be blamed.

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ERRATA.

Page 92, line 10, *for* "this" *read* "his."
— 93, last line, *insert* turned commas before "aggravated."
— 263, last line, *dele* "serious, solemn."
— 264, second line, *read* "serious, solemn playings upon words," &c.



THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

GETTING OUT OF TOWN.

WHAT an inexpressible sense of the pleasurable there is in hearing those simple sentences, "Getting out of Town" and "Going into the Country," pronounced by one who utters them with an anticipatory relish — an antepast of the enjoyment he has to come! How—if I may say so—one's mouth waters to hear him (so blest!) smacking his lips at the promised pleasure! How one's eyes watch his eyes, brightening up with hope that his "going into the country" will do him good; and how they try to squeeze *in*—not *out*—something, not a tear, and not unlike one! And after a momentary struggle with one's feelings, how one looks with an agreeable admiration and a good envy on the man—the happy man—who is "going into the country!" while we are doomed (for what offences?) to a long, lingering

immurement within the walls of that largest of her Majesty's prisons—London! "What have we done," we cannot help asking ourselves, "that we should not be allowed to go *into* the country? If it is anything serious, punish us severely—send us *out* of the country; don't keep us pestered in this pinfold here! Has Briggs—the blessed man who is going into the country—has he been so good a boy, that he is to be allowed all these healthy holidays, while we are to be kept tied tight by the legs to the legs of our desk, and fastened down to our book, as if there was no such thing as a holiday in the world, and it were impossible for us to have nothing to do for a fortnight but to do nothing, and take our own time over it? Are *we* incapable of the country, or the country of *us*? If we cannot have a pew in the Temple of Nature, are there no 'free seats,' one of which would easily accommodate our old bones, after making an unboiled-pea* sort of pilgrimage to her shrine? Is there no room for us at Nature's table? Are we of the number of uninvited droppers-in who have no business there, and meet with no welcome—for whom there are no knife and fork and silver spoon laid—not even a wooden ladle? And must we gather up the crumbs that fall from the rich men's table, and be content;

* See Peter Pindar's "Pilgrims and the Peas, *Passim*, or *pass him* by—just as you please.

and if there are no fragrant fragments, dainty bits of delicate cates—no unconsidered orts—must we be content still to look on, and stand patiently eyeing the pampered prodigals till there are?—till the Dives, having fed their dogs till they lie down, fling us a morsel and cry 'Eat'?'

But, however, Briggs *is* going into the country—"happy man be his dole!"—and he anticipates much health and pleasure from going there: may he be so fortunate as to find the wished-for pleasure true! He is going—we must stay. Well, let us do so with a good grace, and, if possible, see him go as though we did not wish him gone, and yet did. It is no bad enjoyment to see our friends enjoy themselves. Briggs hopes he shall—indeed, says he shall—enjoy his trip, and he is a man of his word. Let us hope that he will enjoy it heartily and thankfully; so shall the gods, and "the sisters three, and such like destinies," pleased with our patience, delighted with our unenvious natures, take *our* cases next into consideration, and graciously give us leave of absence, and the monetary means to go like-wise and like-happy into the country.

Going into the country is not what it was in the days of our good old grandfathers. The almost improper facilities for getting now into the rural heart of our truly rural England make it too easy a difficulty—an enjoyment with too few drawbacks; and

accordingly we think all the less of that dear pleasure, as it grows cheap. Modern travellers take it into their heads to-day to start for the Lakes, or the Highlands to-morrow; and off they go, with as little note of preparation as if they were only going from Whitechapel to the west end of London. Our grandfathers, good, deliberate, methodical, old souls! it was as much as ten or eleven of the twelve months could do, let them stick as close as they would to their broad skirts, to get them out of town ten or eleven months after the date of their first threatening that they would go. "Going into the country" was then a great event in a man's life. One of the good old boys, sitting, perhaps, cozily at the corner of his afternoon fire in autumn, after much abstracted rumination, and two hundred twirls of one thumb over the other thumb, hemmed rather loudly to clear his voice, and then suddenly startled the worthy old partner of his heart and hearth by saying, "My dear, if I live till next October, and all goes well with us, and I can afford the time *and* the money, I have just thought that I think I will go down into Devonshire, and see Dick"—his brother, son, son-in-law, or nephew, as the case might be. The good old lady was of course "taken aback" by such an unexpected announcement, but, after she had recovered her astonishment, perhaps she encouraged the pious resolution; and from that hour and day

it was resolved unanimously, that he—good old Dobson, cheesemonger, or what not, Devonshire-born, but London-bred, man and boy, during fifty long, uninterrupted years—should go down into Devonshire that October twelvemonths. From that remarkable day preparations were begun to be made for the contemplated trip: new flannel for extra under-waistcoats, and travelling hose, coming up comfortably over the knees, for extra warmth; and that Dick might not be taken by surprise, he was immediately informed of what was likely to happen that time next year. The old man was now haunted day and night by the vision of *his* "Yarrow Revisited," and the old woman by careful thoughts of considerate providences for the contemplated journey.

So matters progressed, till, at last, the memorable month in the old man's life arrived, and great was the agitation within-doors and without-doors, for everybody within a mile roundabout knew very well that Mr. Dobson was "going down into Devonshire," and every Devonshire acquaintance felt an interest in so remarkable an event, and had a letter, or parcel, or "their love," or something, to send to somebody in Devonshire. The day when he was to start was duly announced—postponed—a substitute found for it, which would not serve—another day appointed, and sworn in; and the evening of that remarkable day having, at long and at last, duly arrived, everybody who knew and respected

Dobson dropped in, and took so solemn a farewell of him, that, poor old fellow, he retired to bed that night about as hopeless and unhappy as the man who had to get up at five next morning to be hanged at eight. Mr. Dobson slept as well as a man could sleep whose dreams were made up of footpads, highwaymen, robbery, road murder, and a stage-coach running as if it was mad at the rate of *four* miles an hour, now upon three wheels, now upon two, and now upon no wheels at all!

The fated hour at last arrived—the coach was to pass his door, and take him up; and two hours before it was to come by, there stood poor Dobson, shivering at the door, and being consoled, and shaken to pieces by leave-taking friends pulling his shoulders out of their sockets in shaking his hands. And now, when it came to the pinch, he wished to heaven that he had never thought of "going down into Devonshire!" It was a rash and presumptuous undertaking—almost as bad as flying in the face of Fate! And then he wished to stay, but was ashamed, it looked so unmanly. It was like tearing himself up from his domestic hearth, where he had taken root, and round every article of which happy little altar, built and kept burning to the domestic Lares, some unseen tendril of his heart had entwined. The fire-irons "entered his soul." The hearth-rug reproached him for forsaking its warm woolliness to tread upon Devonshire greensward, all damp and dewy, and not half so soft.

The kettle, "singing its sweet under-song," and wobbling its native hob-notes wild, descanted on the dear pleasures of "Sweet Home." The trivet seemed as though it impertinently demanded of him whether he was as right as that same? The brass footman looked hurt that he should think of dispensing for awhile with his old toast-warming services, to accept those of some rude, mercenary, Devonshire footman, with more brass and less polish. The house-cat purred not as usual, as if conscious that something unusual was going on. The dog whined, and did not wag his tail.

At last the hour came, the coach came, and drew up before the house: then the hubbubboo and ullulloo were at the highest, and the scene intensely interesting. The old slow coachman of the old slow coach, having taken five minutes to dismount from his box, and get upon the "firm earth," as slowly raised the short ladder by which Mr. Dobson was to mount up by slow steps either to the roof, among the groggy sailors, or into the basket, with the old woman in a red cloak and her grand-*darter*. Up he went, however, cheerfully resigned to his fate, which seemed hard, but was to be met like a man and a Christian! Raleigh or More, mounting the scaffold, could not have looked more placidly penitent, and have affected to be more easily ill-at-ease. Mr. Dobson being at last seated, his luggage, letters, a large-sized seed-cake for the imme-

diate hunger, and a small-sized flask of brandy for the habitual flatulence, or to keep out the cold morning air, were handed up to him. Lastly, the old slow coachman re-mounted, and performed the evolution in less than five minutes by fourteen seconds; the reins were most deliberately gathered up by him; the whip as deliberately delivered a hint to the two slow, fat, old roadsters, that, if they pleased, they were to go on, which, after some consideration on their parts, they were pleased to do, and the whole old mountain of coach moved almost insensibly away. Then the wringing of hands, the waving of handkerchiefs, the sighs, sobs, and tears of Mrs. Dobson and her good gossips were pleasingly painful to witness. A greater sensation could not have been created if, instead of Dobson going down to see Devonshire, Devonshire had come up to London to see Dobson. The whole concluded by Mrs. Dobson "taking on" very powerfully, and going into hysterics, and Mr. Dobson flying, in his incontrollable grief, to the brandy-flask, "that last infirmity of noble minds." Yes—going into the country was a serious affair

"In those good old days of Adam and Eve,"

Dobson, Mrs. Dobson, and Co.!

We live in better (or worse?) days. That great sniffing and fuming monster, Steam, is running about the world faster than the four winds, and

"bringing the uttermost parts of the Earth" together. The "remote and inaccessible" are daily getting nearer, and reachable. The classic and religious ground, which was sacred to the poet and the historian, will soon be desecrated, and made vulgar, by the travellers for Hobbs and Nobbs, and other respectable firms, who have no respect for any associations but golden associations of sovereigns with sovereigns. The men who did "business on the great waters" some centuries since, and, if they made a prosperous voyage from the port of London to Gravesend, and back to port again, gave thankful tapers to some altar of the Virgin, or dedicated a main-sail to her service, were they living now they would "steam" away to the Antipodes, or sit chattering "upon a Peak in Darien," "staring at the Pacific," and "give thanks" to nobody but Captain Hipkinson, of the Firedrake steamer, "for the excellent accommodations afforded them during the voyage," voting him a silver snuff-box. The good old saints who interceded for sea-going men, and gave them favourable winds and prosperous voyages, get no voted candles now for their forsaken chapels: they must either find their own moulds, or give up vesper services, in these irreverent days. The underwriters have taken their places, and insure their vessels now from harm, or take the consequences, if they meet with it. The trading world,

and the men after Mammon's own heart, promise themselves great and greater advantages from all these daily-enlarging facilities for scraping acquaintance with every corner of the earth, savage or civilized: if they can unite the good of others with their own good, who does not wish they may? Let them leave some few quiet, sylvan spots—some few green oases in the desert over which they drive their caravans—where the poets, and "such small deer," may sit and sing, contented with their "maple dish, their few books:"—if they will not "rob these hermits of their weeds," or "do their gray hairs any violence," they may make a railroad over all the rest of "the earth earthy," and puddle and paddle their way over the mighty waters, mightier than they.

"Thanks be to Nature, some green spots remain
Free from the tread and stain of that gross world
Whose God is commerce—and religion gain!"

Fields, and groves, and the dark hearts of forests, the green glades opening to the sun, deep valleys, rocks piled up like a natural temple, or like a temple made with hands, but overthrown by some convulsion of the earth—hills green with ever-springing verdure, and golden with the sunlight—mountains that lift their heads and look into the skies—these haunts are not what they were, when Imagination filled them

"With airy tongues, that syllabled men's names."

We catch no

> " ——— sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
> Nor hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn:"—

Proteus has shrunk back into the obscurest depths of the watery world, and Triton's horn is silent.

> " No satyrs in the shade are heard to languish,
> And make the shepherds partners of their anguish;—
> No shepherds now in barks of tender trees
> Do grave their loves, disdains, and jealousies,
> Which Phillis, when thereby her flocks she feedeth,
> With pity now—anon with laughter readeth:"

—no

> " Nymphs of the forests—nymphs who on the mountain
> Were wont to dance, shewing their beauty's treasure
> To goat-feet sylvans;" . . . . .

—no

> " Wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring"

lie sleeping by the falling waters: Pan has " forsook the plain;" but still there are no places like the fields.

> " If living eyes Elysian fields could see,
> Some little Arden might Elysium be!"

All is not gone, though these are gone. There is enough of beauty—

> " Elysian beauty—melancholy grace"—

to touch the heart with tenderness, make the eyes swim in tears—pleasurable tears—lift them from their melancholy grovelling upon the ground, and turn them, with all the thoughts and troubles of the soul, heavenward. The sweet, freshening

flavour of woods, scenting the air surrounding them with the healthiest of odours—the grass, which you may smell when the dew is down on it —the cool coming of the smoothing winds that pass over the sweet waters—the balmy breathings of wholesome herbs, and innocent weeds, and wind-sown flowers—these are the fragrancies of health, better, and sweeter, and more medicable than

"Sabæan odours, myrrh, and sweet perfumes."

These are still to be found in the fields. "Go out into the fields, and into the highways, and bring them in."

Then, again, the various singing of the free, delighted birds—what heart can be silent and praiseless when it hears them full of praise and jubilant with joy?

"What soul can be so sick, which by their songs,
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?"

How beautiful come their voices upon the ear of the lonely wanderer! How the heart seems to listen to them! How the mind turns gladly away from whatever thoughtful theme it was engaged upon, and gives up its attention wholly unto them —as a studious father turns from his serious task to listen to the pretty prattling of his children!—The lark sings now, in this old age of the world,

the very air—without a note of variation, it may be—which Adam hushed the voice of his fair Eve to hearken to; and how beautiful must have been the voice of Eve to the ear of the enamoured Adam! Yet "the charm of earliest birds" was, for a moment, sweeter than her artless talk!

Gods and nymphs are gone; but forests and vernal wildernesses are not lonely now, even to the lonely. A Divinity—before whom the brain-born deities of Heathenism shrink into shadows—may walk with the Wanderer in desert places. Adam, as he lived in Eden before he was tempted and fell, may appear to him, though he be the meanest son of the sons of his children—another Esau, with no birthright and no blessing—and walk with him, discoursing of the first innocence, and of the

> "————first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden."

Eve—in whose presence

> "The statue that enchants the world"

is but a graceless form—may move before his eyes in unabashed nakedness and unsensual loveliness. Abel may be seen laying his acceptable offering upon the first rude altar of turf and stone, ere Cain grew envious of his favour with heaven, and the first martyr fell, and the first blood frightened

the Earth. Moses may stand in the midst of the waterless Horeb, and with a wave of his rod the rocks may melt, and the living springs leap down, and curl and play like silvery serpents on the ground. Elijah, raven-fed, may preach content to him. If, mean as he is among men, he has "the vision and the faculty divine," he may again, with Milton,

> "See the chariot, and those rushing wheels
> That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood."

The Baptist may again be heard crying in the wilderness. The humblest wild flowers may teach him how to worship, and what incense he should offer—the lowliest birds how to praise—the leaves how to speak—the waters teach him fluency—the trees how to bend, and in whose presence he stands—the rocks may answer him—the stones discourse with him. Neither hill nor vale, forest nor open field, need now be untenanted, or wanting their imaginations and their inspirations. Thought can make the civilized city a savage, solitary wild; and it can hear the multitudinous roar and movement of a mighty people in the dead silence of an unpeopled solitude.

Though Byron has said

> "Alone, Man with his god must strive,"

whatever that god may be—demon or angel—I say, with Cowley—a melancholy man, too—

" Ah wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear 't away.

. . . . God himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude, alone!"

The love of solitude is the passion of thoughtful natures, and the " sole comforter of minds distressed," and thoughtful, now too late. But let not these indulge in it too much: in moderation, it is a medicine to the heart—a queller of stormy passions—a calmer of the troubled waters of sorrow. Have you been unfortunate in some venture upon the ocean of life, in which you have embarked all, and the good ship has gone down, and left you a broken merchant upon the shore? Has your darling ambition—fame—been awarded to you, and have you begun to find, when all is won, that all is vanity, and that

" ——— if aught here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure life and silent grave?"

Or has fame, the hope of your youth, been so long delayed, that the " Court awards it," at last, too late: for your ears are " deaf to the voice of the charmer," your eyes behold her, but behold no beauty in her; and if her sister, Obscurity, stood, shrinking and abashed, by her side, you would gladly flee to her arms, choose her for

your mate, and quit the busy scenes of life for ever? Have you put your heart in the keeping of one who has played false with it—acted the part of the unjust Steward with it? Have you a grief which, like some desperate wound, you have outlived, but still the scar remains?—go into the fields—

"Look on Nature with the Poet's eye,"

if you are not one, and you will find pleasure there —"calm pleasure," or, if not pleasure, "majestic pain"—such pain as purifies the soul while it tries it, as gold is purified by fire, and the dross being purged away, the residue is precious. You are not unfortunate, after all, if you can still be patient—a virtue which has perhaps kept you quiet, uncomplaining, and calm through many years of unrewarded toil and painful poverty. If you are, for a little while, fretful at your fate, and the postponement of all you have hoped and longed for, you must now learn better manners, return to the pleasant, primrose path of Content, and follow her as humbly as you once followed the sacred, silent footsteps of saint-like, angel-admired Patience.

Are you a poor slighted student, with some gift of mind yet unappreciated by the world—"your shame in crowds, your solitary pride"—which you hide in your bosom as the Spartan boy the wolf that

gnawed into his heart, and complained not?—does poverty, which once made you meek and humble, now make you proud, impatient, and mad of heart? —go into the fields, and the thoughtful quiet there shall preach your troubles down to peace. The clouds, that shut out the sun, and darken the earth with their shadows, but, soon breaking, the cheerful light darts in between, and the day, that was so gloomy, is glad and glorious—the clouds shall counsel you; and the struggling sunbeams teach you to shine on, though unseen, that, when the clouds of adversity roll away, your spirit may shine out warm and clear, and your little day have its bright hours yet.

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
With boundless contiguity of shade!"

was the cry of the unhappy Cowper, when impatience with himself and with the world pressed down his gentle, sensitive spirit. Oh for a lodging —I do not ask a lodge—(is my cry)—in the green outskirts of town, with cool fields spreading out before my burning eyes—a sunny common or wild-growing heath to wander over, and there think down my cares to matters of no moment! —Oh for books, sunshine, a few friends, a little fame, the "sweet, retired leisure" of literature, and "the leisure to be good!" If ever I should enjoy these, I trust I shall be so grateful as to be happy!—A foolish dream, perhaps—but it

was the dream of my earliest youth; and I cannot shake off its "drowsy charm" now that the first few grey hairs assure me that the autumn of my life is come, and that its winter is not far away. Oh that some portion of the heart and the hopes of that youth—that pleasant prime—could be returned to me!—It is natural—but in vain—to wish that the golden age—the youth of our lives—could return; that the child-like heart could be restored to us; that "all thoughts, all feelings, all delights," but such as we then entertained could be exorcised, expelled, and "quite shut out;" that all that is written within "the book and volume of our brain" could be cancelled and made clean; that this beautiful world, and "this brave o'er-hanging firmament" could wear the beauty they then wore, and wear still, but not in our eyes: it is very natural, but weak and vain, to wish these things. Take courage, then, and give them up as vain: but give not up the inexpressible regrets which age should properly feel at the unaccomplished promises of youth: for while they vex and fret the heart, they wean it from the world, and turn its eyes forward, to look on better hopes and brighter things, which still come on to meet us. Oh happy youth of innocence and truth! Oh lovely daybreak and morning-shine of the mind! Oh hours of freshness and of joy that dreamt not of sorrow! Oh happy days of happy

waking-dreams!—when life was as a lovely tale, which I was reading apart and alone, and, weeping, hoped it would end happily!—a cheerful play, which I sat silently to see, impatient of the slowly opening scenes—expectant of the plot, which I unravelled ere it was half perplexed—the action, which I had eyes to see and carefully observe—the actors, whom I felt learned enough to criticise!—I have outlived youth, and find age a sorry substitute for it: the daybreak of mind—(I pass its noon)—is darkening fast into the evening twilight: the freshness of life has become "flat, stale, and unprofitable:" the joy is turned to seriousness. I have been wakened—perhaps too suddenly—from my waking-dreams, and see that they were phantasies, cheats, and shows, and conjurors' illusions: I have finished the tale—it ended sadly: I have sat out the play—it disappointed all the promise of its opening scenes—the curtain is now down—and the epilogue is vainly striving to force a smile into the face its five long acts have rendered serious. "Thus runs the world away!" So groans some disheartened man, who has played the prodigal with the world, and is now feeding on the husks of life as his daily bread—so laments he who has loved the world "not wisely, but too well." Let him go into the fields, and make himself familiar with its innocent life, for there only will he find refuge and com-

panionship, and, if anywhere, peace; for there the eyes of the prosperous will not carelessly or scornfully look upon his "looped and windowed raggedness," and wondering at his wretchedness, walk on.

The unhappiest of men—(whether from sickness, disappointment of dear hopes, loss of friends, relations, fortune, anything that once made life sweet, and now makes it bitter, or not so sweet as it was)—must, I think, be very selfish, and susceptible only of things which only and wholly concern himself, if he can long wander among the cheerful fields without feeling—or at least having the reflection forced upon him—how small a part he himself, with all his sorrows, makes in this living and moving world; and this thought—humiliating though it may be—will, haply, wean him from himself, and dispose him to enjoy the simple, sincere pleasures which court him upon every side. It will be hard if, ere he has passed a morning there, he does not throw off his heavy burden of sorrows, like poor Pilgrim in his progress, and resolve either to start on the morrow on a better pilgrimage, or if he resolves to stay where he is, be content under all denials, and patiently suffer all the poor severities with which Fate or Fortune can afflict him. If he is capable of learning this wisest of wisdom anywhere, he will learn it in the fields.

The happiest of men—happy in their own natures—may find fresh sources of happiness in the fields, more there than anywhere. You lovers of books—those immortal presences and representatives of the minds of immortal spirits among men—such spirits as Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Bacon, Newton—walking and talking with you, teaching you, and touching your hearts with heavenly Poesy and

> " ——— Divine Philosophy,
> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns!"

—you happy minds, who are wise enough, and humble enough, to learn wisdom from the lips of the learned in the world,—the fields, and woods, and groves, and sunny hills, and shady places, are your best studies and most retired reading-rooms!

> " ——— Wisdom's self
> Oft seeks to sweet-retired Solitude,
> Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
> She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
> That in the various bustle of resort
> Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd."

Nowhere are you so much alone with your favourite teacher—nowhere are you so personally addressed by him—nowhere can you hear and understand him so well and clearly, as in the walks of Nature's Academe. There you wander hand in hand to-

gether—humble scholar and mighty master; but he esteems you as not unworthy to be taught, for you are "all ear to hear," "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the wisdom he is as ready to communicate as you to receive. There is no more delightful sociality than such loneliness—none which you can so unwearyingly prolong, and be so loth to bring to a conclusion—none to which you so eagerly return, still unsated, and still desiring he would speak on, while you listen to

"———— things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal."

When I speak of the enjoyments of the fields—fresh air, flowers, grasses, sunshine, showers, shadows, the unwearying singing of birds, the graces and beauties of trees—("What life there is in trees!" is the impassioned exclamation of that thoughtfullest of poets, Wordsworth; and even the old heathen, Pythagoras, said "When you hear the wind blow in the trees, worship the noise,")—when I speak thus, I advocate "no idly-feigned poetic" pleasures, nor wish to paint such things as are not, for they are—and were made and meant for our enjoyment, and should be enjoyed, to the good Giver's praise. What a world would this have been without them!—what

a beautiful world it is with them!—I advocate the *occasional* enjoyment of the delicious quiet, sweeter than music—the unfailing freshness—the inexhaustible and unfading, or, if fading, renewable beauty of rural scenes, which a man must have eyes like a mole's if he cannot see, and a nature as grovelling if he cannot appreciate. Exercise, and uncontaminated air, are necessary to health of body and mind: he does wisely who snatches at them whenever he can—especially him "in populous city pent." Without health, life is a load which the poor, burdened animal that bears it would gladly throw off, or willingly lie down and die under it. The exercise which the overplied artizan or thoughtful student takes in the city streets is worth nothing, as far as vitalizing the blood is concerned: health, and the renovation of the worn and torn body are only to be had in the fields and open places, "far"—but not too distant to be reached—"far removed from noise and smoke." Such hospitals for the sick lungs and unhealthy bloods of its crowded citizens lie, ever open, under the very walls of this city. But it is the affectation of fools and shallow groundlings to think meanly of such wholesome places because they lie at their feet. Who but a Londoner would think of finding pleasure or inhaling health from visiting the hills which surround London?—and yet the healthy breath of heaven visits them,

and blows over them, and breathes about them. The wild flowers live on them, and look healthy, and take their odours from their earth, and give them back again. The trees, some of them self-sown, thrive there, grow great in girth, lofty in stature, strong in resistance to the storm, their natural enemy and natural friend, and spread their green shadows over the grateful ground, that thinks itself adorned by them. Nature seems to take some pains with, and finds some pleasure in, such spots: why should not I enjoy the latter with her?—If the wild birds—who are not city born—but come across seas and sterile countries to harbour there—can find food and their simple pleasures there, why should not I?—If it is not too near a neighbourhood to a great city for the lark, the cuckoo, the blackbird, and the thrush, but they can sing there, and take their pleasure, why should it be too vulgar, and an out-of-town spot not out-of-town enough, for me?—If the violet can extract its sweetest of perfumes from the vulgar clay or from the smoky air so near to London, why should not so poor a rurality be sweet enough for me?—If the furze can clothe itself with vegetable gold—the daisy shoot round its little rays, as pure and shining as a star is—the cowslips make music in the wind with its wagging bells—the apple give a rosy redness to its cheek by turning it to the sun—the pear grow ripe and

russety in its beams—the wild hedge-rose blossom, its flowers fall, and the ruddy fruit which is to be the food of the wintering birds grow ripe in its warmth——why should not I think the air and its sweetness, the sunshine and its colour-giving heat of life, the common ground and its green fertility, pure, and good, and grateful enough for me? If Nature has thought it not so mean a spot as to be ashamed to shew that her ever-busy hand has been at work there, surely it is good enough for me to plant a foot there where she has laid her hand? If she, like a decent housewife, has spread her floor with soft carpets of green, studded and curiously inwoven with shining tufts and cushions of golden moss, richer than three-piled velvet, surely it is no small privilege that my unworthy feet are free to tread on it, and that I am ever welcome to wander within her verdant walls, and may roam at large about her grounds, unlimited and unreproved, free as the wind that waves and flutters the beautiful hangings and tapestry which adorn her walls, and kisses, like a lover, the lovely flowers she has wildly sown about her walks? Yes, though a giant city stretches out its unwieldy limbs so far that its ugly hands and feet reach and touch the margin of the untrimmed "garden where she takes her pleasure," there is ample room enough for me to walk, and stumble not on man-trap or spring-gun about her grounds, and find

freedom, health, and no vulgar pastime, in wandering where she wanders still—"not unseen"—and will never be expelled,—where she still exerts the wonders of her hand to make her old haunts beautiful, and cultivate, in her way, her wilds,—and where she pleased and patiently sits, and sees refinement and the arts of men gradually invading her lovely hills and vales, and blending their order with "the sweet disorder of her dress," each adding

> "——— to each a double charm,
> Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm."

Such scenes as these are pleasant, and far removed enough for me, and others, too, much wiser; and

> "He who of these delights can judge, and spare"

(or afford, was Milton's meaning)

> "To interpose them oft, is not unwise."

"These be reasons, look you," why I should advocate the pleasures of the fields, and you indulge in them. Among these pleasures, the highest, perhaps, is—reading in those calm, quiet, thoughtful scenes. It is not, however, every book that will bear this ordeal, but there are books enough that will: among these, our country poets—Browne, pastoral Browne; Cowper, for his homely, happy painting of English scenery—the Gainsborough of poets; Thomson, for his more classic, but faithful pictures of "the Seasons and their

change"—the Wilson of poets; Burns, for his hearty passion; Bloomfield, too much forgotten, who deserves a reprint, and such an admiring biographer as Mr. Southey would be; and Clare, almost forgotten too. Abundant as Clare is, almost to excess, in rural images, hastily brought and heaped together in most luxuriant confusion, no reader who loves truth in poetry can turn from him. He seems to have gone over the fields of Nature as Mr. Robins would dŏ, if he had to put up her beautiful estate to sale, and made a too honest inventory of every tree, herb, flower, bird, stick, and stone, intending afterwards to make a better-arranged catalogue of her effects. Every line is crowded with noun substantives, and each page and poem is so-thronged with things of natural *vertù*, that you forget one-half of the lots before you have gone through the whole. This is a fault, and not a fault. It shews, to say the least, that he must have had a wonderful memory of every object he had seen in early life, when he little thought his remembering them would serve him, and make him the true poet that he is—Nature's faithfullest of stewards. Half of his knowledge of these things would have set up a pastoral poet richly. Clare has piled all his accumulated recollections in one great heap, and seems not to have known that he was too rich. Read his "Cowper Green," and you will instantly perceive the excess I speak

of—if it is excess. Crabbe, where he is descriptive—such as in the "Lover's Journey"—will bear companionship with the fields; and Hurdis, his friend, and admiring imitator; and Scottish Grahame, and poor Robert Pollok—poets all. And among living men, Wordsworth before all; and Elliot next to him—a strenuous poet—perhaps too much so; for he sometimes overplies his powers, which are great, but are equally exerted whether he has to crush a thistle "cumbering the ground," or hew down an oak, "the giant of the woods," but rotten and decayed. With some of these, or one of these, a day or days in the fields will not pass idly or uninformed. The day will seem too short; your powers of attention and retention much too limited by the light, half to exhaust the pleasures they afford to him who has eyes to see and ears to hear. The poet prayed for

"Years, that bring the philosophic mind:"

hours, if they are well used, will sometimes bring it. But if he wants not that power to bear and to forbear, the quiet field-student may find "a holy pleasure" there, where, as Clare says,

"A peaceful solitude around him creeps,
And Nature seemly* o'er her quiet sleeps;—
No noise is heard save sutherings through the trees
Of brisk wind-gushes, or a trembling breeze;. . . . .

* *Seemly*, for *seemingly*—a provincialism?

And low of distant cattle here and there,
Seeking the stream, or dropping down to lair;
And bleat of sheep......
While 'neath the bank on which he rests his head
The brook mourns drippling o'er its pebbly bed......
He pores with wonder on the mighty change
Which suns and showers perform, and thinks it strange;
And though no philosophic reasoning draws
His musing marvels home to Nature's Cause,
A simple feeling in him turns his eye
To where *the thin clouds smoke along the sky;*
And there his soul consents the Power must reign
Who rules the year, and shoots the spindling grain,
Lights up the sun, and sprinkles rain below—
The fount of Nature, whence all causes flow."

"Are these the verses of a peasant?" you will ask. Yes: has Pope spoken more to the purpose?

And when brain and eyes are weary with too long or too rapid reading, it is an agreeable indolence, not altogether idle, to let the favourite book fall carelessly on your knees—hear it fluttering in the wind like a bird in the hand of fowler or falconer, and gaze with "lack-lustre eyes" on the grass, which sends back a refreshing coolness on eyes dazzled with poring upon the white glare of poesy's pale leaves. Or, if you happen to be perched upon a stile, it is no pleasing amusement to pull forth from your pocket some eminent penknife, which has, in its time, ornamented, nibbled, nibbed, and pared the pruriences of divers grey goose-quills, which have, in *their* time, done "the state" of literature "some service," and, then and there,

fall to slivering the dry bark from some lopped limb of an old tree, that, having adorned the wood or forest, now performs an humbler task as the upright post of a field-stile. A Lisbon ruffian, with a knife in his hand, thinks only of its fitness for stabbing a rival in love or an opponent in politics; an English sailor calculates how well it would cut away a rope: Englishmen generally, more moderate with knives, content themselves with hacking the edge of the tables in their various hostelries; or carving an amorous heart upon a window seat or shutter, somewhat in shape like a pincushion, stuck through with two arrows of Cupid's manufacture, much resembling skewers. Think not, gentle reader, that I recommend, or that I indulge in, the curious carving of initials, or other dull devices of your egotistical fancy; I leave such short-lived fame to your ambitious churchwardens, who repair the nose of a cherub over a church-spout, and chisel their craving vanity under it. Buonaparte, the evening before the memorable battle of Marengo, cut on a tree, which still lives, the warrior word "*Battaglia.*" Byron carved his name in the churchyard of Harrow upon some monumental stone; Sheridan, in the play-ground of Westminster school. Burns was fond of writing with a diamond on the window-glasses of inns and alehouses his terse, stern, and sarcastic epigrams. These are weaknesses and vanities, though great

men and proud men have indulged therein, which your contemplative man and true field-reader will not give into. The utmost he will do, when in this idle vein, will be to peel a post, or cut a notch in its side. And let no "he in Illyria" call this carving idleness: it is not: that finely-strung instrument, the brain, recovers its tone in these moments of inertion; and when the idle fit is over, the neglected book is then returned to with renewed pleasure. I contend for this indulgence of what Dr. Watts calls "idle hands," because these scorings and notchings, like Octavian's, are *my* calendars. I have a seven-mile-long series of them in my most favourite sylvan haunt, all etched under the same mood of mind; and when I go over the old ground, and meet with them again, I know them as a shepherd recognises the sheep of his own ruddle-marking, by the "witness my hand" set thereunto; and, as Cowper beautifully says of bells,

"——— they open all the cells
Where mem'ry sleeps: wherever I have *notched*
A kindred *post or pale*, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains;
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years."

Losing yourself, as it were, in this sweet forgetfulness, this waking day-dream, you keep cutting and carving on, careless of consequences, your penknife

slivering away, and your mind employed upon other thoughts all the while, when, all on a sudden, you observe that the elm-bark is red—that it looks as if it bled. Though not so learned in sylvan matters as good old Evelyn, or Mr. Gilpin (not John, of Edmonton memory), your attention is drawn to so remarkable a novelty, and you instantly make an inquisition into the new fact; and then you discover that you have been paring the bark off your finger, instead of the post, for the preceding five minutes last past! An unpleasant accident that; but is there no cobweb in Gilead for a cut finger? You look among the bushes at your side, and there the field-spider has spread out a silken lint for you, and it is very much at your service. You snatch at it, shake that sylvan surgeon out of it, and wrapping his dewy web round your finger, the wound is stanched, and you have only to apologize to him for spoiling his morning's work upon a web which he did hope, when he began it, would bring him in a good haul of fly-prey that day. But he has plenty of materials on hand for weaving another, so you quiet your conscience for depriving him of his handiwork, and moving out of his way, give him room to get up another. In a few minutes, his shuttle is at work again, and you amuse yourself with watching him at his industrious task. It will be hard if you do not, while you are thus idly employed, pick up some

moral lesson upon those good old subjects for the contemplative man's contemplation—patience and perseverance.

In these post-carvings you may, haply, snap your well-tempered blade, for your best-tempered blades are sometimes snappish. The knife is a favourite one: the present, perhaps, of the most amiable Miss Simpson. But is there no pleasure in the pain the accident throws you into, as to the possibility of having a new blade engrafted upon the old handle? Will there not then be enough left of her parting present to love her and remember her by? In the silver stud in the centre there are her fair initials still, fresh as when they were first engraved by the delicate white fingers and Whitechapel bodkin of the fair aforesaid Miss Sarah Simpson! On the reverse is still legible, in genteel, lady-like, mis-shapen, Arabic-sprawling letters, "Think of me!" It is still dear, and to be cheaply repaired. But if your knife has none of these love-me-and-leave-me-not endearments attached to its memory, is there not the pleasures of the new purchase which you must make of "another and a better" knife? You may, if you choose, gather sweet-watered grapes from sour sloe-bushes—a sermon from the snapping of a knife-blade—philosophy from every occurrence of life, however idle, or small, or slight. You may make much out of nothing, or next skin to it—out of a grain of sand, and it may grow, and

spread out, and strike down to the centre, and lift aloft its once small head, till the eagle that perches on the top seems no bigger than a fly.

"GOD made THE COUNTRY, and MAN made THE TOWN,"

says the most plain-speaking of poets. And it seems strange that while the poor architects of the one have honourable mention and their due meed of praise, and their works are admired and cherished, the works of the greater Architect are scarcely glanced at, and, when seen, are not half admired, and the praise of the mighty Builder neither meditated in "expressive silence," nor murmured in audible whisperings or solemn ejaculations. His Hand and Mind move and operate unnoticed among his works: the careless eye glides over them—perhaps beholds that they are "beautiful exceedingly," but the Architect still remains unseen and unremembered. The blind-minded Atheist may preach his worst of heresies in cities, and preach it unreproved and unrefuted by the self-evidence of things around him—though that seems hardly possible even there; but let him turn field-preacher, and the "immortal truths" which he so much vaunts, become, on the instant, self-evident lies—lies that tell the truth unwittingly and unwillingly—lies which burst in a moment like bubbles. Round as they are and shapely, they are hollow; beautiful as they are, and rainbow-

tinted, they are beautiful for a moment only: no sooner are they " blown than blasted"—" a breath can *unmake*, as a breath has made them !"

Go, therefore, into the country—which is principally made up of fields—you who would read the book of Nature as Nature has written it—without notes, or comments, or the false glosses of doubting or unbelieving men ! Go there

" Where Nature preaches in a cricket's song :
Where every tiny thing that flies and creeps
Some feeble language owns, its prayer to raise ;
Where all that lives, by noise or silence keeps
A *daily* sabbath in *their* Maker's praise !
There, free from labour, let *my* musings stray
Where footpaths ramble from the public way ;......
Or, wildly left to follow choice at will,
O'er many a trackless vale and pathless hill,......
Where no approaching feet, or noises rude
Molest the quiet of one's solitude,"......

and let me

"———— creep my blinded way
Where woodland boughs shut out the smiles of day ;
Where, hemm'd in glooms that scarce give leave to spy
A passing cloud, or patch of purple sky,
I track, half hidden from the world besides,
Sweet hermit Nature, that in woodlands hides."—CLARE.

Go into the country, you who can: if you will not, because you can, let me go in your stead—a handsome proposition on my part. You grant me leave to go—when I can ; but, for your parts, the country is, you have no doubt, all very well, and green, and quiet, but nothing to compare with the

life and noise of Regent-street. Prefer it, then, if it so pleases you. True, going into the country, "I confess the cape," is not what it was; nor is the country what it was; nor the country people such people as they were; but they are well enough for me. I can make allowances. Town born and bred persons, with poetic notions of the country derived from the pastorals of Philips and Shenstone, must not look now-a-days to see the tuneful Corydon tending a cow—Charles Collywobble, a very unpoetical personage, looks after that respectable manufacturer of milk. Nor must they expect to meet the gentle Damon leading forth his sheep to pasture, and loving, too,

> "——— to lead them where the daisies spring,
> And on the sunny hill to sit and sing:"

Dick Doubleday pays these makers of mutton all the attentions they require; and should "the blackbird's singing him invite to sing," Dick, always ready to sing when called upon, clears his throat, and strikes up, perhaps "Giles Scroggins,"—perhaps something not so pastoral! Nor will they find the gentle Thyrsis gallantly twining garlands for the ripe clusters of the nut-brown hair of some gentle Delia, a comely country-wench;—the gentle Delia buys her garlands ready-made of the artificial florists; and the no-longer gentle Thyrsis, now better known as Tom Thwackeray, is making no garlands for heads, but breaking those of his

pot-companions in a dispute about the odd halfpenny of the reckoning—who should pay it. If

> "Aught of oaten stop or pastoral reed"

is to be heard

> "Where violets with purple paint the spring,"

the wind blowing among the rushes till they sigh a sort of music—or rustling among the oaten stubble till they murmur a sea-like sound, is the only professor of such wind-instruments. Pan and pipe have forsook the plain. If you look for them, and listen for them, they are silent and gone. I think it my duty to advertise the lovers of poetry and the pastoral life of this melancholy fact, for mistakes are being made upon that head even in this day, so boastful of its intelligence.

A fair young City friend—simple soul!—set out, a spring since, from Cheapside for the country—her first appearance on that stage and the stage which wafted her among the rural scenes she so much longed to be among. Her expectations of the country-people were, of course, of the high poetic and romantic cast. Her preconceptions of a shepherd, for instance, were made up of her long contemplation of a Sevres china Damon which adorned her mother's mantelpiece—a delicate, lack-a-daisical young fellow, with round, rosy cheeks, brown hair, flowing down in curls about his naked neck; a snow-white shirt, nicely frilled, falling upon his shoulders; an

open waistcoat, of blue silk, ornamented with gold buttons; pink breeches; well-turned, tapering legs, carelessly thrown across each other; bright-buckled shoes, a golden crook between his knees, and a silver pipe atween his lips. As she passed over Barham Downs there were sheep in numerous flocks spread over the tufty patches of grass which make green that desert; but no shepherds were visible. It was the sweet spring-time, and the lambs were livelily leaping, frisking, and frolicking around their delighted dams, who looked gravely on at their innocent mirth, and bleated approbation. My fair City friend was delighted too, and must bleat hers. "How beautiful! How natural! Those dear pretty lambs!" she exclaimed to a leathern ear hanging low down upon the black velvet collar of a blue coat with yellow buttons, red waistcoat, whitey-brown breeches, and brown top-boots. "Yes, Miss," all these good things in one parcel answered, with an evident relish of the subject he was about to speak upon—"Yes, Miss, as pretty lambs as you'd wish to stick a knife in!" My fair friend shrunk from him: it was the butcher of the next village!——That shock to her sensibility subsided, she still had hopes that she should see a shepherd—the gentle, pastoral Damon of her imagination—not a Dresden Damon, but one of flesh and blood, and not without his pipe—a proper, tuneful Damon. Having got over the Downs, a little inn

stood suddenly before her. The coach drew up, the butcher got down, but as he had heard her express a wish to see a shepherd, he shewed her one—" A real, right 'arnest shepherd," as he said. Oh, pastoral romance! how were thy visions mocked and dissipated! She saw an old, grey-headed and grey-bearded man, rude, ragged, and drunken-looking with excess of beer—no Damon, but old Daniel Dobbs! " Shepherd," quoth the butcher—it was spiteful of him, but as he thought the City miss had " looked down upon him" as a vulgar brute, he had a quiz at her—" Shepherd, where's your pipe?" To him the gentle Damon answered, " Why, Measter Muggeridge, a [I] left *un* in the skittle-ground, as a [I] hadn't got not no more baccy!" The butcher looked up wickedly at my young Miss, and she looked down confounded. The visions of her childhood were all gone!

> " Those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things"

were, indeed,

> " Fallings from her—vanishings;
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized."

But, simple soul, she learnt, in some few days, to see the truth of things; and found the country was still sweet, though not what she had thought it was.

I fear that there are many dwellers in Cheapside

who entertain as strange notions, or else no notions at all, of the country: they are so intent upon money, that they give up all for it—all that can make it really valuable—the first and best of which is—health. Some are wiser, but not all. Let them get money, then, and much good may it do them—the mere amount of it, and the abuse, and not the use of it. I care not for it, but do for health and exercise. Therefore,

> "As long as I can wander let me breathe
> The freshness of the fields; and let my blood
> Struggle with frosty air and winter snows."

As I practise what I preach on *this* head, I let not the seasons hinder me in my best habits. All weathers and all seasons are good, if you will think them so. You may make a gloomy day shine with the glow of sultry summer, if you will. I owe this paper which you are reading to a walk out of town in the bleak month of March. It was a rough day: the cold wind blew momently with hollow-moaning gusts, sounding drearily; but the sunshine compensated me for all its coldness and dreariness by its seeming warmth and cheerful smile, suggesting pleasurable thoughts. On I went, therefore, rejoicing in my freedom and in a pair of legs that fear nothing in the shape of exercise: on I went, threading the green lanes, crossing the green fields, up hill, down hill, I cared not where, so that my way was from the town: on I

went, finding beauties on every side which well rewarded me for all my toils. The bare trees needed no apologist—I saw beauty in them, even in their nakedness; and sending my imagination before me into the Spring, I saw them clothed with vernal leaves, and, in their shade, looked up through them at the light. The blackbird sung a line or two of an old carol of his on the Spring, and then was silent. The thrush was sitting huddled up in his old favourite dwarf tree, warbled a note or two as I approached him, and then flew off: he, too, sung of Spring. The robin boldly stood his ground, and regarded me with those bright black eyes of his, as if he knew me, and cared not for my intrusion: he sang on, and he, too, sang of the Spring.

"But not even Love can live on flowers," sings the poet. By some mysterious process, which I shall not attempt to investigate, a March wind and a ten-mile walk will somehow bring on one of those infirmities of the flesh vulgarly called hunger: for this end, perhaps, were the March wind and the walking ten miles invented, as well as for some other minor purposes not worth mentioning. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" asked I, "having earned it?" I added. Having two or three proxies in my pocket, I threw in my vote as the casting one, and "the ayes and noes" being counted, "the ayes had it." I am not particular

what place I enter, so that there be entertainment therein—no true out-of-town walker should be nice upon such points. In I went, therefore, into the first house with chequered door-posts I came to. It was plainly an old road-side inn—and had perhaps afforded entertainment to your grandfather—and perhaps mine—a lusty walker he, and no bad runner, neither, for he escaped "Scot and lot" at that ever-memorable trial of speed at Preston Pans, in which it was proved, beyond all doubt, that the English were swifter of foot than the Scotch, for the first ran so fast that the latter could not overtake them. In I went, and was immediately ushered by mine host's daughter, a comely lass, into the poor "inn's best room." It was the old sort of thing—sanded, small, red-curtained, red tiles for hearth-stones, a fine old landscape, tattered and torn, taking up half of one side of the room. The other adornments of the dingy-papered walls were, a caricature of Buonaparte as "The Corsican Fairy;" and four engravings in one oblong black frame, taken from "the original paintings in Vauxhall Gardens; and printed for Robert Sayer, at the Golden Buck in Fleet-street,"—transcripts, as I guessed, of some of "the famous works" of that forgotten and obliterated painter and facetious fellow, Frank Hayman, a great man in his day. There were some amusing anachronisms in the costume of one of the subjects

—"Falstaff's Cowardice Detected." Falstaff was dressed pretty nearly as he is now represented on the stage; but that reprobate, Prince Hal, appeared in a knuckler cocked-hat, a light blue coat with broad skirts, a yellow flapped waistcoat, pink breeches, with a star on his left breast, his left hand on his hip, and his legs shaped exactly like the legs of a chair at the side of the scene, only that the chair-legs had not the advantage of white cotton stockings. Poins stood on the other side of "honest Jack," collaring him; and that pleasant pander was as correctly attired in a red coat, cut like a Chelsea Pensioner's, and wore a *queue*. All these things I, of course, saw at a glance, and, satisfied with a glance, passed them by as minor matters.

It is a noticeable circumstance that if you walk into an inn, mine host, or hostess, or some one equally attentive, invariably meets you before you are half housed with the not impertinent question —"What will you be pleased to take?" As I am tolerant of everything good, or passably so, in these places "made and provided," I am always, in the very spirit of accommodation, ready prepared to take the first thing which is offered. Some persons are not so easily pleased; but it would be invidious, on my part, to mention names: the curious in such matters may see them properly recorded in a work which may be relied on—the

Sessions Papers. These sort of inn-visitors are pleased to take, first, a glass of ale, or some such stopgap; and then, perhaps, enlarging their minds, they are pleased to take the parlour clock, or the newspaper, or the silver spoon and the tumbler left by the last gentleman, who was pleased to take something "warm, with sugar." My young hostess, however, varied the usual interrogation, by inquiring "What was my pleasure?" I, who have a few pleasures still remaining, after all my prodigality in that way, hesitated to reply; but when I looked in her good-humoured face as in a pleasant book, I could do nothing less than answer gallantly, and truly, too, that it was one of my highest pleasures to look into such a smiling face as hers; upon which the good-humoured girl, to shew that she was not to be complimented for nothing, smiled twice as pleasantly as before, out of an ungrudging gratitude. She then rung the bell, which brought in Betty, who saw in a moment into the exigencies of a cold, old, single gentleman, and, disappearing, was back in a twinkling with a light, which was set to the dry sticks—hedge-pickings;—they blazed up on the instant, and had they shewn any reluctance, there stood Betty with a pair of bellows, ready to "blow them up." My young hostess hovered over all, and now dusted a chair, and now the table, and now set the one and the other, to make

all meet and proper for the eminent person I evidently was—namely, the first parlour customer of the "Horse and Groom" on the ever-memorable 14th of February, 1837—an event and advent which, in that little-travelled road, had plainly made some stir. The entire "Horse and Groom" was alive and in motion. First of all, a deputation of two black cats waited upon me;—I received them, I trust, with all proper respect. Then the other members of the house came in—the heir-apparent of the "Horse and Groom" with a clean table-cloth, the cruet-stand, two knives, and two forks, silver-tipped at the handles, and two silver table-spoons, which having duly laid and displayed, he left the room; and a second deputation—a mongrel dog and a little waggling spaniel—entered as he went out: to these also I paid my respects, and I was pleased to see the interest they took in the preparations of "dinner for one." Lastly, Mr. Watts, senior, mine host, looked in, bowed, rubbed his dry hands, and retired. Never was unattended traveller more attended to. Betty re-appeared with the scuttle, and, a noise of knives sharpening being heard in the bar parlour, mine host was evidently about to pick a bit himself: the spaniel and one of the black cats, therefore, paired off, and we were but three in company. Puss took her place on the right of the fire, and was amused, I observed

with the sputtering of the coals: the mongrel sat on the left watching me, and when he caught "the eyes of the Chair," his own lighted up with lively satisfaction, and his tail immediately began describing repeated semi-circles in the sand on the floor. What sensitive, sensible, good-natured, and, may I not add, good-hearted creatures dogs are? Pat Perkins on the head, and ten to one but you put his monkey up: he resents the liberty, and disdainfully tosses off your patronage: pat Pompey on the head, and he is highly flattered, and courts still further condescensions. If you are a stranger to Perkins, and meet him with a smile, he sets you down as having a design on his purse, or that you mean to exchange your old umbrella for his new one before you part: smile upon Pompey, equally a stranger to you, and there are no bounds to his sociality—you may pass unsuspected by him for ever. Pull his ears, and he takes it for a compliment: pull Perkins's, and he indignantly flings his card at your head. Pompey for me, as a parlour friend; not but Perkins is very well in his way. But "comparisons are odious."

There are a great number of malicious wits going about this world with their little fingers in diamond rings: go where you will, you meet with proofs of their disagreeable humour—delighting in insult, and loving to poison the cup of your

expected pleasures. While I was thinking, patiently, but hopefully, of my coming dinner, as man and beast—at least, Zoological Society beast—is in the habit of doing, when "feeding time" approaches, I paced my cage to and fro, and round and round, when turning my eyes towards the window, I beheld that something was inscribed there, and walking up to it, read this damping epigram on one of the panes:

> "To the Horse and Groom you all may *cum*,*
> And find it the *worst* inn under the *sun*;
> Then pass it by until you see
> The master and mistress hang from a tree!"

Men when hungry and cold are peculiarly susceptible of unpleasant impressions. I confess that, notwithstanding all the signs of good reception and good entertainment I had met with, I immediately grew doubtful of what was yet to come. Malicious Wit, and no Poet,—if this was all that you aimed at in your verse, know that you did succeed in damping "the intended wing" of a hungry poet with little wit and no malice. Oh "Horse," or "Groom," if you would spare the pangs of some other wayfarer like me, kick your leg or job your elbow through that libellous pane, and save the suspected credit of your house, and the hungry poet his worst pangs: so shall the

* *Sic in orig.*

dear domestic, or travelling Lares "to worship" whom "my care is,"—

"So long as I am able
To keep a country table,"

induce me to revisit this humble inn ; and

"Great be my fare, or small cheer,
I'll eat and drink up all here."

At this interesting juncture of affairs, Pompey rose, walked towards the door, and laid his nose to the ground close to it; and Puss turned her cold nose, with the chill off, from the comfortable fire, and directed her steps likewise to the door—prognostics these of the coming in of the desired. They were right, and their superior sense of smelling unquestionable; for a quick foot was heard—the door opened—and in marched Betty with two covers and contents. She sat them down—and I sat down: so did Pompey, with his eyes fixed on mine, and his tail vibrating like one of Captain Kater's pendulums: Puss faced me in the opposite chair. It was not such a dish as Juno would be helped twice to when she banquets; but as I am indifferent to such matters, it did for me. Good, wholesome, genuine hunger is no gourmand: the simplest fare is aye the best, and your relish for it lasts the longest; and while the palled appetite of your dainty feeder "loathes the honey-comb," the homely appetite falls to upon his

plain dish, eats of it with unabated relish, and is thankful for

"The good the gods provide him."

My frugal meal dispatched, my feline friend seemed anxious to withdraw; but Pompey—a friend for friendship's sake—stayed by me, like a disinterested good fellow, while that selfish fellow, Tom, pretending to a previous engagement, let me have no rest till he was permitted to depart. One meets with many black Toms in the world, wearing white waistcoats; but, thank Heaven, there are some Pompeys too!

"Winter," of all men else, sings the dramatist, Moncrieff—in, of all the unlikeliest vehicles of a dramatist's thoughts, a descriptive sonnet—

"Winter! though all thy hours are drear and chill,
Yet hast thou one that welcome is to me;—
Ah! 'tis when daylight fades, and noise grows still,
And we, afar, faintly can darkness see. . . . .
* * * * *
We trim the fire, the half-read book resign,
And in our easy chair at ease recline. . . . .
* * * * *
Then, half-asleep, life seems to us a dream;
And magic all the antic shapes that gleam
Upon the walls, by the fire's flickerings made."

It was in such an hour as this—not ill-described—that I sat listening to the March wind sounding out-of-doors like the voice of an old familiar friend speaking of old times. Of all mental phenomena,

our associations of the long-dead past with the living present are the most extraordinary.

> "———— It may be a sound—
> A tone of music—summer's eve, or spring,
> A flower—the wind."

The wind was the magician that

> "Struck the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound;"

—one loud, hollow gust threw me back upon the past, and I was sitting quietly, as I now sat, by a warm winter fire, in some serene sylvan scene like that lying in the evening sunshine before the window—the trees were bending gracefully before the blast—the thrush was singing his song "to parting day"—and I was young, that now am old—and full of hope, that now sometimes despond! "The world was all before me;"—and I had to travel it over with pain and travail:

> "Some part o' the way I thought to have o'errun;
> But now I see how scarce I have begun."

No matter: here will I "take mine ease in mine inn" by the way.

* * * * *

MR. HIPPY'S VAGARIES.

"Not a sentence—not a syllable of *Trismegistus* shall be lost through my neglect. I am his word-banker—his store-keeper of puns and syllogisms."—*Charles Lamb.*

MR. HIPPY—(as he was familiarly called, otherwise Harty Hippisley, Gent.)—Mr. Hippy was not a man of wit, though he sometimes approached very nigh to it. A Scotch friend, indeed, once called him "A man of *wet*," (meaning wit.) "Yes," said he, turning his eye with a merry twinkle upon his flattering friend, "very *wet.*" (And he took the hint from his friend's pronunciation to suggest this as the true reading of a couplet by Dryden which has been much disputed—

> "Great *wet*——"

or drinking largely—

> "Great *wet* to madness nearly is allied,
> And thin *potations* do their bounds divide.")

He was simply a man of whim, which sometimes had blended up with it much playful pleasantry, and sometimes a spice of true humour, to season it: for he was a humorist, or I know not what humour

is; an English humorist—the only humorist: and notwithstanding all his real or imagined unhappinesses, (and he had many good proofs to give as reasons for any momentary indulgence in complaint,) he was, after all, of that happy nature, that though there was at times a savour of salt in his humour, there was no bitterness; nothing that offended the good taste, or hurt the feelings, of his friends or associates. He had, in an eminent degree, that rare quality in a man who loved jesting and raillery, and indulged in them, that he could forbear and spare. If he thought a severe thing of any one, he would not give it utterance. He was in that respect, perhaps, a little too tender of others; for he sometimes spared those who did not spare him. I have seen him put down by an impudent dog or conceited booby, and have not a word to say for himself. I heard him once, and never but once, regret that he sometimes felt such an embarrassment and diffidence in society, that "For the life of him he could not say *bo!* to a goose when he met one; and he regretted this the more, because he so often met a goose, and lost so many happy opportunities for saying *bo!*" But he was eminently a humanist; and felt, I should say, more pleasure in abstaining from severities of tongue than he could have taken in indulging that unruly member in an unbridled and unbitted license. Yet no man, I believe, had a sharper

sense of the ridiculous, a keener eye at detecting the faults, and follies, and weaknesses of his fellow-men; and no man was more prompt and prone to pity and be patient with them, let them pass and say nothing, though he thought much upon them. If he could persuade any one out of an error, he spoke; if he saw that that was a hopeless task, he was silent. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone" was the religious rule that governed and restrained him. He was, I believe, a really benevolent man in the main—if not at all times and in all things; any departure of his from that "even tenour" of a wise man's way nevertheless and notwithstanding. If he ever diverged from that "primrose path," and had to accuse himself with any sins of commission—or sins of omission, which are worse—no man more bitterly regretted them. His humour, his jests and jibes, were therefore innocuous, and hurt not; and this was perhaps their best commendation.

Mr. Hippy could sometimes say severities, but he was best at a quiet reproof. Some one, speaking in contempt of the mind of a mutual associate, said, "You may put all the ideas he has under this goblet." Hippy silently drew from his pocket a Pickering copy of Horace, laid it upon the table, drained his goblet, and turning it over the little volume, the whole works, the wit, the playful humour, and brilliant genius of the beloved friend

of Virgil and Mæcenas, and the favoured of Augustus, lay under that small crystal dome. The "Moral" was obvious.

Among a knot of friends who were amusing themselves with cutting up a foolish acquaintance, he interposed by wishing that they would take a hint from Mrs. Rundell's advice to carvers—that "It is not necessary to cut up *the whole goose* unless the company is very large." He would often turn aside the shafts of ill-nature and ridicule by some such pleasant reproof.

Being in a drinking party where a dirty wit kept the table in a roar, Hippy sat in silence. His chair neighbour remarked it—"You do not laugh with our facetious friend." "No, sir," sternly replied Hippy, who loved wit much, but decency more;—"I saw a dirty pig this day who had just wallowed in the mire, but I did not feel compelled to hug him; I had too much respect for my white waistcoat." During the same evening he got into his old "merry cue," and kept his friends amused, and instructed too, without once calling in the aid of the low balderdash which some men mistake for humour. I could soon see that the company were very glad to exchange the cleanly tongue and the wholesome, healthy humour of my merry and wise friend for the cancerous comicalities of the dirty-minded gentleman upon whom he had so lately put an

extinguisher. The club-room was full, everybody happy, the ale brisk as a bee—the waiters ditto; the Welsh rare-bits never so large and so good; the "natives," as fresh as a daisy, opened as if they were obliged to the knife that let them loose, and were uncommonly fat and fine. Puggleston was in the chair *pro forma;* Hippy faced him. No singing was allowed, which kept the company select and sensible. Any gentleman who forgot himself so far as to strike up a song, found himself, before verse the first was concluded, in the hands of four stout members of the club, who quietly took him out by the legs and wings, with as much gravity as four undertakers would carry out a departed gentleman, opened the yard-door, set the little or big warbler down upon the cold stones, and left him there to "*sing* his eyes out;" and when he was thoroughly song-exhausted, and come to a sense of his situation, then, and not till then, was he brought back to his chair with the same grave honours, perfectly sane, and silent, and songless.

In the club that night was a little cocking fellow, an attorney, of the name of Scrubbs, whom Hippy had christened "Wormwood Scrubbs,"—his temper reminding him, perhaps, of that once-terrible Waterloo of our once-terrible London Wolunteers,—and by that sobriquet he was known. Poor Scrubbs had, in the course of the evening,

been all at once violently seized with a song about as long as himself,—"Will Watch, the bold Smuggler,"—and having been taken out and set down on the cold stones (as nurses do when a child screams), was, upon exhibiting all proper signs of contrition, taken in again, and put under the care of Hippy for the remainder of the evening. He sat, therefore, by his side, looking like a marginal note to Hippy; but he could not keep the little fellow quiet—buzz he would. Just as he was getting unbearably troublesome to the whole room, Hippy came to the rescue, and got rid of him. "I don't know how it is, Scrubbs," said he, "but you always put me in mind of the long lawyer." "I do?" squeaked Scrubbs; and as he sat in his chair he swelled out like a barrister's bag in term, stretched himself out importantly, till his toes almost reached the ground, and thought himself something for the time being. "But why do I remind you of the long lawyer?" inquired Scrubbs; and his little soul seemed to hunger and thirst for a compliment from his variable friend Hippy, who, I must say, on the average, treated little Six-and-eightpence anything but tenderly. "Why?" shouted Hippy, "why? because you are such a short lawyer; extremes meet, you know." And he glanced his eye, glowing like a coal with the fire of fun, over the whole entirety of Wormwood Scrubbs; and then taking a mighty suck at his pipe, deliberately delivered

such an endless mouthful of smoke as made a "total eclipse" of the poor little attorney. When the corner was clear again, Scrubbs was looked for in his place, and was gone! He had silently slipped out of the room "behind the cloud" which had so long concealed him—everybody said, broken-hearted, because Hippy would not patronize him; but attorneys are not so sensitive as all that.

Hearing a young friend with good ideas, but an inaptness for uttering them, struggling hard to give expression to a happy thought he had somehow got hold of, he said, "You have hooked a fine fish there, W——; but you do not seem to me to know how to land it. Play with it, boy; give it line; and when you have let it spend its strength, then haul in slowly and steadily, whip your landing-net under it quietly, and lift it on shore."

No man sooner saw through masks and the usual dominoes in which men disguise themselves in the masquerade of life. He penetrated in a moment through the thin disguises of a professing friend of his, who preached benevolence, but stood selfishly still when the time came in which he should stir. "If," said he, "he was over his dessert, and had split a walnut in halves, and (his dining-room hanging over the river) he saw you drowning under his window, he would not be at

the trouble to throw out one-half of the shell if it would save you. But as soon as you were sunk 'full fathoms five,' no man would compete with him in the pathos of his exclamations—no one shed more tears for your lamentable death—and no one return so soon to his cigar and whisky toddy, and forget you altogether, as though you had never been."

Like all good old bachelors and playful men, Hippy was fond of those dear little lumps of love—children, though he sometimes looked as if he was not, and, when surly, sometimes said that he was not. When dejected, and when vexed and disappointed with the world, I have heard him confess that they were the only living creatures with whom he had patience. If ever so troubled and touched with anger, the sight of a happy child subdued him; he became in a few moments calm, and his face began to shine again with good-humour—all the brighter, perhaps, for being so recently gloomed and clouded. I have heard him say, that, besides his love for a child, he felt a reverential fear of it, and stood in its presence as in the presence of an angel. I believed him, for I observed, that while speaking to one his voice trembled with tenderness, his eyes glittered with a tearful gentleness as he looked into its sweet sinless face, and his hand fell slowly, softly, and fondly upon its beautiful head, as though

he feared to touch with worldly hands so unworldly a creature.

"Sir," said he, "we pride ourselves upon our superiority—but we are, in fact, inferior—to this little one. Look in his face, sir, and then look in mine, as I do in yours, and confess, honestly confess, who has the best of it. If you will not, think much of your knowledge, if you plume yourself upon it; I think much more of this child's no-knowledge. I tell you, sir, our long acquaintance with the world is not worth one-half of his entire ignorance of it; our perfect understanding of a thousand volumes is not worth a fractional part of his dim, doubtful, twilight recognition of the first five letters of his gilt gingerbread alphabet. If he does not like his lesson he can swallow it—we are obliged to study many a bitter lesson which we feel we cannot stomach and yet are forced to swallow. Look at this child, sir, and look at me, and—there is a glass in the room—look at yourself. Your yellow skin and my pale one will not, I imagine, compare one moment with the rosy red and pure white of his: nor our knowledge of a thousand hateful things which we should have been happier—aye, and wiser—if we had never known, make up to us the difference between his healthy ignorance and our unhealthy knowingness. Look at his elastic movements: your back and mine are bent and bowed with poring

fixedly over desks and books. Look at the rapid movements of his feet: my feet and yours are slow as a tortoise's and heavy as lead. These, you will say, are indications of thought, and age, and wisdom in us; perhaps they are—perhaps they are not. Look at the spring, the jump, the bound, the leap of his limbs; and be ashamed of the hobbling, and stumbling, and fumbling of your feet. Mark the springiness of his spirits, which nothing can exhaust and weaken, and wish in vain that yours were as mercurial. Listen to his loud and happy acclamations when joyful; I can hardly hear *you*, you wheezing, whistling old fool, whether cheerful or sad. See his tears 'dried as soon as shed,' and wipe that rheum from your eyes. Sir, I tell you plainly that we cannot compete one moment with him, so do not let us attempt it. A gloomy day cannot make him gloomy; no, he has that undiurnal sunshine of the heart which does not depend on day and night, and makes all without-doors bright and brilliant: while you and I, like old summer flies in autumn, crawl along the walls on the sunny side of the way, and when the sun deserts us, shrink into ourselves. Sir, we are full-grown children, but not so happy as the growing."

He was standing, as he said this, in the playground of the school in which he had himself been educated—the biggest boy among a group of little

boys, all as merry as bees—tasks and ferules, and silence-compelling ushers, and Latin accidences, all forgotten—their games and boisterous play all they now thought upon. We had just walked through the school-rooms, and over the master's residence; but all was new to him except the old walls: master, ushers, and the school-fellows of forty years ago, were gone—"Where?" asked Hippy, and his head dropped, and his eyes glittered with moisture. We then walked into the play-ground—all there, too, was new. "Is there a stone here that I trod upon when a boy?" and when he had said this, he strode across the wide area, ran up to an old stone gate-way, and stood for some time examining it, stone by stone, for some graven memorial of his school-boy days. The facings of the arch were fresh done, and the old memorials gone: school friendships, recorded in initial-coupled circles—the school-boy couplet—the pen-knife-engraven joke, and the cherished memorable day and year of some school-boy remarkable event—all were gone! We looked for his own name, once carefully cut in the centre stone, which it had cost him two pen-knives to carve—some pains-taking stonemason had rubbed it out, and he turned disappointed and melancholy away. The happy successors to the seats, the studies, and the sports of him and his school-fellows, once as happy as the happiest of those who were now en-

joying their little hour of relaxation, were about him. He paused, and surveyed them with benevolent earnestness for awhile, and surveyed them in silence. He thought, I doubt not, of his own boyhood, and of the long and not fortunate interval between that careless time and his daily-lengthening age and daily-accumulating cares. He roused himself, however, from the seriousness of his reflections, and for awhile seemed to enjoy the sports, and laugh at the antic activities, and merry monkey love of mischief of the little urchins, making the green one human bear-garden; and then, with a face, half humorous, half serious, turned sulkily away, and catching hold of me by the button, cried, "Come away with you; W——— ! I cannot bear to look at the happy dogs; indeed, I have no notion why I should have been so long tolerant and tender of these whipsters—fellows who will, by and by, dare to call us their grandfathers, and profanely laugh at us as a couple of old frumps and fools, and who intend now nothing less than to 'push us from our stools' and take our places. Just as we are congratulating ourselves how handsome we look after having been browned and yellowed by our last autumn—and, though we shook and shivered in the boisterous winds of winter, held on firmly, till another spring seemed kindly inclined to spare us—one of these young shoots stretches himself out and thrusts us off the tree of life, and in a moment

we lie forgotten and trod upon at its foot. Come along, W——— ! I cannot bear to think on it!" And so saying, he hauled me forcibly away.

As we walked townward together that evening, he had forgotten all his cares, and was as lively as a cricket. Observing his shadow exaggerated by the moon till it stretched before him some twenty feet in length, he broke loose from the serious talk we were engaged in, by crying out, in his usual unexpected wild way,—" Well, now, I had no notion that I was so tall; and as I cannot possibly want so much of *Me*, as the Germans express it, I shall certainly advertise part of myself to let—the upper story, at least, unfurnished."

Sitting composedly after supper over his concluding glass, he felt a fly travelling slowly down his nose, till it "pulled up," as he expressed it, at the bridge: "Go on," said he, pleasantly, "there is no toll." As I have mentioned his nose, I may as well add, that it was undoubtedly none of the shortest, and he never denied it—he was too conscious and too candid: at any time, as he allowed, it was not a bad Sabbath-day's journey for any fly in all Flydom to travel from the beginning to the end thereof. I remember some one remarking how very low down his spectacles hung upon his nose, and wondering that they did not fall off. "Oh!" said he, "there is no fear of that: my nose is so long, that before my glasses could get to the end of

it, I should be sure to overtake them;" and he threw himself back in his chair, and, with Richard, descanted on his own deformity.

He was "a man of an unbounded stomach" for humour; and even in his short fits of spleen and passion there was some unexpected stroke of humour, or some oddity of expression, that diverted you, and made his ill temper as good as other people's good temper. Seeing him one day with a very long face and lowering brow, and impatient with all about him, I ventured to whisper, "You do not seem to be very happy to day, Hippy?" "Happy!" he shrieked out, glancing a severe eye at me, as though he would look me through, "I only want a pair of tight boots to make me a misanthrope."

Most men, when in pain of body or agony of mind, find a sort of ease in an oath, or in some kind of violence. I have seen my poor friend pale and trembling with pain, and he never seemed so much inclined to laugh; his antic disposition was never so playful, and you were never so sure of something out-of-the-way "to startle and waylay" you. When apparently most melancholy, humour always seemed to be lurking in the corner of his eye, and some preposterous pun lay ready to be perpetrated upon the tip of his tongue.

I was sitting with him one day while a deluging rain was falling, and flooding the street till it looked

like a part of the river running at the bottom of it. Suddenly a great outcry was heard in the regions below, and then a sound of feet hurrying up stairs, and in a moment Mrs. Fondleman burst abruptly into the room, crying out, "Oh, Mr. Hippy, Mr. Hippy!—I'm ruined! I'm drowned! We shall be all swept away! What shall I do?" "What is the matter, madam?" he inquired. "Oh that gulley! It's of no more use than a pepper-box or a cullender! I've tried every thing—it's stopped, and nothing never will open it!" It was enough to provoke a saint to see his imperturbable temper: "Nothing will open it, eh?" inquired he. "No—nothing: I've tried every thing," said Mrs. F. "Try Morison's Pills," said he, "they remove all obstructions!" Mrs. F. looked angry for a moment at his levity, and I know five hundred ladies who would have taught him better manners than to jest at such an unseasonable time; but she knew that her lodger would have his joke if he hanged for it, and so she laughed in lieu of being angry, and he, to reward her good humour, then went down, and with an old fishing-rod puddled about the choaked gulley till he cleared it. Mrs. F. then thanked him with a hundred curtsies, and was particularly careful of his crumpets at tea-time.

He used to tell this adventure of his with great glee and gusto. Waiting to get into the pit of Covent Garden theatre, he felt a pickpocket quietly

ease him of his handkerchief. He took no immediate notice of him, but pondered his revenge. The prig did not move away, as is the custom of "the gentle craft" when they have hooked their fish: he was evidently going into the pit too, and only amused himself with taking Hippy's handkerchief to kill time till the doors were opened. But being one of that uneasy order of persons who cannot "let well alone" when all is well, and having a few minutes more to spare, he next turned his attention to Hippy's fob-pocket: then he reckoned it was high time to tell him what he thought of his exclusive attentions; and turning suddenly round and looking him full in the face, he said very coolly, "Have the goodness, sir, to wipe my face." "I wipe your face! Come, I like that uncommon much!" exclaimed the man, "Why should I wipe *your* face, when I've got one of my own to attend to?" asked the born for Botany Bay. "I repeat it," said Hippy, "wipe my face!" Just at this moment, Donaldson, the old theatre-officer, bawled out, "Take care of your pockets, ladies and gentlemen!" Hippy looked in the filch's face significantly, and he took the hint. "If you've lost your wiper," said he, humbly, "it happens very fortinate that I've a wiper to spare: there, I'll lend you one with the utmost mildness;" and so saying he thrust a new silk handkerchief—not Hippy's—into his hand, and sneaked off. "While I was

congratulating myself upon making so good an exchange of an old lamp for a new one, and conceitedly chuckling over my success in outwitting a pickpocket, there was a sudden cry of 'Officer! officer!—I'm robbed—I'm robbed!' Another voice cried, 'That's him!' and in a moment more I should have been in custody as a pickpocket, had not old Donaldson, when he approached to seize me, known me, and exclaimed, 'Oh, no, it's not this 'ere old gemman, I'll take my davy! I've known this 'ere gemman these thirty years, off and on—he an't the man!' And he pushed through the crowd to look for the culprit, but the Botany Bay bird had flown; and I have now no doubt, nor had I then, that it was Mr. Allfinger, my furtive friend, who, to give me a Rowland for my Oliver, had pointed me out as the thief, and so got quietly off himself. From which adventure I draw this very important *moral*:—'Never to play with edged tools.'"

I remember his coming into the club-room that night, and telling us this amusing incident in his most amusing manner. He did not often visit the theatres; he had seen the old actors, and did not take very kindly to the new. One of the things which annoyed him most in the modern heroes of the buskin, was their over-ingenuity in finding more in Shakspeare's text than Shakspeare ever meant. He was so displeased with

these perverse fellows, that he said with much bitterness, "Where the good old motto, 'Veluti in speculum,' used to be inscribed, there should now be written 'Commit no new sense.'" This led to a long argument between us, which, as we had not concluded it in the club-room, was continued till we arrived at the doors of our respective domiciles, which were opposite to each other. He claimed the victory in the discussion—I denied it. As he stood knocking at his door, a cock crowed loudly. "Mind," cried Hippy across the street to me, with his usual consideration for the feelings of another, and his usual readiness at a stroke of humour,—"Mind, it was not me that crowed!" I was so much tickled with his pleasantry, that I handsomely acknowledged that he was right in his argument; and he was.

He was always catching you with some humorous turn of expression, or droll surprise. We were walking together once, when he observed a person with a striking peculiarity of vision coming on towards us: he was too humane a man, in general, to make deformities playthings for his pleasantry, but he said "I don't know what that man has done to me that he cannot look me straight in the face: he may have his reasons for it, and perhaps the principal one is as follows:—he squints."

Some one mentioning a friend he had with the joke-suggesting name of Twaddell, in an instant

his eyes began twinkling with fun. "Now, are you so blest as to have a friend so named?" He was assured of the fact. "Take him to your heart, ———; take him to your house; cherish him—esteem him—set a proper value, if you can, upon so invaluable a friend; never give him up—never let him lose you; keep him yours for ever at any price; be bail for him—open your purse to him—let your door have no locks to him—let him be always welcome to come, and never welcome to go! That poor Epicurean fool, Apicius, he knew not what luxury was, not knowing the luxury of having such a friend! Oh that I had only a share in him—a sixteenth in such a prize in life's rich lottery! If he has a turn for advising, or is censorious of venial sins and little eccentricities from the straight path of right doing, how I should love to offend him continually, and hear him lecture me by the hour, and, with a pleasant malice, look in his serious face the while, and think of nothing but his name, and feel irresistibly urged all at once to lift up my voice above the low, quiet, tender tone of his reproving and reprobating, with a loud alto cry of 'Twaddle!'"

Going over a picture-gallery with him one day, there was, of course, that old favourite story of painters, Potiphar and Joseph, among the rest. We passed on, and came to another picture, in which two lovers were seen warmly embracing: it

was finely painted, and I stopped before it. "What is the story?" I inquired of Hippy. "Oh, the old one, Potiphar and Joseph!" he replied. "Nay," said I, "Joseph would have nothing to do with her, and tore himself away!"—"Hah! true; but he has thought better of it." A few days after this I accompanied him in a visit he made to the new National Gallery. He was disappointed, and remarking its incapacity as its worst defect, he hastily glanced round it, and as he came out at the door, looked up at it, and satisfied his discontent with it by saying "*To be continued.*"

Mr. Hippy was such a thorough humoiist that he would even do you "a good turn" in the guise of a joke—tell you of an error, and teach you a lesson, in a pun, and take some pains to work it out and make you see it. His friend Etty, he saw plainly, was killing himself with over-application in his profession, and want of exercise and relaxation. Some men would have preached him into a passion with moral and medical reflections; he took a longer course, but a shorter one in the end. He knew that his friend would at any time go six miles to look at a fine picture, so he committed a pious fraud by telling him that if he would walk with him to the suburbs he would shew him a Canaletti. Accordingly, he dragged him out of London into Surrey, and on and on they went, till at last, as they were creeping along the bank of

the canal below Camberwell, the fatigued Mr. Etty inquired, "But where is this same Canaletti?" "Oh, ah!" said his waggish companion, who had now perfected the pun, "why, here is the *Canal, Etty!*" and giving him a good-humoured push, he almost pushed him into it. Of course, Mr. Etty saw the humour of the lesson, and laughed; and Hippy, to reward his placability, after dragging him over the bridge, and up the pleasant Peckham Rise to sharpen his appetite, gave him a series of "mutton chops to follow," and a bottle of sherry following them again, and a good dish of discourse on the painters who are poets and the poets who are painters.

It must not be concealed that my friend Hippy was not indifferent to good ale—nay, he affected it—was, as the poets say, "amorous" of it—sang and spoke in its praise—delighted in visiting, with pilgrim feet, the roadside shrines set up to catch "the passing tribute" of its votaries—the "ale-devoted," as he called them, and was exemplary himself in his devotions, and liberal in his libations, to the barley-brewing Bacchus. One of his favourite shrines stood in a little retired village "far removed from noise and smoke," snugly situated in an off-road from the great northern road. There would he lay down his pilgrim staff, and shake the summer-dust from his sandals, and loosening the strings of his scrip, take his ale-

religious rest, and burn his sacrificial weed in a little side-chapel or crypt of the large temple he so reverently visited. It was a sight to see the square-shouldered, square-set, old square-toes, unbuttoned, easy, amply filling an ample arm-chair, sitting as calmly as Mont Blanc in a cloud of his own raising, his white head shining above it, and his bright eyes glistening through the thin white vapour like two stars taking an observation of this poor star the Earth through a transparent haze. I, who sat in reverend awe of that " old boy eloquent," would sometimes "speak to him, and call him father, royal Dane," to which filial piety he sometimes graciously responded, and bade me rise and ring the bell for a replenished tankard, or, as a serving neophyte should, hand him a pipe-light. Happy were the hours of my initiation into those old pagan rites!

" Glad was the hour, and lucky was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way,"

and trudging side by side with that old social Socrates, felt unwearied of the way, however long it was, and rested not till we had incontinently trodden the temple-floor with pilgrim feet. Having tiffed, however, with the sacristan thereof, because he suspected him of exorbitancy in the article of chapel dues, devoted as he was to his dear favourite summer shrine, almost to superstition, he told him of his exactions, and wound up

his expostulations by saying "Sir, I will deliberately pay my devotions every Friday for months to come at the smaller temple a little farther on the road—you shall see me go *piously* past your doors—think on the dues you might have palmed, and when you have counted them up, and seen the sum-total of my votive offerings lost for ever to your shrine, you will shut up your forsaken temple, break up its sacred vessels, level its altars, and hang your Harp* and impious self on the willows that 'grow aslant the brook' that winds and wanders through 'the bottom glade.'" The thought was too shocking to contemplate—the pious Boniface struck off some items of the dues, made amends, and bound the placable pilgrim to his shrine for ever.

He was much happier in a much less laboured reproof. In a party where a gentleman was bragging extravagantly, he quietly admonished him, and told him at the same time what he thought of him, by stooping down and patting a parlour pug-dog on the head, and quoting the old saying—"Brag is a good dog;" and then removing his hand to a china dog on the mantel-piece, and patting that on the head too, adding—"But Hold-his-tongue is a better." My gentleman bragged no more that night—he tried another tack, and plunged into the deep waters of erudition—"He!"

* The sign thereof.

said Hippy to me aside,—"a shallow dog, that should not go into a shoe-bath without corks under him!" At length, when the smatterer got into the peroration of a dissertation upon "the Digamma," he could no longer bear with the evidently drowning puppy, and sternly said "Don't go out of your depth, Mr. ——, merely to shew us that you cannot swim." He did not often indulge in such a severity, so that he could the better afford it, once in a way. Two or three instances of the like kind occur to me. I remember we were once talking of a very mawkish man of letters; Hippy very happily described him as always looking like a person of sentiment very sick of a sop in the pan. The fickleness and indecision of an old friend being under discussion —"He!" said he, "why he is as undecided as a feather between four winds."

Hippy, too, would, with other wags, sometimes have his joke out, if he died for it. Having a tolerable appetite, not flinching from his glass, and being naturally disposed to inertness, he fell at last into a state of plethora, and was confined to his second-floor bed-chamber. "You must live lower," said Dr. Fumblepulse, as he fingered his wrist: "you must live lower." Hippy took him literally; and when the Doctor called next day he found him at full feed in the parlour: upon which the worthy physician remonstrated, and Hippy

"explained across the table," and the Doctor laughed at his waggery, and Hippy laughed too, and was, of course, all the better for it next day.

He hated Dr. Johnson's hatred of puns, and loved them, and the worse they were (as parents love most their worst-favoured children) the more he petted them, the more pains he took in "getting them up," and playing and acting them. He once pretended that he had a decided objection to eating oysters, which I thought originated in his antipathy to destroying any creature with life in it; but I was mistaken, it was only one of his whims: for upon being assured by Mr. Plynn, the fishmonger of Fleet-street, that "His natives opened larger than their shells"—"Oh, if that is the case, Mr. Plynn," said he, "it must be quite a happy relief to be released from shells too small for them! Pray, let two dozen of them stretch themselves out on my account." And his conscience being thus humorously satisfied as to the humanity of eating his fellow-natives, as he called them, he sat down to satisfy the cravings of nature.

I think I see the fine old fellow now—tallish, five feet seven, or thereabouts—a little inclined to be corpulent—perpendicular—square-toed—with

"———— Atlantean shoulders,
Fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies"—

his "wild locks flowing" on either side over his whiskers, rather darker than the hair of his head,

which was "a mingled yarn" of white and black, or pepper-and-salt coloured—with the slightest pretension in the world to a pig-tail, which I believe to have consisted of a tied-up bundle of from sixty to a hundred grey and black hairs (about an equal number of each, though I never counted them), varying in length from four to five inches. This pig-tail of his (if so it might be called, for a pig would have been ashamed of the insignificancy and utter uselessness of such an appendage) played at bo-peep behind his collar, which he wore high, as he was often troubled with a creak in the neck; and now you caught sight of it curling over the black velvet collar, and just long enough to see that it was intended for a tail; and now you suddenly lost sight of it, and saw it no more for an hour or two, till it made itself so troublesome by tickling his ear, that he pulled it out impatiently, and gave the refractory member a snappish tug as he placed it in its proper position. What use he put it to I never could discover. It was too short by six inches to wipe the dust out of his eyes, in dry, windy weather, with the small tuft (like a twopenny camel-hair brush) which terminated it; and it was not long enough to dust his nice nose (of the Roman order) of the dry Irish, or Lundyfoot, which he took in moderation. I have sometimes conjectured that this tail of his was meant as a sort of *memento* that he had left

something behind, for he was so forgetful a man that he generally omitted something which he wanted, when going out, and had to go back for it: sometimes his purse—sometimes his keys—and very frequently his hat! One thing only he never forgot—his umbrella! I should as soon have expected to hear that he had left his leg or his head behind him as his umbrella: that was whale-bone of his bone—gingham of his flesh.

I am rather inclined to think, upon maturer consideration, that this pig-tail of his, after all, was intended for the children he was so fond of fondling to pull and play with; for those dear little condensations of love—those compact, compressed parcels of the very pemmican of the affections—(a small quantity of them going a great way with some people)—always found it out before he had nursed them five minutes, and seemed to make a point of introducing it to the notice of his admiring friends, who were apt to forget that he had such a thing as a pigtail about him. But they overlooked other properties of his in the same careless spirit. Strangers to him were not so neglectful. An honest, veteran Jack Tar, out of tobacco, stumped up to him once as he was "walking the hospital" at Greenwich, and begged to know "If his Honour had ever any such thing in his locker as a little pigtail, and hoped no offence?" "Yes, my worthy old Wooden-wall," answered my good-

humoured friend, "here's a little bit at your service,"—and he pulled out the pigtail from behind his coat-collar. Old Shiver-my-timbers instinctively felt for his own—drew a hasty contrast derogatory to Hippy's—and then smiled slowly, reluctant feature after feature, as if he feared to affront "a superior officer" to his face; but when he saw my facetious friend trying hard himself not to laugh, he "gave way," and they had the pleasure of laughing at each other, and with each other, and that is always pleasant to both parties. Hippy then slipped a tester into the hand of the old Nelsonian, and they parted, mutually respectful.

Mr. Hippy had another peculiarity, which distinguished him from "many another one:" he generally looked at you with his right eye wide open as day, and his left with the shutter partly closed. I think I see him now, after a long walk, sitting with his umbrella between his knees (as a resting sportsman grounds his gun), his hat placed on the top of it; or else with his knees wide apart, rubbing his pepper-and-salt smalls up and down with his hands; or patting his calves, of which he was justly proud, for they were as bouncing a pair as the twins of Latona, or rubbing his grey silk stockings and adjusting his half-gaiters; or loosening his knee-buckles, for "his ease in his inn"—his chain and seals dangling down between his legs, for the kitten to play with—his head

cocked a little on one side—his hat the same, if on—his right eye cocked also, levelled point blank, and ready to fire if anything started. His vision was double-barrelled, however, though he chose to fire with the off-barrel; but if he missed his bird with the first fire, flash went the other, and he had it "sure as a gun."

I have said that he loved puns: he did, "not wisely, but too well;" and it would not have been wise or safe in you, whoever you are, who do not affect those playful babies of your Mother Wit, to have uttered a grave objection to them in his presence, for he would have incontinently "set you down" as one of Bottom's brothers, in a transition state, but not thoroughly "translated." He gloried in puns, and loved punsters. He rejoiced, therefore, and was exceeding glad to see the lively Hood getting a good *ditto* by his drolleries, and hoped to live long enough to see him settled down for life in a snug seat perched on that appropriate eminence, Pun-hill, in Shropshire. Peake had a prominent place in his affection. He hung upon Hook's pleasantries with a laughing relish to the last hour of his life. Poole was as refreshing to him as is a water-brook to the hart that panteth for it. He listened with evident satisfaction to the public buzz about Boz, and hailed him as "a merry and wise" brother. He was not indifferent to Dibdin. A plate was always laid

at his table for Planché. He visited Buckstone once a year, because he found the "waters" thereof, when intimately mixed with French brandy, Dutch hollands, or Jamaica rum, benefitted him greatly. He was unfeignedly pained to hear that Moncrieff was poor, sick, and forgotten; and wondered at the public neglect of one who had contributed so much to the amusement of the public. That severe wit, Jerrold, who bites in his jibes upon brazen foreheads (as Mr. Cruikshanks engraves his copper-plate jokes) with aquafortis, was as dear to him as the mirth that sometimes visited his sad heart. He—"albeit used to the melting mood"—hailed the whole brotherhood of comedians upon this world's stage, whether they played "the topping parts" and "the best business," and were allowed to sit in the first green-room, or only went on in a pantomime, and sat in the second. He did not estimate them by their success or their salaries: he knew too well that

"Full many a *Power* is born to blush unseen:"

that full many a "mute, inglorious *Munden*" there "may rest:" that many a man carries a letter upon the stage who could have indited a better: that many a man, "to Fortune and to Fame unknown," waits only till "some well-graced actor leaves the stage" to step into his shoes, and find them to be too small for him.

Mr. Hippy had, indeed, a large organ of "Veneration" for all men that excelled, whether in the grave or the cômic walk of life. As he was tolerant of every one but the intolerant—fostered, when he could, the tender shoots and germs of genius, wherever planted—however high, or however low—and where the young genius wanted not his care, sat silently and "mused its praise," be tolerant of him, good World!—be

> "To his faults a little blind,
> And to his virtues very kind,"

for he was so to yours. Listen, then, and not impatiently, to some few more of his whims and vagaries, with which I shall wind up my poor, imperfect, mixed memorial ôf this grave and gay old man.

I caught him once near Spring Gardens, where the cows give up their milk "for a consideration" to the demanding dry mouths of the "babes and sucklings" who make that spot a sort of out-door nursery. He was apparently lost in studious consideration of something serious, about which he now looked infinitely grave, and now chuckled and grinned delightedly. I broke in upon his "brown study," and inquired what it was that so "perplexed" him in the "meanders of his brain." He confessed that he had been filling up the time he had had to wait for his friend Spiffle, "somewhere nigh," by satisfying himself—as logically as he

could—that the little stunty Park cowkeeper he had in his eye, and to whom he directed mine, was, though he thought it not, to all intents and purposes a publican; and "thus 'twas done:" —"The dairyman kept his cows in public?" Granted. "They were therefore *public cows?*" Granted again. "The tap-keeper also kept his *public 'owze?*" (*Cocknicé* for public house.) Granted. "If the one was a publican, *cæteris paribus*, the other was a publican?" Not granted; but I laughed, and gave a House of Commons "Oh!" which satisfied him quite as well. Thus would he "trifle time away."

Spiffle soon after joined us, and we wandered on, listening to Hippy lecturing upon the past, present, and future state of St. James's Park, till we found ourselves in that little paradise of children and nursery-maids, the inclosed part of that pleasant place, so happily improved, and handsomely laid out with lofty tree and lowly shrub, islands "remote and inaccessible, by ducklings only trod," the green *oases* of the not unwholesome waters winding around them, and dappled with and dabbled by ducks of all kinds, foreign and domestic—always interesting animals, from association, for one cannot look at them without thinking of green peas, and green peas remind one of the green spring, when both peas and ducks are in their prime. I know no spot where a contemplative,

benevolent-minded man can spend a sunshiny hour more delightfully; and accordingly it was a favourite haunt of my gentle-natured friend, Hippisley. We were no sooner arrived at the water's edge than a stir and a commotion were visible throughout the entire duck navy that makes the lake so lively: expresses, one would think, had been sent off immediately that Hippy was seen approaching, to all the islands and little creaks of that miniature Mediterranean, announcing the arrival of the well-known, regular old gentleman, laden, as usual, with three or four pennyworth of biscuits; and he was hailed by these navigators as gladly as a victualling-ship visiting a fleet with fresh supplies when run out of stores. Every duck in those waters seemed to know him from afar; for he had no sooner taken his station, and dropped his anchor, a walking-stick chair, than about seventy sail of the line of ducks were seen scudding along for the northern shore, in one well-ordered fleet: while solitary sails in the distance, answering the signal of the commodore, that noble three-decker among duck craft, a swan, were seen beating up in the offing.

While this lively movement was going on, Hippy was composedly rummaging every large pocket about his person; for as he was always a walking-library, large pockets, and plenty of them, were necessary. He generally put the book he was reading at breakfast in his pocket, to finish it

in his morning walk; and as he breakfasted every day, and generally forgot the books previously deposited there on the days preceding, the consequence was that he carried a pretty extensive library about him. Accordingly, as he rummaged for the biscuits, but found them not, first Dryden was turned out in one volume; Pope followed him; Cowper, Thomson, Gray, and I know not who besides, all turned out, and lay on all sides of him, while he rummaged on; still no effects were visible. An expression of disappointment spread over his benign features: "the murder was soon out:" he had bought the usual bagful of biscuits, and had left them on the counter he supposed—a common act of forgetfulness with him—for he has been known to buy a new hat and walk out of the shop, leaving both new and old hat, and his change, behind him, till called after by the hatter. As he stood rummaging his pockets now he looked vexed, which mightily amused Spiffle, who loved to see him *nonplussed*. The quacking of the expectants grew louder and louder, and the demand for supplies was intense: a deficient Chancellor of the Exchequer standing before a refractory Committee of Supply, with Mr. Hume at their head, could not have looked more inextricably perplexed. What was to be done?—the biscuits were evidently *non est inventus*: he threw himself upon the mercy of the duck members, and rising from his seat, and

placing his hand on his heart, stammered out an apology: "I really beg your pardon!" cried he, bowing, "I have quite forgotten the usual: I beg your pardon!" He seemed, or affected to be, thoroughly ashamed of himself, and turning hastily round, snatched up his seat, and shot away,—of course clean forgetting Pope, Dryden, Cowper, and the rest: I saw to them, and gathered the intellectual harvest up. Meanwhile that spiteful little dog, Spiffle, stood sneering and laughing at the humorous folly of his friend, and I laughing at Spiffle, that he did not appreciate the humour of the thing better. The fact was, that it was partly an acted scene, got up to mystify Spiffle, and give him a momentary advantage over him, in return for all the lasting advantages he had over Spiffle; but he saw it not.

As we went along in the greener depths of the Park he made Spiffle laugh good-humouredly. Seeing a sheep scratching behind its ears with its hind legs, "Look, Spiffle," cried Hippy, "look at that leg of mutton scratching that sheep's head!" Spiffle forgave him all his late folly, and left off snapping at him, like the ill-natured little dog he was. Spiffle had no sooner ceased, than one of those semi-denuded French poodles, which you see running about (after respectable young ladies, too) without small clothes, and their stockings all about their heels, took it into his alien head to bark at Hippy as he loomed up

the Mall. He took no notice of the gross mistake he was making in barking at him, attributing it perhaps to his ignorance as a foreigner. The poodled creature therefore persevered in trying his patience. "Sirrah, sirrah," at last cried Hippy, "I shall not come again to your dispensary! You exhibit *bark* enough, but no *whine*. *I* shall prescribe the last, if you do not alter your tone;" and shaking his fist at him, Monsieur took the hint and fled.

And now Spiffle had another snap at him on his gross addiction to punning. Hippy was not to be put down by any hypercritical or even hypocritical objections to punning. If he heard you making yourself ridiculous by urging grave objections to the scholar's sport and contemplative man's recreation, he perpetrated the worst possible pun he could get at in the hurry of his indignation, hoping that you would be thus compelled to ring the bell, pay your bill, and leave the room, if you were at a tavern; or order your cab, chariot, cloak, umbrella, or walking-stick, if in a private house, and take your sullen departure. He held no faith with any such heretics: either you loved a pun or hated him: there was no medium—no middle ground: "love him and love his dog:" despise him, and kick at him, and you, by implication, thrust out your violent toe and protruded your sneering lips at him, Hippy, his loving lord and master. He loved wit better than quibbling, of course: so a man

of moderate fortune loves turbot better than soles, but he puts up with soles. Wit is too expensive for every-day use. I will here give some few specimens of his puns—and of his humour generally.

It was Mr. Hippy who, when his barber was going to sleep while dressing his hair, roused him by vociferously striking up "*Ah comè rapida!*"—("Ah comb me rapider!") When, some few years since, a creation of Peers amazed and amused the political world, and among the other lifts, Lord Grosvenor was made Marquis of Westminster, Hippy had no partizan objection to the measure: he only said—"I hope we shall be indulged also with a Marquis of Mile-End, and a Viscount Off-the-Stones!"——Some one censuring a smart, flashy habit he had of wearing his hat cocked on the right side of his head, in a most perilous attitude during blowing weather, he accounted for it satisfactorily, I think:—"You must know, Sir, that I am leaving off this hat by degrees; and, as you may observe, I have left it off on the left side already."——Some one attributing the wants of Ireland to rich absenteeism, "No, Sir," said he, "it is not absenteeism, but absent-dinnerism which is the misery of the poor Irish."——Seeing a large fashionable party rise from their seats to do honour to "the lion" of the evening, who was about to depart, he said—"This must be the great *leaver* which Archimedes wanted to move the world."

He took great liberties with our old, homely proverbs. A friend of his, who reverently respected those "old saws," with worn-out teeth, according to Hippy, used to say that he treated the "wisdom of our ancestors" scandalously. I never heard him use a proverb without misusing it: he took a humorous pleasure in perverting it to his prankish purpose. A person of consequence having paid him many flattering compliments, I took leave to congratulate him on the honour which must attach to a person "praised by Sir Hubert Stanley." "Never mind, boy," was his indifferent answer; "it will all rub off when 'tis dry." If you complained of a high wind, he would mutilate another old proverb, and say—"It's an ill wind, you know, that blows nobody." If you pointed out a well-dressed woman, he would say—"Fine feathers make fine *beds*." "What is one man's steak is another man's *poisson*," &c. &c.

Since his death, I have heard the following trait of his benevolence (which, with him, was a matter of impulse, not of reflection, and sure to have some portion of his usual whim mixed up with it.) An old attached friend is my authority for the anecdote, and though he has not vouched for its authenticity, it bears such veritable marks of belonging to the character of the man, that I unhesitatingly repeat it. In a severe winter's

night, he was accosted by one of that unfortunate class of beings who make the road home of a "dismissed bachelor," if he has far to go, one long trial of charity or temptation. The poor creature detailed an artless story of want of lodging for the night—such a night as it was—which plainly told the want of money to procure one. The miserable seem to know at a glance who will listen to them, and who will not. She hit upon the right man in fastening upon my patient, benevolent friend, whose ear and pocket were always open, and continually appealing to each other. Hippy, the kindest of men to all about him—high or low—tender, at times, to weakness;—an attentive man, who could not stand side by side with a duck in a shower, and not offer him the use of half his umbrella—was not the man to turn a deaf ear to the poor girl. He was touched by her story, and troubled by her distress, and spoke to the wretched woman so kindly and tenderly, that, unused of late to the sweet accents of compassion, her sorrow choked her utterance as she said—"It is not often that I am spoken to as you speak to me!" —My friend was silent; but "Silence was pleased." If Mr. Hippisley had a failing, it was that he was, too frequently, without money to meet the exigencies of the moment. He was in that predicament now: he rummaged all his pockets;

they were "to let, unfurnished." "What was he to do?" He cast about for a resource. A private house opposite was brilliantly lighted up: it was plain that a happy party were assembled in it for enjoyment. If the doors are shut on such cheerful occasions, the windows, winter though it be, are sometimes partly open, and, better still, sometimes, the hearts of those within. "Stand beside me, and stir not away," he said to the poor creature, who still clung to him. He then turned up the collar of his cloak, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and placed himself under the windows. The shivering wretch wondered what he meant to do, but she obeyed him. Hippy had a well-toned tenor voice, with much natural pathos in it, when he chose to put his heart into his song. He gave a loud "hem" to clear his throat of the fog, and immediately struck up Campbell's beautiful ballad "The Exile of Erin." There was an instantaneous hushing of the happy hubbub within. He sung it as he could sing it; and, as he finished it, the door slowly opened, a liveried servant stepped out, and gave a beckon of the finger. Hippy approached him, concealing his face as much as he could, when the man slipped several shillings into his hand. Shadows of female forms were, at the same moment, seen listening behind the window-curtains. "There, my poor girl," said he, "take this;" and he put the money into her hand

with a kind pressure of his gentle hands. The destitute creature was speechless with surprise, but her tears spoke eloquently enough. "I ought to give *your* friends another song for their money; but, bless their good hearts, if they knew how what they have given is applied, they would be well content, and think the ballad cheap," said he. And before the street wanderer could find words to thank him for this uncommon exertion of charity, he shot off, in a minute was out of sight, and, I have little doubt, went flying along with a chuckling laugh and a "Ho! ho! ho!" as was his habit when anything particularly tickled him; the whole affair, in his eyes, a joke, a whim, a flight of fancy—something to narrate at club, as an amusing anecdote of somebody else—for so, I dare swear, he afterwards related it, and not as an act of his own pure, though whimsical, self-forgetting benevolence. Glory be to the charitable, whatever moves them to be so, for it is still charity!

One anecdote more of his humanity. A friend —not "open as day to melting charity—" remonstrated, when walking with him one hard winter night, because he gave alms to a poor wretch who begged them with piteous tones. "How can you—a man of your discernment—be deceived by such impostors!" was the merciful reproof of his companion. "Sir!" answered Hippy, "I have an

unfailing ear in judging of these sounds: I knew the ring, Sir: it was no counterfeited coin: it was good, current, lawful misery, Sir!"—and he shook off the arm of his uncharitable friend, as St. Paul shook off the viper, and walked sullenly by his side till he made a handsome apology for a double affront to him—doubting his judgment, and interfering with him in a matter of feeling—the minor offence; and shutting up his heart against this fellow-creature—the major offence.

This same friend met him next morning, but having taken his reproof to heart, which was somewhat harsh and angry, I allow, instead of pausing to have the usual good-humoured gossip with him, he uttered hastily a "How do you do?" and before Hippy could say how he did, he was gone. Hippy was not the man to be snubbed in this fashion: he immediately resolved on a humorous revenge—such a revenge as he knew would touch his twopence-loving crony to the quick. He walked into the first coffee-house he came to, and calling for the materials, wrote a long circumstantial letter in answer to his friend's short inquiry, giving him all the particulars of his health, and thus commencing:—

"Dear Jack,

"As you were kind enough, this morning, to ask 'How I did?' but did not wait to hear how I did, I beg leave to inform you that"——

And then he went into the details at length; and wound up all with this postscript:—"If you had given a penny to that poor wretch last night, there would have been no need for this expenditure of two-pence to-day, postage-money, for we should have met as usual, and I, as I always do when I am asked 'How I do?' should have made answer there and then." Jack took this reproof better than the first; he saw there was no use in quarrelling with Hippy, came to him at night, begged his pardon, promised to be a good boy, and was immediately forgiven.

"Elia" should have known him, for they were wags somewhat of a feather, though Hippy was the smallest bird. He loved Elia. He would have hugged him, I think, for walking up to a lamb in a meadow, playfully sporting about its dam, as if dancing to delight her, and tenderly accosting it with "Hah! Charles!" Or if he had seen him that same morning, at the mouth of Mr. Milton's mews—not he of Paradise, but Piccadilly—standing face to face with that worthy stable-keeper's she-goat, Nanny, his hand on his heart, looking like a pined lover in the presence of his mistress, and singing, with all the passion of Mr. Sinclair, that most fervent of vocal-lovers,

"Oh Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?"

Elia would, or I know him not, have aggravated

his voice," and, Lamb-like, bleated, in simple accompaniment, till Nannie baaed an agreeable reply.

All kinds of animals, besides being objects of his tenderness—(for he was womanly kind to them, and loathed the man who used them ill)—were especial favourites with his humorous fancy. He talked with them, and made them almost speak to him. How have I heard him bandying wit with an ass upon a common as to his preference of thistles to softer herbs,—the sage creature giving his reasons for his strange perversity of taste, and Hippy combatting them, and shewing him how wrong he was—how indefensible! How have I stood laughing by while he has held a long dialogue with some little wagging cur, in which, of course, nothing which Pincher said for himself was audible; but when you heard my friend's questions, you could have written down exactly what Pincher was supposed to have said, word for word, the question was so suggestive of the answer. All this while Pincher has kept looking up at him with his sharp, bright, intellectual eyes, and wagging his expressive tail, which, as it was too large for his little body, kept it vibrating about in pleasing alternation from side to side. Both body and tail, however, seemed to express his lively thanks that he had rendered his poor thoughts into such decent English sentences. It was a humorous sight to see. A dog at his own

door—upon which a dog will sometimes presume—perhaps barked at him as he "leisurely passed by," like one of Mr. Wordsworth's sleepy sheep: this sometimes vexed him when he was "not in the vein" to be barked at. As he was a friend to dogs, he did not like that one of them should dislike him. In general, however, when he was so mistaken, as he called it, it only provoked his fancy or his fun to saucy humours and short answers.

He made everything talk, animate or inanimate, no matter; they all found tongues, or an interpreter of their silence. Walking through one of the vegetable-growing plots of ground in the open parts of Battersea, he stopped before a small plant, just shooting up, which he could not make out, whether it was cabbage or lettuce, so he stooped and plucked it up by the roots to ascertain its pretensions: it was young lettuce. While he was examining it, and nipping its leaves, and smelling at it, I was startled at hearing the weakling vegetable expostulate with him thus:—"So, because you are lamentably ignorant, and don't know a lettuce from a cabbage when you see one, I am to be put out in my growing, and perhaps deprived of my existence altogether!—Is that right and proper?" "No," said Hippy, and he made a fresh hole in the earth with his finger, and planted it afresh. As we passed over the Common, six horses, drawing a lumbering waggon

along the dusty road on a dry, dusty day, startled me with the following dialogue:—

Captain to Ball. "Ball, my dear fellow, what do you think of a pail of water?"

Ball. "A pail of water, quotha? I don't know—ask Dobbin."

Dobbin. "I have my own thoughts of a pail of water. But what do you say, Draggle?"

Draggle. "Say? I could say much; but what do you say, Dapple?"

Dapple. "A pail of water, and no dust on it! What's your opinion, Lively?"

Lively. "Why, that it's like a fly in a cow's mouth—a pail 's of no use among six of us! Make it a trough-full, and I'm agreeable."

It was this whimsical mixture of the ridiculous with the grave which made my friend so amusing a companion. It would have cured a man of a nine months' melancholy to have heard his "quips and cranks" when he fell into this vein of fooling. He sometimes, I believe, cured his own sick disposition with that "soft appliance" nonsense—a "balm for many wounds—a cordial for many fears." Oh that a man with such a gentle, genial nature as his should ever sink so low in heart and spirits as to confess—as once he did—that having made overtures of familiarity with a strange terrier, his snapping and growling surlily at him, as if he liked him not, and believed not in his

proffered kindness, touched him almost to tears! How low, lonely at heart, and deeply dejected must that man have been who could have his feelings wounded and subdued by such a circumstance, at which a brute would have laughed, or sworn, or kicked! We are strange creatures all of us, and my poor friend was one of the strangest. We were walking through the beautiful meadows of Wandsworth while he was telling me this incident. A cow, close by, left off cropping, and, lifting her head, looked him gravely in the face. "Mind your milk-making," said he, half tetchily, "and don't mind me." A few minutes after he had made this singular confession of his infirmity, we got talking upon the character of C——, a fat, huge attorney, who had the reputation of acting as a go-between in some tricking affair, in which D—— and E——, both fat attorneys too, were concerned. All the parties were of Gray's Inn-square. "A go-between!" exclaimed my friend, now full of his fun, "I don't believe it! D—— lives on the East, and E—— on the West side of the Square, it is true, and yet I don't believe it! There is not room enough between them for C—— *to go between.*" So his spirits fluctuated.

We had not gone far before Hippy paused to indulge in his old humour with animals. A hackney-cab was drawn up by the roadside, and as the poor crippled bay which drew it had nothing

else to do, he was stretching out his long scraggy ewe-neck, intently gazing at a cow cropping away in a beautiful little paddock, up to her knees in green meat. If ever a horse expressed envy in his looks, that poor three-legged town-traveller did. Hippy soon found words for him: "I envy that cow," quoth the poor hack, and he coughed deplorably: "She has nothing to do but make milk, and I have everything to do to make money. Cows are happy creatures, while We——"—and he went on inventing all sorts of horse-discontents, for some minutes, in the happiest vein of his odd humour, the envied cow occasionally putting in a word or two, which he affected not to hear so distinctly, as she was guilty of the truly English vulgarity of speaking with her mouth full.

As we were under an engagement to dine with Spiffle at his lodgings on the north side of Clapham Common, we wandered on through Wandsworth, and tracking up that pleasant winding stream, the little brilliant Wandle, through flowery meadows and much agreeable greenery and scenery, we came, by a long circuit, through Tooting, round at last at Clapham. When we had got among the golden furze which so richly colours the Common, we heard a great tearing and rustling among the prickly bushes: "There is that stupid ass again at his old work!" cried Hippy, thinking that it was that same beast which he had argued with,

the other day, on the absurdity of eating furze and thistles, when there were softer edibles within his reach: what was our pleasant surprise, upon stepping up to the bushes, to find that it was no ass at his meal, but our friend Spiffle, botanizing! "If you are culling simples, Sir," said Hippy, glancing over the bush at him, "stretch out your hand this way—here are two scarce specimens—myself and friend." Spiffle looked up, saw who it was—and rushed through the furze to shake his hand and mine, tearing his inexpressibles most inexpressibly in his ardour to get at his old friend; but he did not care about that, he was so glad to see him. Hippy, of course, rallied him on his new pursuit—botanizing; but Spiffle only laughed, and was uncommonly agreeable. On we went towards his lodgings as merry as grigs, but we had not got far before we fell in with two handsome young ladies, comely and rosy as the dawn, who were botanizing too. They looked up—saw it was Spiffle who approached—smiled and reddened, and then curtseyed. "Oh, Spiffle!" cried Hippy, in an under tone, "I'm ashamed of you!" We were introduced, in form, to the charming girls, and as it wanted a good hour yet to the time for dinner, the ladies joined us in a stroll round about the Common upon further botanical researches. Hippy was, in five minutes, as much at home with the young ladies, and they with him, as if they

had known each other for five years. They saw, at a glance, that he was a good-humoured humorist, and took to him at once. Spiffle, I thought, was a little jealous of their sudden partiality, and yet seemed pleased that they should admire his friend.

If you know Clapham Common, gentle reader, you will remember that there is a large horse-pond not far from the front of the decent little church that looks across the Common. As we wound round it, Hippy, plotting a joke, which was to be worked up at Spiffle's expense, directed his attention to that pond: he looked at it—it was full from the late rains, and apparently deep. "I know this pond extremely well," said Hippy. "How? why?" demanded Spiffle, curiously, for he expected to hear of some new *gauchery* of his friend. "Why, in my inadvertent, headlong haste and hurry to get upon the Common, the other day, I walked right through it in its broadest part!" "La! Mr. Hippy," cried the young ladies, "what could you have been thinking of?" "Oh, I was thinking of getting among the grass as soon as possible, no doubt," answered he. The ladies laughed—I laughed—Hippy laughed, too—but Spiffle!—he went into convulsions:—his hat tumbled off his head—he dropped his walking-stick and the specimens of simples—the tears rolled from his eyes—he staggered and leant against the railing at the pond-side to support himself, and hoh! hoh! hoh!-ed,

and hah! hah! hah!-ed, till the Common rang all round with the echoes. "Hippy, Hippy," he cried at last, "you'll some day be the death of me!—Now, what could you have been dreaming about?—a man like you, at your time of life, to walk, in the middle of the day, plump through a pond almost deep enough to drown you! Ho! ho! ho!"—and he went off again. "But perhaps I ought to have told you—*that the pond was perfectly dry at the time,*" said Hippy, very quietly. And now it was his turn and our turn to laugh at Spiffle, for the tables were fairly turned, which we did right merrily, till Spiffle flew into a passion, and then flew off, under pretence of seeing "whether we were not keeping Mrs. White waiting for her dinner." The two Miss Whites enjoyed the discomfiture of Spiffle mightily, for they knew the temper of the little man right well—how hard he was upon the follies of other people, and how he cottoned to his own. We were soon at the dinner-table, where Hippy made his peace with Spiffle, who for a time looked sulky, by taking a glass of sherry with him, after he had properly honoured the ladies; by paying some few particular attentions to his likings during dinner; and after the cloth was cleared and the ladies had retired, by consulting his opinion upon an Ode which he had just written. Spiffle—no judge in such matters—affected a severity of judgment. He condescended to say—"I like the Ode

very well, upon the whole; but it is not quite *lofty* enough for me." "Oh, if that is all, that may be remedied," said the placid poet, smiling. We passed a most delightful evening, the ladies having joined us again at the tea-table; and then got back to town.

In the following week Hippy called on Spiffle: "Well," said the wag, "it's done!" "What is done?" asked Mr. S. "The Ode—it's *lofty* enough now!" continued Hippy. "What do you mean?" said Spiffle. "Why, as you objected to it that it was not *lofty* enough, I have taken it up to the top of St. Paul's this morning, and given it to the winds, and when I last clapped eyes on it it was then three times as high as the cross. Is that *lofty* enough for you?" "You will never be wise, Hippy," said Spiffle, rather spitefully. "I hope not," said Hippy, smirkingly. This story of his was, of course, all fudge—he had done no such foolish thing; but it was his humour to say that he had, to make Spiffle laugh at him, and lecture him, and accuse him to his face, and behind it, of most egregious folly. Meantime, while his good-natured friend was flogging him for his faults, Hippy simulated to look sheepish, and much ashamed of himself, and very penitent, and imploratory of forgiveness; and all the while was laughing in his sleeve at his monitor. It would have done a man in the last stage of melancholy "a power of good" to

have seen little Spiffle affecting the Dominie on these occasions—Dr. Busby was not half so big, and Dr. Keate rather less than Dr. Busby. It was dramatic to behold him—how he strutted about, and crowed, and clapped his conceited small wings, which the wag could have cut in a moment, if he had liked to "Up, Hippy, and at him." Spiffle felt that he was something when he could beard such an old lion in his den, and poke straws at him between the bars. It was the happiest thought he ever had—to *think* that he had him down, and could do anything with him—let him get up, or keep him down, just as he pleased. His maxim was evidently—"Spare the rod, and you spoil the Hippy:" so he laid on with all his might, and as he lashed he lectured. This was the practice of my good old birch-amorous schoolmaster, who between cut one and two commonly said something apposite; and between cut two and three some moral axiom still more to the purpose; and so on, till I had had my promised and performed round dozen—(for I kept count against him, and if he was about to pay me fourteen, instead of thirteen, to the dozen, I set him right)—and then would wind up all with a few general remarks upon the undeniable difference there was between rewards and punishments. So Spiffle paid off Hippy, and so he kept count against him, and paid him off in

his turn, little Steevy always getting much the worst of it. Poor Spiffle!

On another occasion, the same fair and brown party went botanizing over the same spot, when coming, in the course of their ramble, upon a solitary pond, irregularly shaped, and greenly overgrown with water-plants and duck-weed, and not a duck to be seen enjoying it, Hippy cried "Oh that I was a duck!" "You are a duck," said the fairest of Mr. Spiffle's fair friends, archly, and she blushed, as she laughed, modestly, as if she felt afraid that she had said too much. "Am I?" said he, "then will I delight myself duckly!" and giving a loud "Quack," which made the Common ring, he ran headlong towards the pond, as if he meant to plunge into it. The ladies shrieked, and Spiffle uttered a cry of fear, as, at the moment, he really dreaded that his extravagant old friend would make a jump of it! But the mad wag pulled up in time, and nimbly sprung across an angle or creek in the pond, somewhat more than five yards wide—a tolerable leap for an old boy who was always complaining of infirmities; and, having done this, he came laughing and capering round again in comic circles, which reminded me of the late Mr. Munden in *Crack*, when he went tacking wide about the stage to circumvent "the brandy and water which some gentleman had left."

Having had his fun out, he made his bow to the alarmed young ladies. "Oh, Mr. Hippisley!" cried the fair sister, "I'm sure it was a great mercy you were not drowned!" "He?" shrieked Spiffle, spiteful at the interest they took in his facetious friend, "he'll never be *drowned!*" Hippy made no reply, except such a one as his speaking eye could convey; but tucking the two ladies one under either arm, he trotted off with them, and left little Spiffle, as he said, "To gather a trifle more venom, with the other wasps, on the Common." "D——n the fellow! what *will* he do next?" exclaimed poor Spiffle, in tones which seemed to whimper with vexation.

Clapham Common was the stage of another comic scene between Spiffle and Hippy, which I shall relate as it was related to me. They were strolling together over that pleasant flat, a few days previously, when their attention was drawn to a party of persons, belonging to the spot, who were arranging an extempore cricket-match, but wanted one more to make eight of a side. As Spiffle talked rather loudly to his friend how much he delighted in a game at cricket, and what a fine old manly sport it was, the young men surveyed the bold speaker from head to foot, saw that he was little, but well built, and looked as if he could run; and next, they asked him to be the eighth man on the side of Lark-Hall-Lane, against "All the World

and the Clapham Commonites." "With all my heart, gentlemen!" cried Spiffle; and glancing at Hippy an expressive look, which plainly said, "Now you will see something," he stripped off his coat and waistcoat, threw them down upon the turf indifferently, and said, authoritatively, "Hippy, mind my clothes!—Now keep your eye upon 'em—don't stir an inch from 'em!"—and then slowly strutted away up to the stumps, as if he particularly wished to draw the public attention, and give them time to do so well, to a particularly tight little fellow, in a pair of very tight trowsers, so tightly strapped under-foot, that he walked as though he was going somehow upon springs—with a jerking, jumping sort of motion, like one of those toy-frogs which children set leaping by tightening the catgut string which makes them so elastically lively. Spiffle looked indeed as if he meant to do great things; and, it was observed that the opposing eight surveyed him with some apprehension, while the selecting seven hugged themselves upon having picked up "A prime hand!" Not so thought Hippy: he foresaw how all this vapouring would end; and humorously grumbling to himself, "So, Master Spiffle, I am to be your watch-dog, and mind your clothes, am I? Very well! I will be a true dog!"—and so saying, he placed the clothes close to the stem of a young tree—pulled out a large silk handkerchief, fastened one end of

it to the stem, made a noose of the other end, slipped it over his head and round his neck, and then quietly squatted himself down upon the coat and waistcoat of a man who hated to see a wrinkle in his clothes, and entertained the same horror of a crease as a late king, of particular memory, did in his best-dressing days. The by-standers stared to see a staid old gentleman so tied up to a sapling, and laughed, and cut sundry jokes at his expense, which he was glad to hear, for he desired that his whimsical position should not pass unappreciated, and the more they laughed, the graver looked he. Faithful to his trust, he kept his seat, and gazed sagaciously about him as the game went on, nothing disturbed by hearing that "He was a funny old fellow!" "A rum old joker!" "A queer codger!" "A drover's dog tied to a post in a sheep-pen!" "A good-nater'd bear at a stake!" and lastly, that "He was doing it for a wager!"

Meantime the game went on, and Lark-Hall-Lane was beating "All the World" to nothing, although Spiffle missed catching three as easy balls as ever came to hand in a cricket-field, and came in vain; for Spiffle "successfully lost them all," so some one said, when he was sure he had them, and only got three stunning raps on his fingers, which made him shake them deplorably, and whip them into his mouth to ease their pain, amid loud exclamations of "Hah, butter-fingers! Who taught you to catch a

ball ?" "Why don't you put your gloves on, lady's-fingers ?" "Unlace your stays, dandy !" "Unbutton your straps, Snip !" "There he goes again to get a no-go !"—to all which suggestions and remonstrations "did Hippy seriously incline" to listen and laugh, as he saw the conceit of Spiffle gradually being taken out of him.

At last it came to his turn who had been so eminent a field's-man, to go in as a bat's-man, with only two notches to get, ere Lark-Hall-Lane might proudly say, that it had "tied All the World !" Cheered on by his surrounding admirers, Spiffle seized the bat with a sort of nervous spitefulness; but in a moment he recovered himself, and stood so firmly and confidently at the wicket, that any one would have thought he meant nothing less than knocking the spire off Clapham church with his first ball. "Play !" cried the bowler for "All the World ;" and the ball flew like its warlike namesakes. Lark-Hall-Lane trembled from one end to the other, for all depended now upon his play. Spiffle never moved his bat, but, rather scientifically, tipped the ball, and turned it aside from its direct aim at the stumps ; and as it rolled ten yards away to the right, making sure of a notch, he started off, as fast as his straps would let him, for the other wicket, amid shouts of laughter, and cries of "No—no—keep to your wicket !" "That's play !" "No go !"—when the poor hunted devil paused midway, looked wildly

about, then started back again, and just got back time enough to the stumps to ground his bat before the ball was thrown up at them. Luckily for Spiffle, the opponent field's-man, who should have stumped him out, slipped where the cows had been while delivering the ball, and it fell short. Spiffle now looked triumphantly around, but was nervous nevertheless. "Now, my dear sir, mind what you're about! Do play very steadily!" begged his partners. "Oh, don't you be alarmed! It's quite safe! Never was bowled out in my life!" said Spiffle, briskly. "Play!" was called once: Spiffle took his ground, nodded to his partner at the other wicket, as much as to say "Get ready for three runs, which will win;" and then gradually grounded his bat. Just at that moment an ass, who had been, apparently, looking on at the game, but really wanted to cross over to the other side of the Common, weary of waiting for an opportunity to pass, in the most inopportune way in the world—(just like him!)—deliberately walked across between the two wickets. Spiffle indignantly waved him off, and as indignantly cried "Stand back, booby!" but he paid not the slightest attention to what he said or did, and quietly walked on. "He's come to advise you!" "He knows what's what!" "That's your humpire!" vociferated three of the groundlings. Spiffle looked as if he could have kicked him, but he kept his temper and his ground.

"Play!"—the ass having gone his way—was called again:—the ball flew—the bat flew—the stumps flew three several ways, and the bale another—"Game!" shouted the "All the World" boys—"Lost! lost! lost! by only two!" murmured the Lark-Hall-Lane boys—"Provoking!" "Shame!" "Wretched play!" "No use!" "How could you think?" "I wonder you should!" "Bless me!" "D——n me if ever I!" "Really I must say!"—were the seven various consolations of his seven enraged partners, which the by-standers kindly mixed up with a few consoling caraway comfits of a coarser sort, in celebration of the great occasion. Spiffle tried to brazen it out, but that would not do; to lay it to the bat—but that would not do; to the unfair-play of the bowler, and that would not do. So, finding that neither violence nor pretension would do—that there was no virtue in turf, and that throwing stones would break windows, he affected to shiver, and want his coat and waistcoat, and saying "He left the entire merits of his play in their hands, to settle it how they liked," he walked away, the Clapham Commonite critics in cricket paying him "the passing tribute" of crying "Make way there for the *nob* player!—the nonsuch!—the nonpareil!" and advising him to "Take care that he didn't catch cold—after his great exertions!" One more compassionate than the rest, said "You look very

white, sir, and so does your shirt! You'd better go home to bed!" Spiffle affected to take all these sneers as compliments, and dignifiedly said, with another wave of his hand, "Oh, never mind me, my good friends! Look after the other players! I shall do very well when I cool down!"

Thus honoured and honouring himself, he retreated with philosophic coolness, to the spot where Hippy was minding his clothes, who, laughing at and enjoying his defeat, was yet too good-natured to add to his annoyances; and, having untied himself, gave up the resentful jest he had meditated in return for making him a watch-dog, and paid him such friendly attentions during his attiring as served to sweeten his chagrin. "I did not play amiss—eh, Hippy?" asked he. "No," said Hippy, "you played extremely well——for the opponent party." "That's just like your d——d good-natured equivocatory commendation!" said the little man, pettishly. And if the large-and-little-dog-like understanding which existed between them was thus far disturbed, it was further disturbed shortly after, when the losing party invited Hippy himself to join them in the next match, *vice* Spiffle, superseded; and further still when his old friend went in, first hand, and got nineteen notches ere he was caught out—not bowled out—for the one is honourable and the other not to be tolerated among the crack hands at cricket. Great was the

applause which his old friend gained, every hit being received with clapping of hands—his batting being vastly admired—his running pronounced wonderful for an old gentleman—and not one ball going out of the bounds! "Capital play for an ould un!" was the unanimous verdict of the spectators, when he was caught out at last, and laid down his bat quietly, and quietly walked away. And the verdict was not to be lightly considered, coming, as it did, from a jury fairly summoned—*viz.*, a butcher's man with a tray on his shoulder—(Spiffle's principal admirer)—and his master's little son seated therein—a baker's ditto, sitting on the side of his basket, while a pair of hungry urchins, with their heads in it, were trimming two ill-shaped loaves of the ragged bits, and pinching off the corners—three grooms, betting with each other—half-a-dozen nursery-maids, each with a little one in arms, and one on each side holding by her gown, like six living personations of Charity at ten pounds per year wages, with eighteen children in the whole to groupe around her—seven Clapham charity-boys, half-holiday making—three labourers in their shirts and red and blue open waistcoats, leaning on spade, mud-rake, and hoe—young lads from the schools roundabout, with their ushers—two or three retired old boys, stooping down upon their sticks—unemployed cads—and a lot of sundries.

From that hour Spiffle heartily hated his old

friend Hippy ; and thence dated all the little bickerings and heart-burnings on the one side, so cordially met with good-humour on the other. Small was the soul of Spiffle—it was the mere selvage of a soul : large was the soul of his friend—it was soul enough for himself, and a handsome surplusage left over to make up for the skimping deficiency of his associate, and render his " cutty sark" of a soul long enough to make him decent before company. Spiffle was a vain and a conceited fellow, and it was not, therefore, to be wondered at that such a being should not long affect the man—an old man, too—who excelled him in all things—in activity—in mind—in heart—even in youth, for, notwithstanding his years, his spirit was more youthful than Spiffle's ! Spiffle boasted of his superior knowledge of the world : he had much, but it was all of the world worldly. His friend's knowledge of the world, while it had the experience of age, had the trusting simplicity of youth :—he loved the world with the cheerfulness of the young man, who sees something to admire everywhere and to enjoy in all, and will not give up the good there is among men, because there is bad among them too. If he laughed at the follies of some men, and was sometimes impatient of them, he laughed at his own, and was always impatient of them. Now Spiffle did not believe that he had a folly belonging to him, except his sort of love for

the ladies; whereas, he could count up five thousand follies in his associate, which were unpardonable follies—egregious follies—damnable follies! and once said that "The man who owned to them as his could not be a wise man, though he might not be quite a fool." He thanked heaven that he had none of them, and, being only too merciful, tried to wink, and not see them in one for whom he entertained a something not unlike friendship, and not like it neither. He hated, therefore, that is to say, he did not love—(and where there is an absence of love, there will very soon stand the presence of hate)—the intimate companion of his hours of leisure and pleasure, but rubbed on as well as he could with him—now roughly—now smoothly. If he sometimes wished the door of his heart (which was too small a parlour for such company) was shut against him for ever, no sooner did he hear his foot on the scraper next day, than he flew down stairs himself to let him in, and was glad to welcome him again! No sooner did he observe him pass by the house, than up he threw the window, called after him by name, intreated him to come back, and, if he complied, cried "D——n it, what have I done, that you should pass *my* door, as if my name was not on the plate, and you could not recollect the number?" "I pass thy door?" would the relentful friend exclaim, "I'll see thee d——d ere I'll pass thy door! If I

should not drop in then, as usual, it will not be because I less affect thy company, but, simply, because I shall not look to feel at home in such society as thou must consort with and keep: for where the host is not a pleasant fellow, look not to find much pleasure among his guests." So did these intimates spar, jar, and rub and drub each other continually, and still hold on their course together.

Among his other eccentricities, Mr. Hippy was a great haunter of old book-stalls; and, as he used to say of himself, was learned in labels. It was his custom to go the round of these out-door libraries periodically, to have what he called a book-fuddle. When he was rich—*i. e.* when he had a few shillings to spare—he bought the book that took his fancy, after dipping into it deeply, or, if he could do it at one standing, reading it right through from end to end; for he never took the liberty, which some of your book-stall readers assume, of doubling down a leaf where he left off, and returning to finish his reading the next day. The late Mr. W——, a great reader in this way, bullied poor humble D——, the bookseller, for daring to sell a book which he had left unconcluded; "He must have seen that he had marked where he had left off!" When Hippy was poor—as sick working-men say when they throw themselves upon the funds of their benefit societies—he "declared upon the box:" *i. e.* he had a perusal of the old

books in the boxes out of doors for nothing—making no purchase; and as the worthy bibliographers knew him well, he was allowed, undisturbed, to have his quiet read out, as a sort of *cum privilegio* student. As he was, at times, the most absent of men, and as he was at all other times, except when in bed and asleep, seen in company with a green gingham umbrella, which had become brown with time, as your green things will do, many a good jest and tale had they to tell of "that very eccentric old gentleman who sometimes stood all day beside their doors, reading as if he would never leave off." That umbrella—(where is it? "What accident hath rapt it from *me?*")—was, as it were, if not "flesh of his flesh," certainly "bone of his bone:" it was a part of him, but separate and detached—a constitutional peculiarity, like a chronic complaint. They were generally inquired after together—as Hippy and Umbrella: "Have you seen *them* lately? and how are they both?"—in the same manner as persons ask "How is Jones and his wife?" If it rained when he halted at a book-stall, of course he held his gingham up. Some book soon held him all attention—he forgot himself and everything—and for hours after the shower was over, there might you see him standing, umbrella-shaded, poring away, totally unconscious of time, hunger, everything—even his umbrella. And all this while he

had got the very book he was going through such painful inconveniences to read snugly forgotten in his own library! Sometimes, as he darkened the shop by so doing, the worthy follower of old Lintot and old Barker would quietly step out, bow to him, gently take his umbrella out of his hand, shut it up, tuck it safely under his arm, bow again, and leave him to have his brown-study out. Hippy would just look off the page, stare surprisedly in Mr. Folio's face, feel satisfied that the good man had no evil design upon his darling umbrella, submit quietly to the operation, wet his finger, resume his reading, and turn over a new leaf. Mr. Vellum, not so adroit as Mr. Folio, met with no little resistance, but he got at the gingham at last, and walked in-doors with it, Hippy following him up in blank astonishment, but saying nothing: perhaps, like the girl who allowed her lover to take liberty after liberty with her, he submitted, only to see how far his impudence would carry him. Mr. Vellum meant him well. As Hippy had been full five hours on his legs over good old Mr. Burton, the worthy bookseller thought a little doubled-up rest would be a relief to his perpendicular friend: so, when he reentered his shop, he placed the umbrella, now dry and crisp again, in one corner, and pressing his hands gently upon Hippy's shoulders, forced him down into a chair in another corner. Hippy

just shewed a glimmering look of consciousness that he was not ill-using him, resigned himself entirely to his hands, and read on, and on, and on, just six hours longer, forgetting dinner, tea, everything, for his dear book—too dear for him, or it would incontinently have been added to the Hippisley library. At length the time to shut up shop arrived; and not till then did Mr. Vellum rouse him from his studious trance. "Dear, bless me! is it so late?" cried Hippy, and snatching up the brown-greenness, he scuttled fast away. Sometimes, if Mr. Vellum saw that he was getting rapidly towards the port of *Finis*, and it was the hour for closing, he took him by the arm, led him into the parlour, and left him to wake up himself, when he had done and ended. Then, and not till then, would he speak to him, and beg to have his opinions at large on the author, and on old books and authors old in general, over a crisp crust and Cheshire, and a frothing pot of brown Whitbread or black Barclay, to neither of which taps was he indifferent. How then would he launch out upon the undying books and names of the great old poets and glorious old prosers, till he genially warmed up the heart of honest Master Vellum, and made him proud of his "choice collection of old authors," snap his fingers at the new, and bless his stars that he was not Henry Colburn or John Murray—doomed, unhappy men, to be dry-

nurses of the *young* "great heirs of Fame," not yet of ripe age enough to come to their inheritance. The frugal supper over, and the glass and the pipe being filled, and emptied, and refilled, just as the sixth glass was concluded, the iron tongue of time tolled twelve: "Double-scoring!" cried Hippy, rising, "but I leave you, Vellum, to settle the reckoning," which he was proud to do. Then the worthy bookseller—just for the walk's sake—saw Hippy and his Umbrella—both happy, he that he was wet—his gingham, that it was dry—part of the way home, which ended in his going all the way, and adding three glasses more, "which, together, made nine," in Mr. Hippy's chambers, and getting three parts fu'.

At one shop, which he had not often visited, he was known as "the old gentleman that's as deaf as a post," because when a house was on fire at his back, one day while reading there, he heard nothing of the uproar all around him, and still kept reading on; and when the first spirt of the fire-plug, just opened up behind him, sent a deluge of muddy water over him, which mightily amused the mob, he, all unconscious still of what was going on, composedly spread forth his umbrella, took the drenching which he got for a smart shower, thought what good it would do the growing peas, and, resigned to all the dispensations of heaven read on. All this while

"The boys flock round him, and the people stare!
So stiff, so mute!—some statue, you would swear,
Stepped from its pedestal to take the air!"

At last as he was standing shoe-quarter deep in water, two of the engineers—civil engineers I call them—taking compassion at his obliviousness, snatched him up in their strong arms, and set him down in-doors at the bookseller's. Then, and not till then, did he perceive the conflagration; and as he was the last to perceive the destruction going on, so now he was the first and foremost in rendering all the assistance in his power.

Good souls! the "gentle craft" in general were most considerate of the humorous, odd, eccentric, unaccountable old man, and respected his grey locks and his grave looks when he was not in one of his merry cues; for then there was no absence—he was all presence—and all consciousness—"the world was all before him where to choose" his joke, or his good-humoured gibe, and some one to be merry or whimsical withal. The old-book sellers—it has often struck me—are not like the new-book sellers: they are a more quiet, regular, easy-going, jog-trot set, with peaceful habits and placid countenances, in which you read intelligence—with something of the bookworm in their looks—and yet not so, for they are more commercially knowing in the old authors, than students of them, and yet they are studiers of them, too. They live, as it were, in a

sort of *post obit* attorneyship with the old writers, who speak confidentially to them, and learn from them whether they are popular or unpopular, and what they should take for their "works and monuments;" and if few persons listen and understand them besides, they listen to them reverentially, and understand them tolerably well. The old-book sellers have accordingly none of the bustle, the hurry, the anxiety of the new-book publishers, who are like the owners of the produce of a young vine-plantation—never sure that it will yield such a wine as will bear bottling to grow old: they deal in the old wine, in the original bottles, both crusted with antiquity. Therefore are they calm, unimpassioned, serious, thoughtful, meditative, deliberative men; and therefore do they put their hearts into their calling, and love their good old books, and those who love them and can value them—among whom stood eminently and prominently, my friend Hippy.

During these fits of studious absence my dear old friend used to do the most out-of-the-way things in perfect innocence of what he was about. While he was breakfasting in his own chambers his favourite cat, Tibby, took the liberty to help himself to the greatest portion of a round of toast, and make off with it. Hippy, of course, threatened him with punishment for the wanton offence, "Because," as he said, "if he had

wanted it, he might have had it by asking for it." Next day he breakfasted out of town at the house of a friend. Toast was on the table, and, in a vacant chair, his friend's cat sat looking at it, and making observations in his own mind upon toast in general. Hippy no sooner laid eyes upon the innocent creature—no more like his Tibby than I am—than he seized him by the *ear*, and pinching it, cried out—"So, sirrah, I have caught you—have I? I told you yesterday I should! I'll teach you not to indulge unduly in a taste for toast!"—and he was about to pinch and punish poor Tom of Tooting, for the offence of Tibby of the Temple, had not his friend interfered, and proved a clear case of *alibi*. "True, true," said Hippy, "I beg his pardon! The *venue* does not lie in this county." And then he entered into a long dissertation upon the association and mis-association of ideas—comic and serious—quite a Coleridgeian display, his tea and toast growing cold, and his egg as hard as a bullet, the while.

He has been known, in these fits, to begin a letter to his grandmother with "My dear Miss;" and end one to his mistress, even in his young days, with "I am, honest Harry, yours anywhere, and especially here, at Will's Coffee-house, with wine and walnuts for two. Come over, and let's make a night on't!" His mistress was a Harriet—his friend a Harry; and hence the jumble. What must the

modest young lady have thought of an invitation from a young harem-scarem forgetful fellow, as he was then, to "make a night on't?" Writing, on another occasion, to the same dear young lady, as the luncheon things were on the table, and he was near-sighted, sometimes he dipped his pen into the ink-stand, and sometimes into the vinegar-cruet—so that every here and there an *hiatus* of a sentence, or more, occurred. He concluded, passionately, "Forget me not, my dear Harriet, for you are the only hope I have on this side of . . . . . .

Will's Coffee-house,
at Two.

The rest of the sentence, being written in the best vinegar, was unreadable.

He was, as I have said, an entertaining companion to walk with, whether in town or out of town, for he would strike out poetry from the stones of the street, and make merry with a milestone—pluck a joke out of the heart of a field, or pull down one within reach of your hand in any hedge, or a bunch of jokes, if one was not enough, like filberts or blackberries. As we passed through a pasture-field, a poor "silly sheep," tickled perhaps by the tick, was seen employed in scratching himself behind the ear with his hind leg, very awkwardly. "Look, C——y," cried Hippy, "look at that leg of mutton scratching that sheep's head!" It was the ludicrousness

of his manner which made the drollery so diverting to me, if it does not much divert the reader. Not long after, we got into about ten acres of promising young cabbages. *Glumpy*—(a nickname which Spiffle had somehow got tacked to him, and it stuck fast)—who was one of the party, being a vegetable-dietarian, was so greatly struck with the sight of so much of what the poets call "greenery," that he exclaimed "Beautiful!—a fine crop, an't it, Hippy? I never saw a crop so promising——" "Yes," interrupted the old boy, "promising of future flatulence." And then he began running his rigs upon poor Glumpy's tender partiality for parsnips—his favourite vegetable; and, among other things, asked him "If his father ever pinched his ears?" Spiffle acknowledged that he had, too often. "And what vegetable were your Papa's pinches like?" Glumpy could not say. "You can't say —and yet you vegetable-eaters dare to assert that your diet keeps the intellects clear, which beef and mutton cloud and stupefy! Why, a chaw-bacon would have guessed that your Pa's pinches must be Pa's nips (Parsnips)!"—an interpretation which put poor Glumpy, who was naturally petulant, and detested a conundrum, into a swingeing passion; upon which Hippy cried out triumphantly, "And you caterpillar-eaters pretend, too, that a cabbage-diet keeps your passions cool!

Look at me—a man given to the bestialities of beef-steak and mutton-chop—*et hoc genus omne*—see how cool I am, you Pythagorean!" "You what?" cried Glumpy; but as we saw that his blood was up to "blood-heat," we interposed, and "took our man away." Hippy, who still loved the man, though he disliked his narrow notions, made his peace with him at dinner-time by helping him plentifully to the most flowery potatoes, and taking the waxy ones to himself; and, to shew how generous he could be, he gave up a tartlet in his favour—delicate attentions, which were not lost upon the too-susceptible Glumpy, and they were soon as good friends as ever.

Dinner over, however, our host had almost innocently disturbed the peace between them by drawing us out into his garden to look at a monstrous specimen—two feet long—of that strange plant called Vegetable Marrow. Hippy, with his ludicrous descriptive powers, catalogued it as "A vegetable bolster for one," and recommended Glumpy, as he admired it so much, to take it to his bachelor's bed, "as it might perhaps induce green vegetable dreams." "Now, my dear friend Hippy!" cried Glumpy, imploringly. "Well, well," said the old boy, "I have done;" and observing a fine large codling apple hanging temptingly over little Glumpy's head, he whipped him up in his long arms, and pushing him up

among the boughs, told him "He might pluck that large apple, because he was a good boy, and didn't mind his Hippy," a practical joke at his expense, which he bore with great good-humour.

After our lickerish "fancies had had their fill" of fruit, our host—a wag in his way—turned the tables upon waggish Hippy himself—much to the amusement of Mr. Spiffle, by leading us a handicap race to look at what he called "A fine bit of Morland;" and getting us up into a corner of the garden, "Here it is," he cried, pointing to a pig-sty. We were all taken in—Hippy in especial, as he was a hearty admirer of the homely genius of poor Morland, and thought some of his small landscapes little inferior to the greater ones of Gainsborough. Nine fat porkers blest and made happy the house and heart of Mistress Bessy Brindle, mine host's fecundate sow. It was a pretty pastoral sight to see those innocents of future sorrow—sage, onion, and bread-sauce,

> "Lapping their souls in one extreme sweet pleasure;"

and it would have been "a real blessing to mothers"—some mothers—as the vendor of Soothing Syrup inditeth it, if they could have

> "Come but and see my lady sweetly sleep,"

surrounded by her sweet sucklings: they might have learned a lesson in household economy—how to make the most of a small apartment and the least

of a large family of small ones. Hippy "enlarged," as the religious say, upon "the improving occasion," and kept the worthy patron in a perpetual roar at his provoking drolleries; and as he was a man of no great reading—his favourite serious volumes being Drelincourt, Mrs. Glasse, and The Whole Duty of Man; and his only comic one dirty and dull D'Urfey—Hippy dished up the heads of inimitable Charles Lamb's learned "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," making its more erudite parts "plain to the meanest capacity." And greatly did the unlearned Theban delight therein, for he laughed till Echo laughed again,

"And all the woods resounded back his roar."

This done, Hippy graciously appended, by way of rider, a pleasant anecdote, of his own picking up, touching the gourmanderie of a member of the swinish multitude. I give it in his own words.

"Some kind country cousin, no doubt, had made a Christmas present of a live pig—neither pig nor porkling—to a cook of my knowing at the West End of the town. Honest Master Cook—not being one of Justice Greedy's breed—saved his cake, and put it by; but not knowing where safeliest to deposit it immediately, he clapped him, for the time, into an ante-kitchen to the great kitchen wherein he ruled the roast. Unluckily for the simple fellow, he had, some hour before, put by in the

same safe place as he, good easy man, bethought it, a good seven quarts of Turtle—not born of that fine, lively, helpless fellow, landed but yesterday, but a wise-deceiving, well-disguised imitation of the same, called Mock. As he deposited the savoury seven he glanced a suspicious eye upon the pig, who was evidently disturbed in his dreams, but he guessed not what disturbed him; and he feigned again to sleep. The whitest innocence may be suspected: so, careful man, he covered up the pan with a broad disk of deal, 'round as my shield,' and, giving a second glance of 'squint suspicion,' left the place, the pig still feigning sleep,—

> 'the innocent sleep;
> Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care; . . . .
> Balm of hurt minds; great Nature's second course,'

which this sly sensualist postponed unto its proper place in the bill of fare, and the order thereof, for that day, making it secondary, as it was, and that entertainment for man and pig—mock turtle—primary, or

> 'Chief nourisher in life's feast.'

A fragrance, as of 'the sweet South,' came softly stealing over the most lively sense of the sty-born, which much perplexed his little wit with its doubtful whereabout. I imagine that I see the aroused sensualist just in that interesting moment when

the odorous scent came, wind-borne, in warm, delicious whiffs up to those critical caterers for his susceptible appetite, his nostrils. The odour is of something hitherto 'undreamt of in his philosophy,' and puzzles him mightily. He thinks, in his way, much upon it; tries to remember anything resembling it in his earlier experience. He had smelt the fragrance of warm milk—it is not that: in routing through a kitchen-garden after its remnants, the neglected cabbage-orts, he had smelt at a rose—it is not that, but something sweeter. He erects his head, and takes a long-drawn sniff, and is more and more perplexed, 'perplexed beyond the Muse's painting!' as to what it is like—whence it cometh—and, nextly, how, Bruce-like, it is to be traced up to its far fountain-head. He stands, and considers, and then turns and tries all points of the compass, and long and anxiously deliberates; and then moved by the spirit of inquiry and discovery now so much abroad—he once more veers, and tacks, and crosses, and doubles his course—completes the circuit of his confines—is, as the children say, at hide and seek, now hot, now cold, but cannot yet discover it. Patient as a salmon at a salmon-leap, he fails once, and tries again; and now he gets into such a lucky latitude, that, the wind blowing right off from the land, he has caught at a clue to a discovery—he traces the fragrance up the wind;

and there, in that unlikely brown pan of common glazed earthenware, which he had passed by twice, touching it tenderly with his snout—it burns it—there it is! Bruce when he thought he stood at the source of the Nile was not more proud and largely elate! Lander, dodging down after the Niger to the sea, was not more intent and fearfully hopeful of the issue of his high-wrought expectations of solving the great problem, and exulted not more when he had found it true! And now, as a modern poet says—

'The full fragrance streams against his face.'

The important secret now no secret, he sets his wits to work, and eke his snout, to reap the benefits thereof. To capsize the cover is, as Napoleon said, the work of a moment. I cannot describe his sensual raptures, when he gets at this rich reward of all his painful labours, and therefore leave them to imagination. Hot, burning and scalding hot, as still they are, in one short, delicious hour the entire seven quarts of elaborately-made mock-turtle are drawn off—a court of aldermen could not have transferred them and translated them cleaner and more entirely—not as much was left at the bottom, or clinging to the sides of the pan, as would have soiled the silver whiskers of a mouse!

'. . . . Increase of appetite but grows
By what it feeds on.'

So found he. He had still a corner left unfilled in the deep chambers and snug recesses of his appetite: it was too early yet to say grace and retire from the table: there must surely be a second course—a remove—though it be not set down in the bill? He hateth to give unnecessary trouble to servants; so he ringeth no bell, nor stampeth no pettitoe, but behaveth himself humbly and orderly, like a pig with a superior sense of decency about him. He riseth, and seeketh for himself what other 'good the Gods provide' him: in a second pan, a second culinary dainty—but not so dainty as the first—he thinks so—awaiteth him. He smelleth at it—he tasteth it, and pauseth awhile to try it with his palâte, and, liking it not, upsetteth it, in scorn. What mess could it have been that could disgust a pig, though man can get it down? Was it the *sauer kraut*, which gives the German visage such a grim aspect, and such an unwholesome greenish grime, as if an unceasing gripe tormented their great bowels, and made their blood as sour as the juice of a crab-apple? To think that a pig should be more delicate in his feeding than Her Serene Highness the Princess of Grimgriffenpuffenguffenhof!

"Imagine now the horror of that simple man the cook, when, it being near 'the hour when churchmen yawn, and cooks give up their dead,' he ran hurriedly into the kitchen to snatch up the

pan, pour its contents into a stew-pan, to warm them up again, and serve up a dish for 'Juno when she banquets'——imagine the horror of the man when he found the reservoir of so much ready-made luxury clean as a smelt, and saw the pig taking his siesta, and dreaming of nothing, perhaps, but his regrets that the seven were not fourteen quarts! I should have liked to have looked into the cook's face, seen the struggle in it between passion and pleasantry, and have heard the laughter and astonishment run through all kitchendom, and mount aloft into the dining-room! I should have enjoyed to have witnessed how good-humouredly Sir Charles, the dinner-giver, bore up under so severe a bereavement; heard what merriment, after the first shock was over, spread round the social board; listened to the amusing anecdotes of similar occurrences which were then and there recollected and related; heard the young ladies of the party titter so that they could not eat; seen the Colonel lay down his knife and fork to laugh; heard the young gentlemen enjoy it as an excellent joke; my lady enjoy it too, 'Though it was very provoking;' observed the clergyman gradually throw off his gravity and enjoy it also in his way, and feel curious to see a pig that would do honour to a convocation dinner, *etc. etc.* But George Cruikshank might describe the humour of the scene—I cannot."

He ceased, and before we had time to compliment him with a laugh, o' the sudden, such an uproar sprung up in the pigsty, "standing nigh," that you would have sworn the Nine were suddenly bewitched and mad. "They have overheard the story of the pig, and they enjoy the joke!" cried our host. All ran up to see what bred the direful commotion; the cause was soon made manifest. Mr. Spiffle's spaniel, having a greater relish for a genuine bit of Morland than his master, had poked his nose and head between two posts forming architectural parts of that rude specimen of the rural composite, a pigsty, and having got his head there, there it stuck. Not out of sympathy, but scorn of his weak bewailings, the porculent brotherhood were shrieking with cruel laughter at his mishap, and mocking his loud-yelped distresses; and had not Glumpy rushed to the rescue, and our host belaboured maternal Bessy with a broom, master Fido's foolish head had paid forfeiture for its intrusion, for it was plain that the old sow had made up her mind to it as a mouthful—a *bonne bouche*. Before we had all ceased laughing at this humorous incident, coupled with the story he had been telling us, with that strange rapidity of mind which was one of his remarkable characteristics, Hippy had got tooth and nail into a hot dispute with Mr. Spiffle upon the comparative merits of Gainsborough, Wilson, Mor-

land, Ibbotson, and Marlow, and was hitting and slashing away at their later rivals, Naysmith, Collins, Wilkie, Jock Wilson, Lee, Constable, Hofland, and Co. Spiffle was all for the new school; Hippy for the old: both were so far in error, and partially prejudiced. Hippy's worst objection to the modern landscape painters was in the article—colour. "Looking at your modern landscapes," he said, "I am always conscious of one prevailing error in all of them (always excepting those of the eccentric, and yet admirable Turner, whose eye, as far as colouring goes, must be diseased): that they do not colour as Nature colours, but are either above or below in that important part of a good picture. Their skies are not blue, but drab; their sunsets not golden, but grey; their foliage not green, but whitey-brown, or dirty brown, or dingy black, looking more like boiled tea-leaves than leaves tinted with the lively green with which Nature paints her spring and summer foliage. Nature is sacrificed to Art—the juggler tricks and sleight of hand of Art—not the ingenious refinements and elegancies of Art, smoothing away her roughnesses, and perfecting her imperfections, but broadly mocking her with coarse, extravagant mimickries of her sweet face and unadorned simplicity of mien, and serious jestings at the 'sweet disorder in her dress.' Art, instead of standing a humble pupil in her presence, rudely

pushes her aside with a 'You teach!—you paint! —you colour!—you describe! We know some tricks worth all your nature. Good woman, stand apart! Come not between the wind and our nobility!' Humbly she sits down—patiently is silent, and sees her rude, great children mock her to her face—looks over them at their work—beholds

'The stately comeliness of forests old'

dwarfed down into small shrubs of most unsightly shapes; and trees stand upon their canvass tinted as she never tinted them—blue in the tops—yellow in the centre, black in the lower branches, and nowhere green. But she is patient still, and, pitying, smiles, and turns away—hopeful some day that the spoiled sons of Art will know her better, and their fantastic master sit humbly again in her great presence, and learn of her, not teach her, and despise her as a dunce.

"Another fault in your modern painters is—that the leaves of every kind of tree in one picture (which, in nature, are as various in form as the armorial shields in a large book of Heraldry) are, one and all, of the same form and structure—all round—all heart-shaped—all triangular—all tongue-like, according to the humour of the painter: not various, opposite, distinct; and all are tinted and coloured alike—not of every hue, and all hues green, but of one unnatural tint not hers.

Nature is not a mannerist—nor is she so limited in invention as these would make her. Her varieties of vegetable form are almost as numerous as the objects of her creation. They may seem to look alike, but look again—look closely—and they are 'alike; but oh, how different!'

"Nature is not a Quakeress, Sir; nor is she a Columbine. She dresses well, and sometimes richly—even gaudily; but all she wears becomes her; and she never is, nor does she seem to be, vulgar. She loves brave garments and gay colours—for she is of a cheerful heart, as you may see in her face at all times, in all seasons, and under every aspect—by night, by day—in the beauty and youth of Spring; in the genial glow and gaiety of Summer; in the ripeness and mellowness of Autumn; and in the evergreen old age and sun-living, grey decay of Winter. She even loves what the vulgar (who prate of elegançe, think they have notions what it is, and prescribe its fashions, many-coloured hues, and poor variety of forms) call the showy. You may see her, in some morning in autumn, with more jewels hanging upon one beautiful tress of her 'bonny brown hair' than all the crowned queens of Europe or the Ind could prodigally display. You may see her dressed in Spring in all the colours of the rainbow; and not content with these, the rainbow itself may be seen floating

above her head like a beauteous scarf, wafted up by the wind, and forming a graceful arch over her lovely brow!"

"Well," said Glumpy, putting his word in, "you say that Nature loves variety and gaiety of colours: so do our modern painters!"

"Yes," retorted Hippy, "but she colours as she should colour: she does not paint as modern artists paint: her nose yellow, her lips black, her forehead purple, her hair blue, her eyes green, her cheeks grey, her chin brown, her teeth black. But enough—enough!—Spiffle, ring the bell for fresh glasses and a fresh subject—a glorious bowl of punch!"

Alas, poor Hippy!—whimsical, croaking, kind, gentle, happy, unhappy Hippy! It was his last bowl, and his last rubber at the expense of irritable, nagging, niggling, little Spiffle! Both are gone—Spiffle and Hippy! I could have better spared Spiffle. They died in the same week. He loved to be wherever Hippy was, and follow where he went. If he overtook him on his road from these low regions to the immortal skies, I warrant me he snubbed him to the last; that the ill-assorted pair went quietly quarrelling along till Peter hailed them from the heavenly gate, and called them both to order; and that the gentle, generous spirit of Hippy took all the blame of their indecent brawling upon himself, and kindly

catching his companion spirit by the hand, begged earnestly, lovingly, and with all humility, a heavenly rest and lodging for them both.

> "Take to thy lap, dear Earth, the good old boy,
> Who did thy tasks with such a loving joy—

[sometimes interspersed, April-like, with a little loving sorrow]—

> Wherefore lie lightly on his temples grey,
> And let the turf that wraps him flower in May."
>
> LEIGH HUNT.

EYE-ACQUAINTANCES.

GREAT cities necessarily furnish more numerous examples of the vices, virtues, passions, humours, and characters of men than are to be observed in smaller places, and among smaller communities. With the last, the actors are so few, and the stage so circumscribed, that if a principal player in the drama of their district has a hole in his robes, we detect it the instant he appears: if an underling comes on to the boards with dirty hose and a doublet of coarse linsey woolsey, instead of the broadcloth of the better part of the company, we at once see the condition of the man, and assign him his proper place in the scene. But in London the spectator sits before a different stage—one so wide that, though he may take in the mighty whole, he cannot, unless curious and prying, see the component parts. He, however, who diligently uses his eyes and ears may still detect many minute circumstances which would escape a more comprehensive vision—catch some nicer

points of the bye-play of the performers, and hear the prompter now whispering "the word" at the wing on the P.S., and now raving behind the curtain at the blunders of the scene-shifters. It is a glorious arena in which to sit or stand as a spectator—the scenery and machinery on a gigantic scale, the company her Majesty's servants by an older patent than that of Covent Garden, and the audience as numerous and as much classified as if the theatre were divided into pit, boxes, and gallery.

But to drop this metaphor, and come to plain speaking,—London, with all its vastness, which is perpetually enlarging—its multitude, whose number is "Legion"—its business, which is ever working—its vices, which are always alive and active to destroy, and its virtues, as wakeful and watchful to restore,—it is a never-wearying, "never-ending, still beginning," ever-varying study to eyes which can see and ears which can hear. A careless observer beholds only the motion of the panorama as it glides by him: to the eyes of a gaping provincial it is a dizzying sight, and makes him drunk with wonder; but he who composedly studies the vision as it flies, and takes time to consider it, gazes with wonder too, but with a fearful wonder—one which touches the chord of all that is human in his heart, and takes him out of himself, and gives him—soul, and

thoughts, and heart—to mankind. If he feels that he is but an unit in the amount of millions, he also feels that he has a place in the account, and standing in it adds to, or by standing out of it, diminishes, though in so small a ratio, the general value of the sum total. While he is thus employed in examining individuals as they pass before him in mental review, it is hard if reflection returns not back upon himself, and, after having satisfied itself how the objects of its study have performed their parts, originates an inquisition into the part he has himself played. A bad man may think his part in society, whether done well or ill, of no consequence to it: a better man will remember that large societies are made up of individuals, and consider that his bad or good conduct makes all the difference; and that if every man took to himself impunity of action, society could no more cohere together than a rope of sand..

These grave matters, however, are not now my theme; but lighter trifles—"trifles light as air." My speculations are upon those many old friends of mine whom I shall call my *Eye-Acquaintances.*

Of these I have a large assortment, and most extensive town-connexion. I find them, and meet with them in all parts of this great city, but chiefly in one old favourite haunt of my young days—the Temple Gardens—a pleasant place I had not visited for many years, till I again straggled into

it this evening, and found it the same agreeable scene which it was wont to be, with many new faces and new performers mixed up with the old company; but I was pleased to see that they worked harmoniously together, and that the entertainments were conducted pretty much as usual. As I never forget a face that I have seen, if only for a minute, I soon picked out my old friends from the new, re-introduced myself, and spent a happy evening with them, thinking of old times, when we were young.

In no other city in the world could you have what I shall call an eye-acquaintance with a man for many years—lose sight of him perhaps for thirty years—and then meet with him again; and all this time—during this long interval—he has, very likely, never been a month out of London, nor have you!—Here comes one old friend as an instance. You see that smart-looking man? —him with his hat on one side?—I am now past forty—I knew him, by eye-sight only, when I was fourteen. He was at that time the model of a well-dressed man; so he is now: in nothing has he "suffered a *land* change," except that his hair, which was then black, is now sprinkled with grey; his face, which was always grave, is somewhat graver; but in symmetry and in smartness he is the selfsame man. His black cravat is adjusted with the same nicety;—his hessians—for he persists in

his old costume—tight pantaloons and boots—are as well-fitting and as brilliant as ever—his leg as well-proportioned. Time has marked me, and "written strange defeatures in my face;" he has touched him so slightly, that he is none the worse for his annotations. Go, then, fresh reminiscence of the years that are gone—you are older, but you confess it not; I am older, and I cannot disguise it. Thirty years have made strange alterations in most things which then were thought unalterable, or at least incapable of so entire a change. Empires have flourished and decayed; another Alexander has in that little time almost conquered the European world; and now a few feet in an obscure and isolated spot of that earth which he would greedily have made all his own are "ample room and verge enough" to satisfy him. Children, who could then only touch the tassel of your boot, now "push us from our stools." But you are not old—that light step of yours, and that erect head, and that gravely cheerful aspect shew you are not;—I, too, have some youth at my heart, if my foot falters, and my eye is not so "redolent of spring:" there are, perhaps, years many and calmer in store for both of us. Go on, then, your way! We have seen much in our time, and are we not wiser for what we have seen? We *may* see more, and, if it is not lost upon us, shall be wiser still.

It is impossible not to feel an interest in the revival of these "old pieces" which pleased or interested us in happier days: it is impossible not to feel that these eye-acquaintances only have at last become friends with whom we keep up a safe sight-intimacy—one that is never likely to lead to a breach of friendship on either side, and to end in estrangement. I do not envy the man his feelings who can see even a fellow-creature, whom he knows only by sight, grow old and decrepit, who was, when he first met him, in the prime of manhood and youth of vigour, and feel no touch of pity, and take no interest in the change he witnesses, or but a selfish one—that he has weathered the gales of life, and is still strong, stout, and gallant, with twenty years more of wear and tear in his timbers, and many a long voyage to come, if he does not go down suddenly in a storm with "all standing." I do not envy him, I say again, who can see forms and faces, which he once knew full of boyish youth or girlish beauty, grown careful, perhaps wretched, or sickly, or world-worn, or worn thin with the anxieties and over-plied industry of fathers and mothers—for they are so now—you see it in their forms and faces, once so boyish and so girlish. I know many such friends —for such I will call them—by sight, in my long acquaintance with the life and living creatures of this swarming city—eye-friends of many years'

standing, and, I may say, walking—coming and going friends, whom I see not perhaps for years—then see them daily for a little time—miss them again for many seasons—when up they start again, older, graver, grey, broke down, bankrupt in health or circumstances which they cannot conceal from the investigation of my eyes, keen in their perception of such changes, and perhaps wish not to conceal. Our eyes meet—we know each other well again—their eyes glance me over—see what time has done for me in the long interval—perhaps kindly shine a smile upon me of congratulation that I am as whole as I am: I, in my turn, glance at them, and, if I see much change for the worse in them, cannot keep down the pity and compassion which I feel for them; or, if for the better, shew that I rejoice in it, and am glad to see them well, and doing well. And so we pass each other—friends, taking a mutual interest in each other's welfare, exchanging kindly looks for life, but never two kindly words; and though, when they leave the stage of life, I may not miss them, and when I retire also they will not come to see me take my last farewell, as long as we live and play our parts in the same scene—mine the poor walking gentleman's—theirs the Old Dorntons or young Mirabels, the Isabellas or Jane Shores—I hope to meet them with a kindly look of recognition, "act well my part" with them when

mixed up with them in the same scene, and want no prompter to good thoughts of them.

I have some favourite eye-acquaintances, of course, which I affect more than others, and am more glad to see. I feel a beating pulse of pleasure when I meet them, and am sometimes sorry that I know no more of them. There are others whom I do not so much love, but am well pleased to see that they are still "in the land of the living." One of the latter sort is—(I am not ashamed to confess my eye-acquaintanceship with him—indeed I shall not conceal the fact that I have derived advantages from knowing him so well—by sight)—no less a person than——out with it!—a pickpocket. There, never fear, good reader, nor button up your pockets as if they were not safe in my company: he has taught me nothing, except to button mine when I am in his in Fleet-street or the Strand, his favourite haunts. I never sought his acquaintance—he sought mine: but I am always glad to see him, because when I do I save a purse which I can ill spare, or a pocket-handkerchief which I do not care to lose. I am also always glad to see him because he is such a remarkable living instance of the blindness of Justice, and the lax, loose hold which the Law has upon such slippery rogues. He has been five-and-twenty years a pickpocket upon town, to my knowledge, and to that of the police—his name is known as leader of a crew of peripatetic

philosophers of that old school who could not be made to discern the nice nature of the laws of *Meum* and *Tuum*, but held Agrarian notions on such matters, upon which mankind—it must be said, in justice to Mr. Allfinger, my furtive friend—have always been divided and split into two great sects: if he chose to side with the sect which has the worst reasons on its side, it was an error of his judgment, which the law yet has never told him was most wrong: so he goes on consistently in error to this day. The Law is more to blame than he is. When a man like him has been dipping his hand for a quarter of a century into the pockets of his fellow-men undetected, unreproved—if the pump has never pumped such lax notions out of him, nor the Law shook his huge wig at him, and severely told him "he should not do so again, for he was too old an offender," he comes, in the course of time, to think that there is no offence in picking pockets, provided it is done cleanly and cleverly, and that the only real offence is in being found out at it. He is of Othello's opinion:

"He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all."

This maxim has been his guide through the whole of his professional life: he has robbed and let no one know it—except those at whose hands he felt assured of safety—the police.

I have not fallen in with Mr. Allfinger lately; but I dare say he is doing well. I should like to see him once again, "for auld langsyne"—even though it were at the bar of the Old Bailey—for he has been one of my most interesting eye-acquaintances. Though not a reputable acquaintance, still, as far as personal appearance goes, I have no reason to be ashamed of him: for he is a good-looking, well-dressing, gentlemanly fellow enough—just such a man as you would feel proud to walk with arm in arm, if he would keep the hand of his disengaged arm in order. He is eminently polite, smiles agreeably, and talks well on matters of taste—such as music and acting. Not long since I fell into a chat with him on those twin-subjects at a place of public entertainment. It was between the two acts of a concert that he addressed himself to me. He was great upon Incledon, and liked his natural style, but still he gave the palm to Braham, for his science. He discriminated the various merits of Storace, Billington, Dickons, Mountain, dear Kitty Stephens, Paton, flute-voiced Carew, and Tree, singing from her tender, feeling heart. He admired Kean, as passionate, natural, mighty, a man of genius; but he owned that he was a greater admirer of the classical—of John Kemble and Sarah Siddons: he preferred the severe style, and stood up for the dignities of the stage! I could have listened to him throughout

the whole of the evening, and have adjourned the debate, if I had not had an uneasy suspicion about me, all the while I was conversing with him, that I had seen my severe, classical, agreeable friend somewhere under circumstances not of an agreeable nature. "Who can he be?" I kept inquiring of myself: "I certainly should know that face and figure somewhere?" I was fairly puzzled, and at a loss. Just as I had given the inquiry over, and had made up my mind to him as an agreeable eye-acquaintance, a gentleman before us pulled out a gold watch to see the hour—perhaps not—perhaps only to shew that he wore a gold watch, and was therefore respectable. My classical friend's eye—his ear being struck with the jingling of gold seals—turned on it—oh such a look! I never shall forget it! It was something severer and more quick-darting than the sudden glance of a hawk's eye at a goldfinch which he has marked out for his own. I knew that look again in an instant—I had seen its lightning glance at a purse in the hand of a gentleman walking Fleet-street, many a long year ago; and having pointed him out to a friend, who knew all the notorious characters about town, he told me at that time who and what he was. It was I.———, the veteran captain of a company of gentlemanly pickpockets, with whom I had been now hob-nobbing for an hour upon the severe style, and the classical—upon Kemble's Cato, Brutus,

and Coriolanus, and Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth, Portia, and Queen Katharine! It was a mighty pretty-spoken gentleman, who daily dived his digits into the pockets of the lieges, that stood up for the dignity of the tragic stage! I knew not whether to laugh, or feel chagrined, or boldly call out "Take care of your pockets!" I snatched my hat and cane up, pressed my arm against my fob, to feel whether all was safe there, and making a short, forced bow to him, hurried away out of the room, before the predestined gold watch was quite gone, for go I saw it would. As a poor poet only, I felt I could not, with any degree of propriety, get mixed up with a pickpocket in his official transactions: I could not well afford to be set down or taken up, as the case might be, as a supposed accomplice, and get nothing—go no snacks in the adventure. So I dissolved partnership with guilt, and honestly slunk away: while he, I doubt not,, kept his seat, made his caption, and then walked coolly and collectedly—all himself—out of the concert-room, twirling his kid glove by the finger's end, or his eye-glass gracefully, with an easy air of *nonchalance*, pausing, perhaps, to look at a young lady near the door, and then "exit in a hurry." As far as downcast looks, confusion of face, and the guilty blush of disconcerted honesty went, if the watch really did go the way of all watches, or of most of those uncertain goers, I fear

that I was the supposed pickpocket, and not my felonious friend Allfinger, *alias* L——— !

Perhaps I am too prejudiced. My honest friend W———e,—to be sure he is a wag,—says that " Picking of pockets is a perfectly genteel profession, if not more—one of the fine arts. There are low blackguards," he allows, "who follow it for a mere living—hang-dog, sly, slouching sneak-ups, whose faces would convict them without other evidence: clap them into the dock—the whole sessions-paper full at once—and let the jury look at them for a moment, and they would immediately cry—twelve as one—' Guilty, my lord !' The very term *pickpocket*," he goes on to say, " expresses a choice, a selection, a delicacy, a discrimination, a pickthankyness of disposition, an over-nicety—what the Italians call *morbidezza*—a fastidiousness in felony. The proper professional person, brought up in a good school, looks jealously after the honour of the craft. He will not permit his hand to introduce itself to any indifferent pocket that comes in its way. He picks his pocket when he picks yours." (This sounds paradoxical.) " He compliments you—or, at least, intends it—by making a selection, from among a hundred, of yours in especial." And so forth ; but you must not " pin your faith" upon my friend's sleeve.

Why, no—can it be he—after so long an absence —from *my* sight, at least? Yes, it is him—my

oldest eye-acquaintance, Mr. *Hat-on-one-side*—with his hat—though not so smart and fashionable as it was wont to be—still at full cock! Why, bless the old man, he is immortal!—the only "Undying One"—the Wandering Jew's faithful follower—Time's travelling companion—the "Last Man" of the Seventeenth Century, left behind by the Eighteenth, that he may communicate something of consequence to the Nineteenth!—He was old when I was but

"———— a tiny boy,"

with my heigh-ho, and my nonny-ho; and I am now—there is no use in disguising it—elderly, and he is not a whit more! Well, at any rate, I am glad to see him alive and hearty. He knows me, too, again! Come, I am not so much changed by time and change, but that there is some portion of "the old original" *Me* about me which he at once recognises. He looks hard at me—he compares notes with me—he congratulates me that I am looking so well—and lusty—and not so gray as would have been becoming in a person of my years and experience—and that I am on my legs, and can walk, if I choose, briskly, though I prefer to saunter, slowly and carelessly. For that matter, I can congratulate him—I don't perceive much outside difference in him. There are the same legs—short, stout, and large-calfed, like old-fashioned

chair-legs—in clean grey cottons, well-blacked shoes, and grey half-gaiters, just as they paced the City thirty years agone! There are the same grey-breeks, silver knee-buckles, blue coat, bright-buttoned, with a low collar, buff waistcoat, white stock, buckled behind, grey pigtail, indicating by its motion which way his head turns, grey hair, and large, fine skull, surmounted with a hat of Charles Incledon's dimensions, similarly cocked, inclined to the right side, and spout-shaped before and behind; and the same grave, good-featured face, streaked and patched with red and white Thirty years ago I was curious to know who he was; thirty years after date, I wonder who he is! But no matter who he is—I am heartily glad to meet him again, and bid him good-morrow; and may we meet again this time thirty years!

"Another and another still succeeds!" As I live, here is Mr. *Bumble-puppy*, too!—another old eye-acquaintance, whom I so designated, many years ago, because he has what is called "a bumble foot"—that is, a deformed foot—and was, notwithstanding this pedal defect, a puppy of "the first water" in his more youthful days, and mine. I should not have so miscalled him if I had not witnessed that he was one of the worst-natured of puppies—not only puppies *per se*, but puppies who make themselves offensive to all passers-by, whether male or female—snapping at the one, and

snarling at the other. His malformation ceased from that moment to be a pitiable misfortune in my eyes, and hence his agnomen. There was an old game, now out of use, which helped me to the epithet. The man is now, I see, a different man,—a better knowledge of himself, or of the world, has made him modest and respectable: I therefore sink the opprobrious name I have known him by, and shall hereafter call him—when I meet him—Mr. *Much-improved.*

Eh? no!—yes! It is my old moralising friend Mr. *Nobody-sure-Nobody-certain!* Having heard him, in passing, utter that melancholy maxim "many a time and oft on the Rialto"—or on the Temple terrace—as memorable a spot—for want of his right name I took the liberty of knowing him and calling him by this John Bunyan-ism. Very happy to see you again, Mr. *N.-S.-N.-C!* The happiness is reciprocal: he looks at me from top to toe, and nods and smiles. Yes, I am he—the same—no other! Who would get up a forgery of Me?—or a passable imitation? Give up your favourite maxim, my old friend: you see that "Nobody is surer" than Somebody whom both of us could mention. But we won't be particular, it would not become us "youths," who have outlived the battle, to run our eyes down the long list of killed and wounded, and brag because we have escaped. Let us wear our Waterloo medals modestly, like true veterans, and

vaunt not among the new recruits, nor hold our heads too high, because our seniors in the service are struck off the muster-roll, as dead, or "lie in Chelsea quarters." The next Gazette may number us—but that is in your department of moralising. Good evening!

Hah! my dear fellow, Mr. *My-dear-Fellow*, is that you? Egad, I should not now have known you, if it had not been for that old merry eye of yours, which Time cannot extinguish, or, if he can, he will not, for the present. And yet you are a much-altered man! Where is that rattle-tongue—heard over all the voluble tongues of the old Benchers, taking their cool, quiet evening walk?—and the tongues of the town misses, eloquent upon fashion? Gone with the fellows you "my-dear-fellow-ed?"—and the young ladies you gallanted?—or said civil things to?—or looked unutterable love at? Where is that lively foot, which flew about these beautiful old gardens, fluttering now around this city beauty, and now around some other city "Cynthia of the minute?"—Come, that won't do! You do not mean to tell me that that flannel-folded, list-slippered fellow is the very foot that danced attendance on the lovely, lively, flirtable Miss V——, when you were twenty; or that more sentimental flame of yours, when you were thirty, and thinking of reforming, sedate Selina C——? Come, put your best foot foremost, man! Why, "bad is the

best," I see! Ah, well—you are sorry for it—so am I! Gout is a whoreson anti-climax to your gaiety! But it can't be helped. Live moderately, and take plenty of suburban exercise on foot—wonderful regenerators these of your town-damaged constitutions. Good evening to *you*, too, good Mr. *My-dear-Fellow!* I have known much worse eye and ear acquaintances.

One, two, three, four, five very nice young ladies, and a lively young gentleman with a hoop, and all crying out "Here's Pa!" Where's Pa? Who is that happy man? Why, there he is!—there he hobbles, in the gouty shoes of "My-dear-Fellow!"—And I should know the comely face of that well-formed, middle-aged lady with the young people? I have certainly read those "lines" before—where—in what work? Was it in a certain romance which I perused twenty years ago, called, I think, Selina C——? Yes, it is the same work—it is she! Then, *My dear Fellow*, you did marry her, after all?—and these are "the fatal results of a too-romantic attachment;" for so, you hypocritical dog, you dared to speak—and in my hearing too—of your flirtation with the fair Selina; and no bad "fatal results" neither! The given-out text of a certain celebrated field-preacher was "*Hebrews* x. and 12." "And no bad stuff neither," murmured a thirsty toper, standing by, and licking his dry lips: "I should like to take a glass." So say I:

I should like to take a glass of that same Nepenthe for all one's early disappointments — a comely wife and a handsome family—even with the gout superadded, by way of—what shall I call it?—*stamp* receipt or acknowledgment? I had *memmed* you—in the note-book of my early recollections—as a passionate young person who had long ago hanged himself in his garters, like "unfortunate Miss Bailey" of passionate memory—Sappho's substitute! Well, there's no trusting lovers! They "have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts." "My dear Fellow," I congratulate you! You have played your part extremely well: never mind the *cues* now—the *peas* will come in due season. Never mind the gout: you might get rid of that—or partly so—if you would but discharge that coachman of yours, now drawing up at the top of Temple-lane, and give him the things he drives as perquisites. I congratulate you! Come, you have something to shew for your last-past twenty years of life—a wife, a boy, five girls, and a fit of gout! What have I to produce in proof that I have been driving "a long coach" up and down the main and the branch roads of life? Not even the turnpike tickets!—Go to, with your gout! You are a happy man, or should be: if you are not, give me your gout, wife, children, and means, and let me try. You may keep the carriage then.

As, after an absence of many years, I am now once more in one of my old favourite haunts—the Temple Gardens—where I have had more eye-friends than in all the town besides, I shall consider myself in some sort neglected, and my return to them, alive and well, as a matter of no moment—an advent of nobody knows who—if I am not met with the welcome of a few more old friends, with older faces, come out to bid me in, and wonder, with all their eyes, when they know me again, where I have been hiding myself so long, and silently but speakingly hail me with a

"——— welcome back to Denmark."

I confess with shame that I have been so long a truant from this fair pleasant scene—these learned bowers—this trim garden—this freshening green Oasis in this worse than Libyan desert, London—desert as far as the desertion of dear old Nature goes, who finds too little room for her grander works here, yet kindly lends it some few specimens of her smaller trees, and plants, and commoner flowers; sends enough of her own sweet air daily to it from the country round about, far and near, to keep it wholesome; pours a streamful of those same original waters which first washed the world—a little adulterated, it may be, with some slight foreign matters; spreads out a broad piece of her old sky over all, well painted with

blue, red, yellow, and those other sister tints, her primal colours; and lights up all with sun and moon and stars, the old lustres of her theatre—— in the names of my dear fellow-dwellers here in "the smoke of this dim spot," I thank her for these manifestations of her maternal love for us, and can readily excuse her desertion of us for more congenial haunts—(green lanes and grassy hills and verdant "banks and braes")—than these wharfy shores, and stony lanes, and hills house-hidden. The good old Lady Mother, if shehas been forced to go out of town, because it agreed not with her health and her old sylvan habits, has not, I see, forgotten us, her old favourite but spoiled children —(not by her)—and sends these "tokens of her love"

"In pity for our cares."

She thinks more fondly and admiringly, doubtless, of those old verdant monuments of hers—the solemn, stately, lofty-columned trees, with their noble capitals—than she does of *our* monuments of Purbeck stone and Devonian marble: prefers her own old high heaven-touching dome of azure-sheen to ours of lead on Ludgate-hill—her towers to our Tower—and her natural pinnacles, time-built, and rocky spires, time-rent, and high-places, time-trodden only, to ours—though she respects them, too, and thinks them pretty toys enough, and very well for creatures with our limited capa-

cities, and not bad imitations, on a small scale, of some of her mighty and wonderful works, which even she herself must wonder at. No—she has not given us up, but still watches over our welfare, and guides us at a distance, though we see not the reins, they are so fine and subtle, and know not when we feel them; and still she prompts us to some of her old affections, and smiles and is happy to find us teachable and tractable. There now—(I see them—look *you*)—are some young traces of the good old comely common Mother's features discernible in that fair child's face. That is the beautiful curl of her lip, as lovely as the lip of a shell: there is the colour of her eye—the shining smile—the old gaiety—the natural grace and music-like motion of her limbs—the glossy lustre and tendril-like ringlets of the great ancient Mother's hair, when she was young that now is old. I can see plainly some touch of her *first* love in that dear, happy mother there, smiling as only a happy mother can, upon her playful children, dancing to the time of their own pulsations. In the smile in the bland face of that fond father there, looking on, how joyously! upon his children, there, too, is a trace of the smile of *her* Father—Nature's "Father and God"—when he first looked upon the creatures of her hand, by His originally fashioned, and "saw that it was good."

There is the fine old family likeness to hers in

that aged man's benevolent smile—the happy father of that happy mother. No—she has not deserted us, nor forgotten us—her darlings still, when we are her good children. Here are many of her favourites—(they look as if they were)—to whom she has been bounteous. I see it in their forms and faces, gifted with youth, and turned with grace, and touched with beauty. Look at that child's eyes! bright as two stars shining in the same sphere—restless as fire, and as glowing, yet gentle as the eyes of a lamb—full of the light of life and hope, without knowing it—lit with childhood's own intelligence, as superior to boasted manhood's as the bright dawning of a summer's day is to the sultry blaze of its noon, and the gradual-growing darkness of its evening, till it is blind night, and then to sleep again. There is not a beautiful object in all nature—not even the lovely fairness of flowers—half so beautiful, in my mind, as the eyes of a child when they are beautiful. The eyes of many of the gentler animals, and some of the fierce-passioned—especially of the deer tribe, the antelope, and the gazelle among the gentle creatures; the eyes of the lion and leopard among the savage ones; and the eyes of some birds—such as the robin's glowing round black eyes, especially as they glitter in the dark foliage in autumn—are beautiful for their gentleness or their fiery brilliancy: but the human "soul is

wanting there," which you may see shining through the eyes of a child, and thinking, and observing, and speaking there—sitting, as it were, at the open window of that most sacred sanctuary and holiest chapel of the world,—an innocent heart, earth's heavenliest altar, whose simple offerings are more acceptable than Abel's sacrifice of fruits and flowers, and that was well accepted.

But this is a digression; and yet not so, for as I have been speaking of old eye-acquaintances, this mention of the beauty of the eyes of these young new acquaintances of mine is not irrelevant. Bless their dear eyes, and innocent, happy hearts, too; and may never care or sorrow dim the one or darken and deaden the other! Who is there—what unhappy man is he who can look in their sweet faces, and not feel his human nature stirred—his heart benevolently wishful for their welfare now, and hopeful of their hereafter? For these little ones will, when we great ones are dead and gone, add their numbers to make up a mighty nation. Here are the great and good and bad of fifty years hence, when "we have shuffled off this mortal coil." When we are the dust under their busy feet, they will be running the race of life, and perhaps put all our present doings and boasted powers into the shade: for this world will be another world in fifty years time. If you are young, gentle Reader of mine, you will perhaps live to see it;

and it will be worth seeing, for, without reflecting upon the world as it is, it is no disparagement to say that it will bear bettering—is capable of improvement—and must and will be amended and improved. If you are not better engaged, dear Reader, live you, and witness it.

But a truce with these serious thoughts: here are gayer matters to be observed. The gardens are filling fast, and all is quiet, grave, English gaiety—which I like better than the clucketting and chattering of your Parisian promenaders in their public places, and should prefer to it to spend my "sweet, retired leisure" up and down the monkey-walk in a menagerie. I like the subdued talk and the thoughtful silence of my countrymen, which can speak when it has really something to say, and "rise to the height of some great argument." I like "the silent system" better than that vehement loud talk, which "all the world and his wife" might hear, if they were not as vociferously engaged as their neighbours; and whether a pyramid is capsized by an ugly kick from an earthquake, or a pin has dropped from Madame's fardingale, is equally loud, high, and vehement, and accompanied with just as many shrugs, and violent gesticulations, the one as the other. Our excitable neighbours are always at "the top of their bent," and can go no higher; and—

"——— having pupp'd a *nothing* with much pains,
Find themselves spent, and fumble for their brains."

The sensible habits of my countrymen are much better, to my thinking, who, whether talking or walking, "preserve the even tenour of their way"—keep on the level ground of "the debateable land"—rise when it is necessary; and having to go down Fleet-street and the Strand, keep to the pavement, and do not run along the tiles on the house-tops on all occasions, whether the theme is low or high—whether "a bubble" has burst, or "a world." To speak more familiarly, they "reserve their fire," till a bird worth powder and shot is on the wing: then, click goes the trigger, and the eagle-thought tumbles to their feet. The French fire a field-piece to bring down a fly or an eagle, equally. I remember to have stood by a young gentleman in the fields of Islington, who was out "sporting." He was one of those singular hybrids of the human race called Albinos, a whiter variety of white man, with hair and eyebrows and eye-lashes as white as whitest silk, and eyes as red as a ferret's. He fired often, but brought down nothing, for I could see no birds; but when he fired, I could see flies passing before him: these he, from his defective vision, took for sparrows perhaps, and popped at them. French talkers—at least, such as we hear in public, are of the same breed. If you doubt this, visit one of the French

houses at the West End, lend your ears to listen to the stunning vehemence of their tongues, and at the end of two hours, or three, according to your patience, tell me what all their passionate eloquence has been about; and what new thoughts you have brought away with you, and if you do not make answer "None, and nothing," you may go there again, and no harm done; but do not ask me to go with you. I love peace and quietness, and am engaged to a *tête-a-tête* with Mr. Perkins's steam-gun in the Adelaide Gallery—a fiery fellow to talk with—and a little vapoury, too—but he speaks volumes, and is especially eloquent upon the beautiful absurdities of that old Hector, War; and if he should ever again feel indisposed to keep the peace, will silence him much sooner than he was wont to be.

But here are better speculations and matter for thought and observation, much more germane to my mind. Two eyes—intelligent eyes, too—are looking kindly and familiarly on me as if they knew me. I should know them, too? Yes, I do. It is my old eye-acquaintance, honest master Snap! 'Tis twelve years at the least since I saw him last, and how well the old dog wears! How are you, Snap? and how has the world used you all this time? Well, I should say—for you do not seem the worse for its kicks and rubs; and if you have been subjected to them, they have done you no harm—have

only rubbed off the angular, sharp points about you, and left you round and smooth. You are fatter than when I saw you last—" fat, and scant of breath"—but there is no harm in that: you look sleek and comfortable enough, and, notwithstanding your wheezing and waddling, will perhaps see me under the turf. But I will not be melancholy in your good company: you look cheerful, and I am glad to see it. Well, now, and how are all old friends? How is dear Miss Delia Curtis, your old young companion in these walks? Is her sweet face still sweet? Is she dead, living, married, or what? Living, I see, or you would shew it in your looks. And how is comely Master Henry Hebblewhite, the Damon of my Delia and yours? I watched the earliest dawning of *their* eye-acquaintance here, in this pleasant alcove, where I am seated now: you, if I remember, sat where you are now sitting, not uninterested. The ice and frost of this world's wintry cold formality was broken—if my memory serves me—by some passing remark of his upon the heat of June—a proper thing and theme to thaw the interpolar ice that stood between two such passionate young people: for that they were so, I, who am used to reading the natures of men and women in their eyes and faces, do most advisedly charge and challenge them withal, and here, with my good quarter-staff, will wager battle, and prove, or fail—" my body

on the issue." The conversation then took another turn, if I remember rightly, and so did I, not wishing "to spoil sport," around these gardens; and when I came here, to rest again, the young parties were no longer opposed to one another—Henry *versus* Delia—as is too common a case in these legal courts, but were sitting side by side, harmoniously—the gentle litigation of their young hearts having been referred to the arbitrement of Love, and he having decided that they should join hands and be friends—"and so it came to be," to my astonishment; but passion is a plant of most quick growth! Plant it, and only smile on it—it wants no warmer sunshine—you need not even water it, for that will sometimes harm it—and it grows and flourishes! I did not affect surprise, therefore, at seeing her white lady-like glove somehow entangled in a knot with his gentlemanly glove of yellow buckskin—the fashion of that time. The friendship—love—call it what you will—ripened rapidly between the worthy pair; and I was glad to see them, "all ere the moon was old," pacing these grounds together, arm linked in arm, like the first pair—this his Eden, and Delia his Eve. If he looked often in her eyes, I did not blame him: Narcissus looked not into such a clear, lucid mirror. If she looked oftener downwards than upwards, it was from innocent modesty, not shame. Not long after this—ah! I remem-

ber *that* well—a silvery-haired old gentleman and a portly dame made this harmonious duet a quartett: the additional voices were Delia's good old parents. From that hour I married them, and gave them a poor poet's benediction. I had, at least, seen two beings made happy, and had watched the process: how simple! and how practicable! and so quick, too! Now, tell me—as an old friend of all parties—was their happiness made perfect?—for I shall grieve and groan if it was not. Come closer, and let me hear all about it. Eh, Snap? Why, what do I see fairly engraven upon this handsome brass collar of yours? "HENRY HEBBLEWHITE, NO. —, N—— STREET, STRAND." Snap, if you have not ratted, and gone over from the *Curtii* to "the adverse faction," the Hebblewhites, this simple *collar* of address tells me all I want to know, and that "the parties have joined issue." Is it so? Is it not so? Those looks of yours satisfy me, and that rap of the tail on the stone-floor of this arbour confirms it as with an oath. But don't run away—a word or two more with you, my honest old faithful eye-acquaintance! Look at me, and not at those eight little ones—you can go play with them presently. But they won't let you, I see: they have a greater claim to your attention than I have—a more recent one. And yonder lady and gentleman know you, too! You are popular, I see. They call you! "Snap!"

Snap was the word. Well, go. Why, 'tis Hebblewhite and his sweet Delia!—and these are their eight children! They *have* "joined issue" with a vengeance! They walk this way—to this alcove, which must be dear to them: they enter, and sit down! How shall I introduce myself to them—for introduce myself I will? They *shall* know that I am happy to see them happy! I have a right to their acquaintance, and "why should I fear to say" that I rejoice in their happiness, being, as I am, *particeps criminis* before the fact? The weather and "the heat of June" made them loving man and wife: it is June, and hot weather, why should not these make me their friend, for so I am? We have the place to ourselves, and so here goes. I rise to explain——Now, the plague take those four persons! Is there no other alcove in the place disengaged? *There* is a garden-chair, unoccupied! They will not see it: they will sit here! Well, then, I must defer my expression of friendship for these happy eye-acquaintances of mine. It will keep any time, and anywhere, will a good friendship, made of the right stuff—not frothy, and effervescing with the least shaking, and changing as the weather changes—now hot, now cold—now shrinking, now expanding, as the glass varies, and time tries it. Meantime, I am happy to see so many of my old eye-acquaintances all well, and doing well. I miss

some others: they will turn up, perhaps, hereafter. But ere the Gardens close, I'll look round for them.

> "Farewell, my friends; farewell my foes;
> My peace with these: my heart with those."

Bye, bye, Snap! for *you* know me again, and your good master and mistress will "some other day," as the children sing. "I'll forth and walk awhile."

More friends!—"the more the merrier—the fewer the *worser* cheer." Mr. *Halt-in-his-gait* is, I see, extant, and halts as much as ever, and yet gets on. Mr. *Short-gaiter*, too! What, so you have at last left off those remarkable two-inch and a half long—or rather short—black gaiters, which met at your ankles a pair of light blue, eel-skin-like pantaloons, but not so pliable, shewing, and boastful of your symmetry of limb? I remember how the black-gaitered gentry of these "studious bowers"—the legal clerks and young gentlemen under articles—were wont to quiz these quarter-apologies for half-gaiters, but did not deny the general merits of your legs—no, they were unquestionable. I remember how I used to "Heaven forfend" that you should drop your glove or walking-cane, and speculate by the hour upon your power of picking up anything which you might let fall, you were so tightly pantalooned! Poor W——, "a mad wag" then, but "a mad wag"

no more, suggested two not improbable ways by which you got into and out of those outer integuments; and would describe them as suspended from the ceiling by two pullies, and you oozing and straining through them till you were fairly in, and they were fairly on, when you were taken down by your valet and groom, your pumps and little bits of gaiters tied and buttoned on, a coat and waistcoat pulled over your upper half, a hat stuck on your head nattily, a cane put in your hand, and being lifted down stairs, as one would lift a statue, you were placed upon the level pavement, and set going to the Gardens, "The *tightest* little fellow in the Temple," so W—— described you! The untrussing you at night was another sort of process, not so tedious, but just as comically preposterous. And here you are now "fallen into the sere and yellow" of a pair of easy, expansive, Nankin knee-breeches and whole-gaiter "continuations of the same," as Mr. Poole describes them—"taking your ease in your Inn" of Court—pliable—stoopable—an easy man, at his ease!—all your vanity of leg "forgotten and forgiven!" Well, I congratulate you that you have outlived your martyrdom and self-devotion to the fashion of five-and-twenty years since. As for Mr. *Slim*, as I was wont to call him, I really should not have known him again, he is such an altered man, if it had not been for that good-humoured phiz

of his, which is as pleasant as ever, and his etching of a face, improved by the filling in of the details. On the contrary, "The *Major*," as we were wont to call him, from his podgy portliness and parade-like strut, has grown vastly thin and genteel—his huge black whiskers are put upon the peace establishment, I see—and no young lady now whispers to her friend, as he walks before, her wonder at his calves, once "the admired of all observers." I regret to see "The Major" such an altered man! But he consoles himself with the bottle, I see that too plainly.

What, my *Orlando Furioso!* are you at your old tricks?—a fellow of "your mark and *un*likelihood," still hovering—moth-like, I was about to say, but that is innocent infatuation—round the blaze of Beauty; and still ever turning to look back into the affronted faces of the Fair, as was your rude wont when the ugly poke-bonnets were in fashion—how many years agone?—when it was an Herschellian task to "set eyes" upon an ugly, and get an observation of a fair face, both were so deep-retired and ensconced behind those old disguisers of the female form? There was some excuse for poking your face into their faces then—but now you might keep your distance, Sir! But you are still the old man, and still taking another rude look into a face which takes your amorous fancy—at your time of life—when your hair, which was black as coal-

twenty years back, is now white as chalk, and your dark beard is partly grizzled; and you have grown ill-favoured, who was never very well-favoured!—Out, out, you fool! Be old, for you are old, and look so now! Give up these young wickednesses to the young. What is tolerable in them is "intolerable, and not to be endured" in you. Be wise, old man, be wise, and "leave off childish things." It is a full quarter of a century since I became eye-acquainted with you—time long enough to have cooled down your passions; and here you are yet at your old game—still putting young Beauty to the blush with your rude, ravenous gaze in her sweet face!—Out, you unmannerly man! Look at my old friend *Flutter* there—a gay, warm-passioned fellow in his day—see what a staid and sober turn *he* has taken—how well *he* behaves—how modestly regardful he is of the "sweet sixteens"—admiring them, but respectfully, at a distance—with a fatherly, fiftyly sort of admiration—a wholesome, manly love—and a comely, healthy countenance to match with it!—while you are hollow-eyed and yellow, and worn thin with your ill-regulated passions, and have not one good emotion or respectful feeling for any one of these fair creatures, upon whom you turn to look as a bird of prey glances down upon a dove, wishful of a victim. Out upon you! I am not glad to see *you*—the only one whom I dislike of all my old eye-acquaintances!

More eye—and heart—acquaintances!—and belonging to this spot, as far as my associations are mixed up with it, just as much as its trees, its flowers, its green sward, and the old river, ebbing and flowing under its learned walks and walls. Honest Master Lath, you are "Welcome to these yellow sands!" Phil, favourite Phil, 'fore Gad, youth, I rejoice and am exceeding glad to see thee, with that old smirking and smiling face o' thine, which I have not met for many a day! Your merry Worship was the last man in my thoughts: give thanks, and offer up a smile, for you have come hither in good time to be "translated," and be one of the first!—Hah, M—n!—my M—n—the Town's M—n—mine old friend—the Town's old friend, for thou hast many a time and oft made it merry with that antic humour o' thine—welcome thou among these scenes once more!—A goodly quadrumvirate truly, though I say it, being one! Shall we not walk and show our paces, youths? Yea, and, if we think fit, "strut and fret our hour," look big, and burly, and bellicose? Marry, will we, and that presently. What Copper Captain—what "copper-laced, twopenny tear-mouth"—what "Bully Bottom" and saucy varlet art thou, my strutting Hector of these walks, that thou durst come between the wind and our nobility, and cross and thwart us reverend Benchers in our peremptory path? Knowest not thy betters, knave? Go to! "Get thee

to a nunnery!" Nay, stop—stir not—thou mightest do mischief there! Stay where thou art, but learn to know and reverence thy seniors. We were somebodies here on this ground when thou wert nobody, thou unbroken and unmannerly City colt! Therefore amble—trot—carry thyself more decorously, or carry thyself away, or by cock and pie——There go thy ways! I will not draw upon thee.

This Popinjay being gone, say, youths, shall not this day be marked with a white stone—this memorable day, that brings us altogether—re-associates us here—(on this old favourite stage, where we played our parts when in our green striplingage)—before the curtain falls, and we "go hence, and be no more seen?" Marry, shall it! Make marginal note of it, my worthy chronicler, most ancient Time! And shall not the old Benchers wot that we are here, my merry boys, as they were wont to "prate of our where-about"—a twenty-five years agone? They shall,—they shall!—And the old windy cloisters, shall they not ring with catch and glee, as they rung in the olden time? Marry, shall they! And the peaceful watchmen of these silent chambers—last of the race—they shall not bid us keep the peace, we will break it so harmoniously. Thence wandering Strand-wards, shall there be no lobsters on the board as heretofore?—and the cooling salads,

have they all withered away since we left supping at the Chanticleer—a bow-shot hence? Marry, heaven and all good saints forbid! We'll make a night on't—will we not? And the ale shall hum—and the bottled stout shall "sing i' the nose"—and the Virginia "shall be hot i' the mouth"—and honest Francis, the drawer, shall cry, "Anan, anan, Sirs!" And we will talk of old things and times—and laugh till the glasses ring! And we will hear the chimes at midnight—and warble till the old golden bird over the door shall "bid the morn good-morrow." These things will we do incontinently. Come, boys, come!—My arm, M—n! Study, and overplying of your powers, and what not, have half-extinguished your eyes, and made your feet suspicious where they tread; and few now will lend you an arm who were wont to be so ready with their hands. No matter, boy! Here you may have as many as six—stout arms and strong—for you are among old friends who were young with you, and started with you on the race of life, keeping well together. If our legs have lasted longer under us, and we are not wind-broken and road-blind, haply it is because we have not been whipped and spurred beyond our wind and speed. My arm, good M—n! my arm!—Come!

[*Exeunt from the Temple Gardens.*

PORTRAIT AFFECTATIONS.

THERE is no branch of the Fine Arts in which there is so much affectation as in portraiture. Whether this arises from the vulgar inclinations and perverted tastes of the painted, or from the want of capacity and invention of the painter, it is our purpose to inquire. That these errors are thick as the leaves in spring, no one can doubt who glances his eye round the walls of an exhibition-room or an amateur's gallery—through the portfolios of illustrators, or in at the windows of Colnaghi or Molteno.

There are several schools in the affectation alluded to. The first I shall name—though there are earlier affectations—is the Lely, or wig-and-armour affectation. Hogarth has ridiculed this humorously enough in his "Marriage à la Mode," where there is the portrait of an officer of rank, in a flowing wig and armour, grasping in his lady-like hand the lightning of Jupiter; and looking for all the world like an embodied imagination of the

"Brave Dalhousie, that great god of war,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar."

There is a portrait extant of Cotton, which makes Hogarth's exaggeration hardly a caricature, a man celebrated only for being an angler of Izaak Walton's school, and a writer of piscatory eclogues, for, as a punning friend calls them, water-*logs*,) dressed most impregnably in armour, and inundated with a heavy fall of wig, or, as the same friend observes, wearing his fine horse-hair fishing-lines about his head and shoulders, to the great terror of all young Jacks in the water. The second is the lady, or cherry-and-parrot affectation. The third, the Reynolds, or lamb-and-shepherdess affectation. The fourth, the Jervas, or wig, or night-cap and bed-room affectation. Some portraits in this style are indisputably vulgar, ill-looking, and almost disgusting. No man appears much of a hero to his valet: does a man look more like a poet or a philosopher for being painted in his night-shirt? Franklin himself looks like an ostler to the night-mare, in his white night-shirt and republican red night-cap; or a surly landlord, disturbed by his first-floor lodger ringing late and loudly to get in. We remarked that these portraits were almost disgusting; there is one that is so—that of Phillips, the cider-celebrater. His night-cap is falling flashily on one side of an entirely bald-head; he has a low, collarless, skin-fitting jerkin,

opening the bare breast to the eye. Look at him, and if thou knowest him from his butcher, why then his "*Splendid Shilling*" was a Brummagem bad halfpenny. Even the fine-tasted Addison could not keep himself out of the hands of this affectation. There is a portrait of him by Jervas: the countenance looks modest and unambitious of effect; but look at the externals: the wig is white, flowing, and profuse, and has a more daring length of curls than ruined Absalom. You would surmise, if you looked no further, that he had just slipped away from Queen Anne's dull drawing-room to unloose his brilliant mind; but you see that he has only unloosed his waistcoat with sleeves. Altogether it is a half-drest and half-disagreeable portrait. The fifth is the Kneller, or wry-wigged affectation; for which see the heads and perukes of Swift, Sterne, Gay, and Pope with his finger thrust under one. The sixth is the Romney, or white-cap affectation; for which see Thomson, who looks as glum and surly as Mr. Giblet in fly-blowing weather; Cowper, who seems as if he had just got out of bed to avoid his physician; Dilworth, the awfulness of whose boy-compelling brow, that looks big and burly with the threatening terrors of whole brooms of birch, is softened off into something like a consciousness that he is not more than human, or men and gods might tremble as much as "apple-munching" boys; and Far-

rance, whose "white-wonder" (on a cook's head) assures us of cleanly patties, and would almost have quieted the cook-shaving apprehensions of his late Majesty.—(*See* Peter Pindar.) The seventh is the modern, or the most superlative affectation; but this we shall leave untouched for some future paper; and as the Academy seems more and more likely to become a gallery for the exhibition of portraits only, we shall not want matter for remark.

There are several other affectations, but not of any particular school: one, however, must not be forgotten—that of painters in their own portraits—not appearing what they are, painters, but something which they are not, musicians, &c. This is the very Mount Ossa of affectation! What should we have thought if the glorious images of the imaginary and the real great of old had come down to our days in gem and stone, not as they are commonly seen, but in equivocal actions and appearances—Hercules resting on a turnpike-gate instead of on his club; Homer stringing a kite instead of a lyre; Demosthenes ducking and draking the pebbles he cured his impediment with, instead of standing like a god, with out-stretched arms, commanding the waves to silence; Apollo jarring a pestle and mortar, instead of reining-in the glorious strength of his pawing steeds; Scipio dusting his sandals, like a Bond-street beau,

with the walking-stick he was named after, instead of showing an arm that was the staff and young strength of his father's old age? It is too silly to be thought of seriously; and an ingenious friend of ours, thinking as we do, and holding it in the like humorous contempt, has ridiculed it very pleasantly. He is modest enough (a rare virtue among artists) to think that he has a fine hand in nothing so much as in drawing a cork, and has made a sketch of himself, in which he is seen seated before his easel, with a bottle of champagne between his knees, screwing in a corkscrew, and screwing up his mouth, with a most intense look of blended expectation and perseverance. You can see plainly that he has either a noble thirst for glory or for champagne; and that nothing short of the attainment of his ambition will satisfy his soul. In the background, on the right, Gerard Dow is touching a *viol de gamba* with great complacency; and on the left, Rubens is seen carrying home his own venison, leaving you to decide whether he looks most like porter or painter, but is going off before you can give your opinion, sucking either his own thumb or the toe of the dead deer by the way. This is a pleasant mode of satirizing absurdity, and tells better than the critic s thong, or the connoisseur's table-talk.

But you ask, what is affectation in portraiture?

Whatever is forced, uneasy, out of nature in action or expression, or foreign to the picture, is affectation. Here is an illustration of it, though not so extravagant a one as many which we could adduce. Look at this portrait of Hamlet Winstanley, an engraver "who learned to draw under the Knellers, being designed for a painter," a very bad design, not well executed, for what designs might not have tortured the eye of taste from a man who could at the outset write himself down a fop? Such a man could not have been safely trusted to illustrate an Old Bailey execution, for his vanity would have made him play the principal figure in it. You can see in his face and foppery that he cares not for his art; the only art that is in his mind is that of shewing himself off to the most connoisseur-killing advantage. He is at his easel; his pallet is duly displayed, and there is all the usual cant-attitude, which no artist in the act of painting falls into; consequently it is all affectation. But we will pass this; and now let us look at this rich lengthy scarf that passes over the left arm, and falls gracefully in folds from the shoulder. What has an Englishman in his morning-gown and velvet cap to do with a scarf? He might as well have had his clothes-bag slung there, or his window-curtains. It may be said that these are not such agreeable objects; but they are quite as necessary to the

man and the picture. What would be thought of a man's grandmother, if, upon being introduced to her for the first time, she were found in a studied attitude stirring a premeditated pudding, (the thing she had most reputation for designing,) and, the more to strike with admiration of her taste or of her extravagance, having her shoulders arrayed in a bear-skin? Why it would be thought that she looked very fierce and very foolish; and this scarf-wearing young gentleman painter is equally fantastical, and foppish.

Three or four seasons back there was a large picture exhibited in the Academy, in which affectation was portrayed to the life. A middle-aged, ugly-looking, be-spectacled gentleman was seen seated in what appeared to be the foreground of a forest, with a black sky in the distance, and every indication of an approaching shower, playing his bass-viol! The first sensation we felt on seeing the gentleman was one of humanity, the second of politeness; and we were very unconsciously about to offer him the loan of our umbrella, had not a gentleman jogged us out of the illusion, by asking us who the Mr. Tomkins was, four portraits of whom appeared on four sides of the great room, with most Protean variety of visage?

But you ask, what is affectation in portraiture? Overstrained expression, exaggeration in dress,

displeasing to the eye, unusual attitudes disagreeing with sensible notions of propriety, and marring the harmony of the design, is bad taste. The attitude of Shakspeare, in the celebrated statue by Rysbrach, is affectation, for it is a thousand to one if ever Shakspeare for one moment stood in such a lounging and affected position—though a favourite one, and, no doubt, considered graceful by the artists of the sculptor's days. There is a Scylla and a Charybdis (affectation and bad taste) which our artists have to steer between; and though there is sea-room enough in the middle passage for even the great Leviathans of the art to work their way safely through, yet they are usually to be found floundering on the one or the other.

To say truly, this is the age of affectation. A man will not write an apology to his tailor, unless you allow him to sit in the attitude of the latest portrait of Lord Byron; or sing a manly English song without mincing it Tuscanly; or wear his shirt-collar, unless it hangs down by his cheeks like a white greyhound's ears; or comb his hair, unless it be with the Milton division running up the middle; or bow to the parish-beadle on Sunday, unless it be in imitation of a "high personage;" or eat a bunch of currants without contrasting them for an hour with the whiteness of his fingers; or

blow his flute or his fire, but with an air; or be disappointed of his soda water, without venting his spleen in satire. In good truth, the simple manliness of England is gone or going; its hair of strength (like Sampson's) is shorn; it has lolled so long in the lap of pleasure (its mistress Delilah) that the Philistines have at last bound it hand and foot; not that such restrictions are necessary, for it has no strength left but what shews itself in burly words and no-meaning bluster. The age is in its dotage. Imbecility of body, effeminacy of manners, affectation, and great-girlishness are perceivable in all its limbs and motions. It is a padded, starched-collared, man-stayed, French-dancing, Italian-squalling, sight-seeing, splendour-loving, over-excited, and sated age. And it is with nations, as with individuals, who are intense in their love of pleasure: they at last grow over-exquisite, effeminate, and careless of everything that is not momentary and pleasurable.

To do our modern portrait-painters justice, they have not the fine originals to paint which their fortunate precursors had; and this they are either conscious of, and make up in affectation what is deficient in nature, or the originals themselves make it up for them, by assuming what is not theirs, and running into all sorts of extravagances of body and feature, making a youth of age, and passing

flattery current for sterling truth. When we look at the fine unadulterated Saxon faces of Gower, Lydgate, Occleve, Chaucer, and their contemporaries; at the noble native heads of the Elizabethan age; or at those of the Cromwell period, (the Sidneys, Miltons, Hampdens, Fairfaxes, Vanes,) our modern men may hide "their diminished heads." The untawdry splendour, or the plain elegance of their costume, the unstudied expressiveness of their high-minded faces, their native ease, grace, and unaffected attitude, look our living faces clean out of countenance. The first shew like men of intellect and greatness caught unconsciously and by chance glancing out of their open windows; and the latter, like *beaux*, literary and finical, doating on themselves in their looking-glasses.

To say, however, that there are no modern fine heads would be like denying that the heavens have no superior stars sprinkled about them; but how few there are! These it would be invidious to enumerate; but we still think that the present age does not abound in fine subjects for portraiture. If we look back to Shakspeare's time, or the nearer day of Milton, we shall find that there was a decided superiority in the men and heads of that time. They were such as we shall not find in the ride on Sundays; nor at the levee at St. James's;

nor on one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's canvasses. Female beauty we have in as great perfection as ever; but intellectual, and expressive faces, among the male sex, are rare. It is a great absurdity, is introducing anything which gives pain in a portrait. There is an amusing anecdote of Dr. Johnson on this subject. Reynolds, in his celebrated portrait, had painted him closely applying his eyes to a book, as was his manner in reading; but the surly Doctor remonstrated against having his personal defects exposed in so public a manner. To soothe him, he was told that Sir Joshua, in a portrait of himself, had introduced the ear-trumpet which he was from another infirmity in the habit of using; but even this would not satisfy the fretted Colossus of learning: "He might, if he liked it, be called Deaf Reynolds, but no one should call him *Blinking Sam.*" The Doctor was in the right.

We have thus laid down some crude principles of taste, and have attempted to shew what is affected in portraiture: these may be of a very flimsy structure, but they are our own; for we confess that we have never read Mr. Alison's celebrated Essay on Taste, nor do we intend it: we have preferred to fabricate a new code of our own, however coarse and rude the materials, to using that gentleman's at second-hand. And

now we cannot take leave of the subject better than by remarking, in the manner of Lord Chesterfield—that it is much easier to pick a hole in a man's coat than to sew a button on it.

THE GENTLEWOMAN.

GALLANTRY—or the homage paid by Man to Woman, for her own sweet sake—is not dead in the world: it lives at least here, in England. By gallantry, I do not mean that homage which consists almost wholly of leferential attitudes of attention—of waiting upon her wants, and flying to meet her slightest wishes—of polite bows and graceful genuflexions—of handings-in and leadings-out—of setting a chair, or seeing down to a carriage, and all the other shallow, superficial signs of worship, without any real devotion to the sex:—I mean that gallantry which is the only gallantry—the unshowy, reverential respect; the quiet, unpretending homage paid by good and true men to women as women, for their virtues' and their sex's sake; the gallantry of the heart and the honest thoughts—not that of the head, and hands, and legs, and hat. The English—rough, rude, unpolished, and uncourteous as they are said to be—have always rendered that proper reverence to the

sex, plainly, bluntly, heartily, and honestly. The French were always great professors of the external forms of this gentle worship. No men could flutter about Woman more assiduously, and pay her handsomer attentions—none flatter her more—throw themselves more gracefully at her feet—"talk of love the whole day long"—protest, swear "lovers' oaths," and "lie like truth"—*their* love's truth—in her presence: but the true reverence and real religion of the heart were wanting all the while, and were not seen either in the bended knee, or in the clasped hands, or in the beseeching prayer, or in any one outward sign or demonstration of their worship. The sentiment of love was heard breathing honied syllables about her ear, like the warbling of music; but the heart was not heard beating in the centre of the instrument, amid all that concord of sweet sounds, like the pulsation that should accompany the air—without which it was but

"Aërial music in the warbling wind,"

and "sound, signifying nothing." The soul and spirit of love and gallantry were wanting, and a selfish passion only was heard and seen making itself companionable, worshipful, and amiable, for its own sake, and its own selfish ends. Gallantry was a gay fop to look at: fashionable, frivolous, airy, witty, sparkling, sentimental—giving himself

a thousand agreeable airs—saying a thousand agreeable things, and saying and doing all without one atom of heart. A *preux chevalier* was gallant because gallantry was the mode at court: *homage aux dames* was as essential to his outward man as his diamond-hilted sword, his enamelled snuff-box, set with brilliants, his laced ruffles, and his gold or silver garnished court-suit. The nice conduct of "an amour," so called, was as carefully looked to as "the nice conduct of his clouded cane;" and the true chevalier took up the one or laid down the other with about an equal quantity of sentiment: one was quite as important as the other, and just as much a matter of *soul*. If the one ended in a walk, or the other in a wife, the heart was equally unconcerned. To the chevalier, if of a certain age, a wife was as convenient, as much an article of form, as showy an appendage, perhaps, as the cane which was sometimes handed along with a graceful air, as an ornament and an addition to the trappings of the man; and was sometimes dangled at the elbow, as an incumbrance and no ornament, as it happened. The gold-headed cane testified to his rank in life, or his wealth without rank; and the eyes of the Parisian world took him on trust, upon his own personal responsibility. The gold-headed wife restored his reputation as a gentleman, when over head and ears in debt; and, with her handsome dowry, set

his pride on its legs again, to "strut and fret its hour upon the stage." The stage, however, where the chevalier had so long "played his part," was cleared for a tragedy; and the frivolous actor in the comedy of life was rudely driven from the scene.

That order of gallants, and their notions of gallantry, are dead and gone among the French of modern times; and according to the observation of all alien visitors to the self-styled "capital of the world," the changeable Parisians are now more remarkable for their want of gallantry—even their own-invented, conventional sort of it—than the well-bred men of any other less-conceited city in the world: the inevitable ending and natural termination of a pretension founded on falsehood—a superficiality without heart and soul. Having forsaken the outward form of their old false worship of Women, they will perhaps, in time, learn how to treat them with the proper, manly gallantry. The Parisians show no signs of this "consummation, devoutly to be wished," at present, if one may judge of their respect for women by what we see of the spirit of modern pictorial art: for there are no artists in the world who degrade women so utterly, by making them objects of mere sensuality in print and picture: all is grossness and ingenious impudence, however attempted to be wrapt up and disguised. Depravity of taste stares you in the face, imperfectly concealed with a thin drapery of

sentiment. If these perverters of the fine arts are capable of a moral lesson, French women themselves must teach them better manners, and "standing up for the dignity of their order," repel, as they can, those rude violaters of their natural worth and modesty, who, under the mask of admiration, mock them with foul libels on their beauty. Thank heaven that, though the invasion of these licentious works spreads over our city, and disgraces its print-shop windows, there are still "manly hearts" enough "to guard the Fair," and "beat brute violence down." The English may be coarse, and homely, and "to seek" in French *refinement*; but they will—the millions of them—be men: fathers, who respect the modesty of the eyes and the hearts of their wives and daughters—brothers, who are jealous of the uncorrupted innocence of their sisters, or any other gentle objects of their love and reverence. True, manly gallantry is not dead *here*: it lives in the honest hearts of the humble, as much as in those of the high, as healthily as ever. You may see it active and stirring, and hear it speak—aye, and think, too—plainly, and openly, so as not to be misunderstood. The English are still a modest people—no thanks to French artists and French novelists, and French "evil communication," which "corrupts *good* manners."

I witnessed, the other day, an instance of the

pure and simple homage paid willingly to Woman in this country, even by men of the common class. The poor gallants were scavengers; the fair object of their respect—a Gentlewoman. As is my way, I shortly fell into a contemplation and investigation of what it is in a perfect gentlewoman that delights and subdues at once the temperate and the rude into a sort of reverential love. Is it her bland, sweet voice?—for the voice of a gentlewoman is, next to music, the sweetest of all earthly sounds: it is, indeed, music—spoken music. Is it the benign expression, the softness, the shine, occasional the sparkle of her eyes?—the persuasion there is in her very silence?—the self-restraint, that constrains you?—the composure—the unaffected air—the elegant simplicity of her personal carriage?—What is it that subdues us; and how is it—by what means of enchantment—that we are subdued?—The vulgar and the noisy are immediately silent, and involuntarily assume an unaccustomed gentleness, and a respect for her feelings, if she but passes by them in a narrow street, or in the passages of an inn, or wherever she is met, in any place where the gentlewoman is not often seen. An increase of light seems to come into the room where a gentlewoman enters. The poorest place seems no longer poor while she is present, like a rich jewel in a mean casket—an unknown Titian within "the huts where poor men lie"—a

Raffaelle, full of angelic beauty, surmounting some small road-side altar to the Virgin. A sweetness suffuses the air where she abides but for a minute. Love hovers round her, and tends upon her steps. Poesy, with "expressive silence," hymns "her praise." Painting follows her, watching her every turn, and detecting some "new grace, beyond the reach of Art," which it would fain copy and transfer. Sculpture studies her—"in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel!" and turns despairingly to the cold, lifeless marble. Observe her, having left her carriage somewhere in the neighbouring wide street, unaccompanied thread her way through the noisome alleys leading to some wretched spot, whither she is bent on some errand of benevolence—see her, I say, among all sorts of unaccustomed offences, picking her way, but unoffended by anything she meets, among the dirt and depravity of what may be called *a sprat neighbourhood*—(and the epithet, though mean, and seemingly out of place, expresses, better than a page of description could do, the poor, low neighbourhood to which I point—the exposed abundance of that cheap dish for the humble man's table being always a tolerably good indication of the abundance of poverty roundabout) —see her among those ruinous streets in the decayed districts of this town which were once wealthy, and perhaps fashionable,

> "O'er whose wastes,"

as Barry Cornwall says of certain lodgers of the Ocean, like a good lawyer and good poet,

> "The *weekly* tenants range at will:"

see her there, for it is a gladdening sight to see her there. The poor of her own sex hurry out to their doors as she glides by, and, envying and unenvying, look after her, and bless her: for she is perhaps known to them for her goodness to such as are poor and wretched. The ragged little girls curtsey to her: the shoeless boys scrape one hard foot behind them on the stones, and, catching their elfin-locks by their ragged ends, bow to her, in *their* way. The mothers hold up their squalid children in their arms, and bid them "Look at the lady!" The sauciest idle fellow stares modestly—but stares—in her sweet face as she approaches the wall, against which he is loitering or lounging; and seems as if he would, on the instant, run ten miles to do the smallest errand for her, without fee or reward, out of pure sudden liking and love of her gentle looks. He would suspend an oath, or give up any depravity which is a part of his enjoyments—do anything in reason to win her smile, and hear her thank him; and if she curtsied to him—humble as he is—for some small favour done to her, would feel a moral elevation above Tom, Jack, and Harry, not so blest, and

glow all over with infelt pleasure and gratitude. When she stops at the humble door to which she is bound, every window opposite is opened, and a hundred forlorn heads are thrust out; every eye is upon her, and watches her going in, and waits her coming out of that honoured house. Audible blessings follow her as she retraces her steps, her charitable mission being done. The poor, frozen fishwoman, sitting huddled at the side of the pavement, draws her unsavoury basket off the edge of the curb-stone, to give her freer passage, so that it may not soil the delicate beauty of her garments; and, rising from her low stool, places her pipe behind her, sets her blue woolsey apron in order, and bobs a sudden curtsey to the ground as she goes by. When she is once again in the open streets, the scavengers suspend their shovelling (and it was witnessing this courtesy that led me into this subject) till she has passed far out of the reach of all accidental splashes—touched with an immediate respect for her, which they feel throughout their rude, honest natures, but could not say wherefore, if they were asked. The brewer's servants, about to draw up an empty barrel from the cellar of the Blue Lion, catch sight of her coming along, and, without thinking of their gallantry, drop their dirty ropes upon the ground, to let her step safely and cleanly over them; and Dick, the driver, stands at his horse's head, to keep him from

backing against her on the pavement. Rough fellows as they are, they gaze in her lovely face, pleased with their good intentions, and grimly smile return to her soft smile—look into her eyes with a respectful rudeness and whole-heart homage of their light and lustre; and, when she has passed along, gaze after her with reverence, as if they had seen an angel among men—silently admire the quiet ease and gentle grace of her steps—think they never saw anything so beautiful "in their born days" as the pearly satin she is clothed in, and never anything so white as the snowy purity of her skin.

Having recovered a little from their admiring astonishment, one of them then says to the other, "Now, *Reechard*, I daur to zay yow'd think yowrzen cruel-ly ill-yowzed iv yow wur compellt by vowrce ov zirgumztaunzes to tak' she vor yowr missuz wi' *twenty* thowzand pownd a year, and as mooch bee-er as yow loiked vor nowt?" And having puzzled Mr. Richard [Jones, we'll say, at a guess, as we have not the honour of knowing his patronymic], he pauses for a reply. Two minutes afterwards, Richard suddenly shoves his red worsted cap half off his head, scratches it indiscriminately, and grinning in the face of his "*pardner*," makes up his mind that this shall be his facetious answer to his fellow-servant's facetious category:—"Yez, *Ge-arge*, I 'ou'd conzider

mysen cruel-ly ill-yowzed, as yow zay; vor I'd tak' she vor *ten* thowzand pownd, and pay vor the bee-er as it coom'd in!"—a brewer's servant's *bon-mot!* Beat it, M. de Talleyrand.

This homage, and these rough gallantries, the true Gentlewoman may almost always rely upon having willingly paid to her in town; in the country she is more certain of respect. The surly cottager —surly, perhaps, from the natural hardships of his employment—if she passes by his door, or his poor garden, or the tree or the sty he leans when against forced to idle, or when resting from his toils—touches his hat to her, makes wider way for her, and feels in his rude breast yearnings and stirrings of affection for her, and loves her as a happier sister. He would as soon think of expelling, by force and violence, a beautiful wild swan if it had alighted in his duck-pond, and made it its nesting-place; or of hurling stones up at an eagle, resting his tired wings upon his gable-end; or of pelting the cuckoo out of his apple-tree, if, wandering like its voice, it paused there in its rural rounds—as dream of offering her a rudeness or an injury. Were he a brute, her "noble grace" would

dash rude violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe;
And there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagged with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride or in presumption."

Some flaunting "City Madam"—proud only because she is not poor—has, and deserves to have, her pretensions to be "a gentlewoman" disputed at every step she takes: she is denied the homage she demands because she demands it rudely, and would enforce it if she could, and does where she can. The true-born gentlewoman has a thousand willing attentions paid to her, because she asks not for them, and watches not jealously that they are rendered to her.

By what powerful charm is it that those who would be set down by the meanly proud as the meanest of mankind——the old and the young—the rude boor—the sylvan savage—the unsocial in society—the solitary among millions—the commonest drudge in the dirtiest occupations of life——how is it that they are, one and all, inspired with a respect for the true gentlewoman amounting almost to reverence?—Why is it that they are touched with gentleness—generosity of thoughts, at least—courage in her defence, to self-devotion—and a hundred other kindred feelings, all at her service in a moment, would she claim them?—It is not a superficial homage paid to her purple and fine raiment: for the true gentlewoman is less ostentatious in those outward signs of wealth than the wife of a tradesman rising in the world. One item of the dress of the vulgar fine lady would, very likely, buy up the entire suit of the true gen-

tlewoman: one ring of the several rings on her several fingers outprice all that adorns her person in ornament—a vulgar boast which the upstart "my lady" is not very nice in expressing when the peacock plumes of her pride are spreading abroad, and her neck is swelling with vanity not to be suppressed. The would-be gentlewoman knows herself to be well-dressed, because she knows how much silk and satin she walks abroad in—what it cost at Everington's—and what "the craft" is worth at a fair valuation, standing rigging, the plume of feathers (like a broom at her mast-head), and "all that vessel called the Wilhelmina, John Wilkins master, lying in the port of London, together with her sails, rigging-tackles, and other materials." The haberdashery about her would clothe a gentlewoman, who is not so desirous as the vulgar "fine lady" of reminding you that the best half of her is "late from Flint's."

What is it, then, that wins the hearts of the poor and homely to the service of a gentlewoman? Is it her self-respect, and her respect for others—high and low, rich and poor, one with another? Is it her grace—her graciousness—her courtesy—her beauty—her humility?—for the true gentlewoman has that lovely attribute—(I had almost written—in excess)—she, who is most apt to be suspected of pride!

I confess that I have a Quixotic crotchetiness on the subject "GENTLEWOMAN:" extreme, ultra notions of what she is, and always should be, in word, and thought, and deed—in every action of her lovely life—in the silence and in the speaking of her gentle heart—in her public and in her private habits—in her "sweet retired leisure"—in the courtly circle—on the parade—at the exclusive Almack's—wherever she plays her part. Anything, therefore, that I hear of a gentlewoman by birth which jars with my ideas of a gentlewoman shocks me sensibly, and drives me for a moment to "hold faith with heretics," and backslide into their unbelief of her beautiful virtues and all-excelling excellences. It was, consequently, with much pain that I read lately in one of the fashionable newspapers, that two or three ladies had joined the hunt in Sussex, and were "the most dashing *sportswomen* in the field." I hardly think courage admirable in Woman; but if it be, it must be under particular circumstances. Active courage, at any rate, is no part of her proper nature: passive courage is one of her noblest qualities, and endures the longest, and wears well to the last. There are situations in life in which women may, and do, exhibit the firmest and most unblenching courage;—in the daily distresses of domestic life—the dangerous sick-chamber, into which it is like daring Death to his grisly face to enter, but

into which their unfearing, unextinguishable love will carry them, and sustain them well while ministering there to the afflicted parent, or sister, or brother, and bring them forth from it, when all is over with the beloved object of their anxiety, unhurt, and triumphant over pain, sickness, infection, and sorrow. Timidity—not temerity—is, however, one of the endearing weaknesses of womanhood: I had almost said that *that* weakness is her strength; and so it is: for it makes the heart of anything like a man strong in her defence, and unflinching from any danger that threatens her dear life.——Oh! thou gentle woman to whom I owe most in life—one of God's gentlewomen, a gentlewoman in humble life—mild and merciful—who shrunk from a blow falling upon the back of some poor beast as if it hurt thyself—whose heart trembled with compassion for it, and whose eloquent tongue, Pity-tuned, feared not to express thy reprobation of the cruelty of its brute master, till, moved by the beauty of thy merciful words, the man would stand ashamed of his severities, and "hard unkindness' altered eye" would shew that he was touched to the heart by thy most piteous pleadings for "mercy for the beast that perishes"—I should belie thy gentle nature, living with thy blood in my veins, if I did not abhor cruelty, by whatsoever hand administered; and most especially abhor it when members

of thy merciful sex are the offenders!—I cannot conceive the picture of a woman—who *should* be all pity and tenderness for the meanest thing that has life and the pains which belong to it—(corporeal sufferings as great to it, in proportion to its poor senses and its size, as they are to us)—I cannot conceive a woman, "of woman born," hunting down that poor, helpless animal, the hare, whose very timidity should endear it to her, and make her plead for it—I cannot bear to picture *her* "coming in at the death," to witness its heart break with overbeating, and listen to its feeble cries in the agony of pain, and not imagine her turning shocked and pitying away. Hunting, at the best, is but a lingering habit left to us of the old barbarian—the hungering savage of the woods and wilds, who must either have run down his prey, or gone without his dinner. It was not the sport, but the necessity, of hungry man; but even the uncivilized woman took no part in the pursuit—perhaps pitied the victim, though she partook in the spoil. It would be hard if it should be reserved for civilized woman—woman in the highest state of modern refinement—to make that a barbarous sport which is not now a civilized want. Were it a beast of prey—a crafty, stealthy despoiler of harmless creatures of their lives, there might be some excuse for hunting it down; but woman should not follow in the chase. What is

the offence of the poor animal? I know of none —unless this be an offence—that it is weak, and flies, far and fastly, from its remorseless enemies. Had the poor, timid wretch been born as slow as the snail—as stupid and immovable as the sloth—or as crafty as the hedgehog, it would have escaped from this torture, which is called sport; but as Nature instructed the unoffending animal only to run from its few natural enemies, not meaning hunting man for one, and gave it speed and wind to sustain a long flight before it fell a prey, *therefore* it is to be hunted down, and for no better reason—its timorousness is its sole offence! —Well, since barbarous custom has so considered it, so let it be; but women must not so interpret the law of no-mercy! Men may have leave to mock at its timidity, and think lightly of its agonies of fear; but can a woman do so, and "moult no feather" of the dove-like softness of her gentle nature? No. I should as soon look to see the dove winging away with the kite, or the sparrow-hawk, out on a sporting excursion, for the sake of the morning's amusement a little rapine and cruelty would afford her, as a gentlewoman hunting the hare to the death for pastime!—"The cries of the hare," says that well-informed sportsman, *Nimrod*, "when in the power of man or dogs, are piteous—*resembling those of an infant child in distress.*" I make no comment upon this

passage, which speaks all I would express, in much fewer words.

Can a woman look, too, upon the graceful deer, pulled down to the earth, and torn by dogs, its heart broken, and its dissolving eyes dropping tears of blood and suffering? Can such a sight be looked upon by Woman as a sport? Oh no—no—no! Think what it is ye do, ye few gentlewomen of England—the truest gentlewomen of the world—in departing from the proper amusements of your lovely sex, and return to pity, and to that tenderness of thought and heart which is your most endearing charm. The woman who has lost the gentleness of her sex is as displeasing a moral anomaly as the man who has lost *caste* for cowardice. Uneffeminacy in woman is as disgustful as unmanliness in man. How, and by what saving clause, can a hard, unpitying woman escape the odium of being unnatural—a libel and a reproach, a blot and a blemish upon her sex? The better, larger, and more lovely portion of the domestic virtues and sweet charities of life, which keep humanity alive among mankind, were given by Nature, as a sacred deposit and precious trust to the safe-keeping of Woman. If our common mother, Eve, by her weakness, brought Sin and Death into the world, she lost not, by her fall, *all* the original goodness and gentle beauty of her nature: her daughters, at least, have sacredly kept

and transmitted down to our days the undiminished portion of her once angelic goodness—her love, pity, mercy, and charity. Else had these softening and restraining virtues died and departed altogether from this earth ; and Man, untaught by the example of Woman—unfearing to offend her better affections—had been a pitiless savage—more cruel than tigers thirsting for more blood—delighting in destruction—hardened as flint to the gently-touching hand of tenderness—unsoftened by a tear—deaf to supplication—unsubdued by the tender tone or prayer of Pity. The heart of Man would have been as the heart of a wild beast—nay, worse—had not Woman kept it human.

Gentle Woman is the great humanizer. Man may, in his pride, think himself "the paragon of animals"—Woman out-paragons him in the better qualities of human nature. Is he a brute—she is full of gentleness. Is he harsh and hard—she is soft and compassionate. Is he full of hate—she is overflowing with love. Is he faithless—she is true to the death. Is he for revenge—she is for forgiveness. Is he for condemnation—she is for mercy. Is he sick—she is ever at his side. Is he in trouble—she sustains him. Do friends fly from him—she cleaves the closer to him, fast as the living ivy to the decaying oak, though falling. Is he fortunate—who rejoices so singly in

his welfare, for himself alone? Woman can be all this, and a hundred times as much. A noble, true Man is (who shall gainsay it?) "a glorious human creature," which the angels of Heaven might contemplate with admiration, and perhaps do; but a noble, true Woman, God himself looks admiringly upon her, and loves her, as her heavenly Father!

Oh! think of these things, and of the precious trust committed to your charge, ye lovely, misled gentlewomen, whom fashion has perverted, and thoughtlessness, not estrangement of the heart, has led away. A noble poet—and an affectionate one—has said of ye, that

> "One only care your gentle breasts should move:
> Th' important business of your life is—LOVE."

It is so: love, and all that appertains to it, and is akin to it—among which kind brotherhood and sisterhood are pity, and mercy, and "conscience, and tender heart."

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs your mortal frame,
> All should be ministers of love,
> And feed its sacred flame."

Delight, if you will, in "witching the world with noble feats of horsemanship," but forget not that ye are women even in that bold accomplishment: never, oh never lead, or even follow, in pursuits

which are in their very nature cruel, and, however excusable in men, are inexcusable in women!

> "Ye gentle ladies! in whose soveraine power
> Love hath the glory of his kingdom left,
> And the hearts of men as your eternal dower,
> *   *   *   *   *
> Be well aware how ye the same do use,
> *   *   *   *   *
> Lest, if men *you* of *cruelty* accuse,
> He from you take that chiefdome which ye do abuse."

So advises that gentlest of poets, Spenser: listen to *him*, if not to *me;* and listen to your own hearts, whose "still, small voice" must silently reprove ye!

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHILLING.

BALLOONING—HUMOURS OF LONDON MOBS—PICKPOCKETS—MR. GUMPTION—MR. GABBS—ETC., ETC.

I AM not a dealer in dogmas; I do not pretend to descry undiscovered worlds through the eye of a mill-stone; nor do I wish to be thought wise in my own conceit: but yet I cannot in all things pin my faith upon So-and-so's sleeve; I cannot always see things as Such-a-one sees them: nor can I beg the loan of his eyes to economize the use of mine; and if I could, I should, perhaps, take leave to glance about me in my own old camera obscura way of viewing the world as it wags: I should still persist in seeing what there is to see in my own weak, winking fashion, and look at things neither "new nor strange" through an old and strange medium of my own.

New truths, and "good truths," too, go out like bubbles: they are seen for a minute, and admired for their brilliancy and rainbow-coloured beauty,

and, blown upon, burst, "melt into thin air," are no more seen, and we know not where they go, nor what becomes of them. But lies—what vitality, what immortality there is in every lie! Scotch it—beat out its brains—cut it up limb by limb—carbonado it—dress it and treat it as you would a collop—carve it into half inches like an eel snipped for stewing—snap it into small pieces as you would a pipe of macaroni—leave it for a moment, return to it, and "the creature's at its dirty work again"—wriggling, twisting, frisking, "all alive and leaping"—not a whit the worse for all your "murderous work"—its dissevered parts and parcels again one entire whole, and the re-embodied creature as "lively and full of vent" as ever! It has made up its mind not to die, or, at the least, that you cannot kill it. The hundred heads of Hydra are not more indifferent to your daring attempts to "dot and carry one" of its polypus-like excrescences away with you: a sturdy old monarch tree of the forest is not more indifferent to your axe and saw: if you lop off ten of its hundred arms, its remainder ninety are only the stronger and stouter for your pains.

One of the hundred-limbed, ninety-nine-lived lies which live in this world, as though they would never die and grow old, is this—that "Poverty is the nurse of crime." On the contrary, I contend that if there was nothing but poverty in this world

there would be almost an end of crime—it would go out and be extinct, for crime will not work the evil it does if it is not paid, and well paid, for its labour: wealth, moré or less, is its wages; if you cannot pay for it down go its tools—it strikes for its "present pay and good quarters," and not all that Messrs. Smith and Malthus could say on the article "Wages" could persuade it to return to its task, and resume its labours. "Poverty the nurse of crime," forsooth! That is as it happens. She might nurse a new Curtius or Cincinnatus. If, poor old soul, she is compelled, for a living, to go out as monthly nurse, wet nurse, or dry nurse, it is "Hobson's choice," not her's: it is a matter of indifference to her who it is she nurses. The poets, it is true,

> "Vain men in their mood,
> And travelling with the multitude,"

have called her hard names; but poets are not much to be depended upon: ask their creditors, and they will say they are not. They have said that she "parts good company;" and then, with their usual inconsistency, they assert that she "makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows!" They have called her——"everything but a gentlewoman." One homely, honest, feeling, fine fellow of a poet—not to be deceived by old prejudices—alone had the manliness to call her "honest Poverty, and a' that!"—and as he had known her

too long to be mistaken about her character, he "up" with all he knew of her—his testimony had its weight with the jury, and she was honourably acquitted. "Poverty the nurse of crime!" Go to! He that said it was some "wealthy fool with gold in store," who knew not the virtue and white innocence of Poverty—her charities—her compassions—her blessings—her only real independence! —for it would be easy to prove that she only can boast of independence, and by a thousand ready examples; but one will do.

Being touched and swayed by the errors common to the rest of the world, I had had my doubts of the moral character of "all-scorned Poverty," as Shakspeare, who should have known better, inconsiderately calls her: but (better late than never!) a new light has broken in upon my darkness, and I humbly acknowledge that I have been hitherto but a mole, a blind-worm, a bat, and have groped about in the twilight of Truth, not in her broad open daylight.

"All the world and his wife" were at Vauxhall the other day to assist, as the French say, at Mr. Green's experimental journey from this low world to a loftier—an exhibition which, if it does nothing else, draws many millions of eyes from poring upon this earth to glance for a few moments towards heaven, and perhaps lifts their minds to "ponder on the skies." The majority of mankind seem so

wrapt up in this world, that they altogether forget that there are other worlds: they forget even that there is a sky over their heads. True, they know that there is such a "brave o'erhanging firmament" as the sky; and they know that there is such a far-off region as Scandinavia: but they have almost forgotten which is the nearest, and who rules the one, and who the other.

A sight, in London, need never fear of finding its multitude of observers, who are, of course, of all classes—high and low, rich and poor, gentle and simple. Drop a cat in a parachute through the air, or send a monkey up two miles high, that he may see more of the world than monkeys do in general, and from all quarters London presently pours its enormous population to the grand centre of attraction—wide bridges are immediately not wide enough to admit the human tide to flow over them—and the great roads are in an hour choked up with cabs, carriages, carts, horses, asses, riders, and walkers! Everybody is soon there: even the dogs that live upon the town, and have neither "a local habitation nor a name," they have so many, they are there—for as dogs are the most social of animals, wherever men are, there they are. If you want John Smith, there he is, ten thousand times over; and if you want only one, and are careful, you may pick out a good one. If you have anything to say in public to Jones, call out his name, and Jones

is all round about you. If you have "a trifle from Margate" for Thompson, you are sure to meet him there. If you have not seen Wilson for a year, and wonder whether he is dead or alive, some one claps you on the shoulder, or playfully jobs a stick between your ribs, and takes your breath away; you turn round, and there is Wilson, extant, and as lively as one of Mr. Piazza Richardson's turtles just landed. All the Wilsons are there: the Webbs are in all corners: the Tomkinses increase and multiply: that remarkable Tomkins, Isaac, of iscourse there, taking notes, and "Lowndes" (or zounds, which is it?) "he'll print them." The Woods are so thickly planted to see the sight, that they interrupt it. The Simpsons are as numerous as shrimps—only one Simpson is wanting—the "best bower" of the Vauxhall bowers—the black "stick in waiting" in the verdant antechambers of "the Royal property"—who has, let us hope, by this time bowed his way through St. Peter's gate into the bowers of bliss. The Hopkinses are there as thick as bilberries. One of the family, and "a portly man is he," is delighting the public with the playful gaiety of his clarinet, and every ear is pricked up, and every gimlet-hole in the palings bespoken three deep while he is playing. The Perkinses look up. The Hugginses are clinging to lamp-posts, and to trees that threaten to shed them like their leaves. Waggons are coming down

every moment with their overloads of persons who paid twopence to get up. Every post, pillar, paling, spout, shed, coping-stone, house-gutter, chimney-pot, window, balcony—anything which hands can hold by, and feet stand upon—has each its human swarm settled on it. The roads and streets roundabout are almost full with a population which would make Malthus despair, and fill Miss Martineau with perplexed thoughts how so many mouths are to be fed in future. Meantime the hungry objects of her care do not forget that many of the good things of this life are about their feet, and that there is no stint of them. Banbury cakes, half white with sugar and half brown with dust, invite the dainty and not dainty. That poor sweep clinging to the lamp-post there, see the whites of his eyes, how, alternately, they stare up at the skies and down at the cakes! His "fellow-p." on the pathway hangs over the basket as fondly as Narcissus—thinks much upon its contents—imagines them—enters into their intention—considers the use and abuse of Banburys—wonders who invented them, and whose great lot it is to eat them—fumbles all round his pockets, and makes out a Table of their Contents: a knife, a lucky stone, two "marvels," a bright button, and a bad halfpenny—and, wiping his watering mouth, turns thoughtfully away. Not farther than you could pitch an elephant

there stands, as well as he can stand, a mutton-pie-man. Poor Chummy! in vain you turn your eyes away from the Scylla of hunger, for they only alight upon its Charybdis. "Ah, little think the gay, licentious proud how hard it is" to see Tom, Jack, and Jem "stuffing their unholies," and to have only to look on yourself, and act as referee and umpire when some dispute arises as to who had "The best two out of three!" But there is no tossing to-day, for there is no room to sky a copper: the mob is too compact and squeezed too close—so close, that where you are there you must stay till Mr. Green, having mounted up into the heavens, gives you leave to move about the earth. That dandy there, under whose dainty nose the mutton-pies are frizzing and whizzing, would give his moustachios, dearly as he prizes, pets, and pats them, if he could get away into some pieless spot. Here he feels that he is out of his element; and the blackguards, who enjoy seeing his white handkerchief so often applied to his nose, know that, and make up their minds to give him and his dislikes no quarter. The pieman, considerate man, to make him comfortable, stirs up his charcoal fire, and adds suffocation to his other injuries. John Simpson, Esq. (a young gentleman "from Curling's") therefore wishes to Heaven that Mr. Green would go up there, and let him go home.

But, however well-disposed a town-mob may be

to hunt and harass a dandy if he "comes the gentleman too strong," gives himself airs, and resists their good-humoured attempts at familiarity, there is always a spice of the generous to flavour their unsavoury sauce. Accordingly, a coal-heaver, who is about to bolt one of the mutton-dainties at a mouthful, looks into the face of the exquisite, and, seeing how blue and raw he is with some hours' exposure to the heat of our sunny-day, generously offers to treat him to a pie, and he may pick which he likes best. The exquisite, of course, affects to laugh, but it is "on the wrong side of his mouth," as the coal-heaver remarks, and the blackguards around confirm the justice of his opinion, as they watch every expression of his face, and as that varies, as his distress increases,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

enjoy the "jest's prosperity" amazingly. To crown all, or, rather, to cap all, the "fellow-p." of the young gentleman in black, who "looked such unutterable things" at the pies just now, by the merest accident drops his cap, brass-plated, and plentifully powdered with soot, upon the white hat of Mr. Simpson: it does not stop there, however, but glancing off, glides along his white waistcoat and white trowsers, and leaves him striped down the centre with one long line of soot. Everybody now pities him—so they say. The

coal-heaver tries to brush off the black with his blacker hand, which makes matters rather worse than better: the sweep humbly begs his pardon, winks aside all round, and to shew that he forgives him, asks him to hand his cap up again!

Fortunately for him, at this climax of his misery, there is, all at once, a rush among the mob, a cry of "Take care of your pockets!" and a louder cry of "That's him! seize him! hold him!" upon which the persons who recommend these violent measures get as much as they can out of the way of the person who is to be seized and held fast, but still encourage others to do with him as they direct. All eyes are turned to one spot, and every hand darts instinctively to its own lawful pockets—handkerchiefs are plumbed for, and found to be where they should be—those who had watches feel whether they have them still, and turning their fob-pockets round and round, so that they cannot be drawn, the loose cash is next counted *in* the breeches-pocket—and all being safe and undisturbed, then every one has the disposition to devote his entire attention to that "unfortunate young man," John Snatch, whose incautious hands had been detected in trespassing upon another person's premises. The police are, of course, bawled and called for—but, of course, they are not at hand. Never mind—a pump is (and a horse-trough is handy), under which poor Filch is carefully placed.

A hundred willing hands kindly holding him steady under the spout, the pump-handle is set going by twenty pumping like one! Unfortunately, however, for "the ends of justice," the pump is as dry as a fellowship porter! Never mind—there's the horse-trough quite full! Up goes the cover in a twinkling—in goes the pickpocket in another—out he comes gasping and phewing—in he goes again; and after undergoing this sousing process for some time, he is set again upon his legs, and set going for his life and liberty, everybody having a hit or kick at him, and nobody missing him.

It is not a little instructive to witness such an exhibition of what is called "love of Justice" among a miscellany of men—one-half of whom, perhaps, have no reason particularly to affect that blind beldame, as they have been harshly handled by that severe old stickler for those old litigants—Right and Might. But if they side with her, stand by her, and "support the Chair," and are ready to execute her sentence before she has pronounced it, anticipating what it would be, and putting it in force i' the instant—it exhibits, in a favourable light, their abstract dislike of dishonesty in others, however lenient they may be to a little roguery in themselves. Let these lovers of Lynch law administer it, if they will, and call it "summary justice!" I do not affect singu-

larity, but I never will allow a pickpocket to be made damp and disagreeable to himself on my account. Pickpockets are necessary evils in a highly cultivated state of society—sent to teach us vigilance, and the use of buttons and button-holes. No great city, indeed, is what it should be, wanting them. The "hair-breadth 'scapes" we have from their furtive fingers add a delicious anxiety to the enjoyment of a street saunter—to a look into a popular print-shop—to one's listening to an election-speech at Guildhall or Covent Garden—to the rush and squeeze into a theatre—to the Lord Mayor's show—to an execution—to "the Queen's most gracious speech to both Houses of Parliament"—to a street-sermon by an amateur saver of sinners—to the wooden wantonness and waggeries of Punch—to a house on fire—or to any other like London luxury. Indeed, I consider pickpockets such useful members of society in many ways, that I never join in the hunt or outcry after them. Every street in the neighbourhood of a National theatre, or any other public place of attraction, should have its own proper and particular pickpockets. The thing might be easily managed. Pickpockets should be considered as a sort of licensed public professional servants, like ticket-porters, drovers of cattle, watermen of coach-stands, and those very attentive old gallants, clothed in faded scarlet, and brass-chained and badged, who hover

about the box-doors of Royal theatres, and whose hoarse delight it is, when Mrs. Huggermugger wants a coach for the City, to cry "Here's a coach for the City!" or when the Honourable Mrs. Humdrum asks for her carriage, to invoke and call up "The Honnable Missis Humdrum's kerridge!" When a young fellow with lively parts has shewn such a decided predilection for picking pockets that his genius may be said to lie only in that direction, let him be immediately licensed for his vocation—give him his professional badge, with an appropriate device—(as the hand-in-hand would not do, would the hand-in-pocket?)—compel him to wear it upon his right arm at all times and in all places—punish him as often as he is seen going about town without it, giving him, every time he is so forgetful, three months at the treadmill—not for being a reputed pickpocket—no—but for feloniously endeavouring to get reputed as an honest wayfaring man. Thus badged he would be known, and men who love to do what they like with their own would "steal out of his company;" or, if he took his licensed liberties with watch or handkerchief, and they detected him, they could take his number, and "pull him up to Bow-street," by magisterial summons, instead of pulling him up there by the collar, or holding him fast by it till a policeman came up to take the *onus* off their hands, which is

a task requiring much strength, and much patience, as thief-takers are much more scarce than thieves. Thus regulated, pickpockets might be rendered at once useful and ornamental members of street-society. As they are at present either mismanaged or utterly neglected, I never lift up my eyebrows in wonder when I hear persons who have nothing to lose object to the institution *in toto*.

A gentleman, who "behaves as such," can afford to permit, if not patronize pickpockets. (Why not, when noblemen patronize boxers?) Indeed, I consider a genteel man to be somewhat neglected if his pockets be not, at the least, twice tried in his way on foot to either theatre in the dusk of a winter's evening: it is, of course, his own fault if he suffers honest Master Filch to go beyond that very excusable liberty. But if the light-fingered lad has succeeded in lifting your purse, or in making a quotation of your handkerchief, and you discover it, take my advice, and let him go about his business—you will find it the readiest mode of getting rid of him. If, however, he should have only half succeeded, and he is a bungler at his craft, if you are not anxious to hear the overture, or are careless of the opening scene, in that case have no mercy on him: clutch the young rascal fast by the collar, if he is of a convenient size for your purpose, and dedicate ten minutes to shaking him well; and when he has

had enough of it, and you have had enough of it, then let him go, and you will see him sneak off, a perfectly well-satisfied scoundrel. This is all that is needful: all beyond is "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Holding these opinions, I confess that, in the particular case of the John Snatch just apprehended, I had more sympathy with John than with the four or five hundred persons, all stirred and agitated with indignation at the solitary attempt of one Snatch to put his hand into the pocket of one Jones, as the thing is done, so daily and hourly, in so many ways, about as honestly, and not half so skilfully—quite as stealthily, and with not a quarter of the pressing urgencies and pretences for the act, and is submitted to quietly as a thing of course. The dear friend who borrows ten pounds of you which he never intends to return is but a Barrington, though he writes himself *alias* on his card. The tax-gatherer, who by order of Government takes nine times more than Government really wants to grease the wheels of the State, though his name is Sims, is, in his actions, Soames. The only difference between them that I can see is, that Sims gives you a receipt for what he takes, which entitles you to vote for the borough you live in. Perhaps the plumper evidence you give in the Court of Sessions, which returns Mr. Soames once more as Member for Botany Bay, is really more beneficial to your country than

the plumper vote you give, which returns Mr. Smith as sitting Member for Sudbury.

I had no private sympathy, I again say it, with the public sensation which the trifling delinquency of John Snatch excited, though I love sensations in general, and sometimes feel the want of one as much as a late listless friend of mine, who honestly confessed to his lethargy, and said "He wanted a new sensation—something to stir him up—an earthquake, for instance." I was about to enter into the hubbub around me heart and soul, when a sudden thought "gave me pause." I remembered that my bandana was old—that I was watchless—and, happiest of men! without a shilling. He who has not a shilling to lose is not implicated with those who lose shillings: he is greatly privileged—wholly exempted from "the calamities which fobs are heirs to." What was it to me that some gentleman had lost his gold watch, or gold what not? It served him right; the prodigal: he should have come unprovided. It is these flashy fellows, with such superfluous movables, that make picking of pockets so lucrative a profession. It is these gay gallants, that carry a whole year's income about them in diamond pins and rings and golden trinketry, that put the nation to enormous expense in keeping up a standing army of police to protect *their* pockets and persons, forsooth! What sympathy could I have with

such squander-wealths as these? Marry, nothing worth mentioning. I stood my ground, therefore —looked with indifference upon such mundane matters as of no moment; and my thoughts turned and would have been fixed upon Mr. Green and his friends only, had not the important philosophical discovery I had made given them better employment. Mr. Green, and Mr. Green, his brother, and Mrs. Green, his wife, and Miss Green, his daughter—a bunch of Greens—might strike up to the skies, if it was their ambition, and take up with them Lambeth, Camberwell, Clerkenwell, Islington, and Newington, and all the other suburban greens which are not green, for anything I cared. Mr. Green, let him go where he would, could not make so grand a discovery off of Terra Firma as I had made upon it, as to the impunity of the man without a shilling —his segregation from the petty cares which worry the man to whom Mammon has been bounteous of pocket-money, and which make the possession and keeping of riches no sinecure. Hail, thou "all-scorned Poverty!" Hail to thy

> "rawbone cheeks, through penury and pine,
> Deep shrunk into thy jaws, as thou didst never dine!"

Dryden knew thee well when he said thou wert

> "———— a bitter and a hateful good,
> Because thy virtues are not understood!"

—Just so!—

> "How many things, impossible to thought,
> Have been by thee to full perfection brought!
> The daring of the soul proceeds from thee,
> Sharpness of wit, and active knavery!"

Gifts these not to be despised—great privileges not to be lightly regarded! Let "the poor in spirit" —the man who feels he is without a shilling in his soul—

> "at whose dejected eye
> The unfeeling proud one looks, and passes by,"

let him "pull a poor mouth," and "sue in bondman's key"—as he has yet to learn the privileges, the exemptions, of his shillingless state: but I—I have learnt my lesson, and may stand down. In one little hour I have acquired the wisdom of years and forsaken the ignorance and mistaken knowledge of more. Alone, in a London mob,

> "The vision and the faculty divine"

were given to me, in especial, to see the errors of my fellow-men, and rightly estimate the foolish fears and poor anxieties which troubled them. "Happy is the man," I inwardly exclaimed, "without a shilling! Unhappy he who possesses one, always excepting 'The Splendid Shilling' of Phillips, and 'The Last Shilling' of Dibdin!"— And every moment and every movement around me served more and more to convince me of the supe-

riority of Poverty, or how superior it might be, if it knew its blessings.

Wherever I glanced I saw men unfortunate, and vicious, and unhappy, solely because they were not without a shilling. An old gentleman near me, blue with cold, was in a high state of excitement with a cabman, who was all the while as cool as a cucumber, touching the change of a shilling: "He was not going to pay twelvepence for a ninepenny ride!" But I saw very plainly in honest Master Jarvis's face that he was—for "He had no coppers"—cabmen never have, and take every precaution to prevent any such accident. I watched him asking this and that person whether "They could *obleege* him with change?" earnestly hoping to Heaven that they could not! They "heard him wink," and had no change. Even a twopenny postman, standing by, had not a penny. The blue old gentleman said "He was not to be hembegged!" No. 299 stared with all his eyes, which opened and shut, and went up and down, like his cab-glasses. "You wont be what-ed?" inquired No. 299. "I wont be hembegged, Sir!" answered the Fare. Then everybody stared, and inquired, by gestures, what the blue old gentleman could possibly intend to say. He repeated it, that there might be no mistake; but still no one pretended to understand him. He superadded that No. 299 was "A hembeg!"—and every one was

still as much "to seek" as to what the blue old gentleman could possibly intend to mean by what he said. At last some officious fellow suggested that "Hembegged and hembeg were Northern refinements for humbugged and humbug!" It was painful to witness the concern of No. 299! Poor fellow, he had lost a glorious opportunity for saucy replication only because he had not understood the terms of invitation! I must do him the justice to say that he looked as if he would have gladly given the blue old gentleman his fourpence change to have returned him, with it, the customary accompaniments of cabmen's change—either abuse for shabbiness, or bad money: to such as rightly estimate Town things, they are of equal value—are of the same currency—come from the same Mint—and may be said to be a sort of Mint sauce not described by Mrs. Glasse—nothing better, nor worse. Meanwhile the blue old gentleman, though he did it reluctantly, removed himself away; but no sooner had this explanation—so explicit—been made, than No. 299—behind his back, it must be said—significantly lifted his left-hand thumb to the end of his nose, and placing his right-hand thumb upon the tip of the little finger of his left hand, twiddled his fingers and thumbs in so odd a manner as set all the persons about him laughing, though I confess I did not take "the humour on't." "Don't you see, Sir,"

said a good-humoured fellow at my side, "if that ould gentleman hadn't had never a shillin' he'd huv' saved fourpence as clean as a whistle?" I saw the force of the remark in a moment! Just my idea to a fraction! Was *he* original? If he was, how great philosophers jump, as well as wits!

In a moment more my attention was drawn to a well-dressed old man engaged in tempting a humble and beautiful girl—for that that was his horrid task I could read in her confusion, her blushes, and her downcast looks; but the baits on his hook—money and finery—were, I could perceive, successfully luring her on to destruction. "Happy," thought I, "hereafter, would it have been for that old man—happy for that poor girl, if he had been without a shilling!" At this moment a dissipated fellow pitched headlong from a waggon into the road, and as he fell, several shillings, loose in his jacket-pocket, flew out and dispersed severally. I never saw a more ready sympathy than was displayed by the persons nearest him. They picked up his money first, and then they picked up him, and setting him steadily on his legs, I looked curiously to see them render in an account of their stewardship of his monies. It was extraordinary to behold how suddenly a man so Samaritanly attended, and helped and aided on all sides, was left to help himself! "Another proof," thought I, "of the moral economy of being with-

out a shilling. This poor fellow, had he been only intoxicated, would have found street-friends who would have laughed at the drunken misdirection of his feet, and helped him up when down; but when these 'summer friends' saw that he dropped his loose silver as well as himself about, he became a secondary consideration, and he lost eight or ten friends because he chanced unfortunately *not* to be without a shilling."

In too many more instances could I observe around me that men were foolishly purchasing so much pain so many days after date, while they thought they were buying so much pleasure cheap, and quite a bargain: unhappily for them, they had "more money than wit," and neither knew how to keep it, nor how to lay it out to advantage! I saw this too plainly, pitied the mistakes they made, and thanked my lucky stars that I was without a shilling, and saved from their temptations.

Having made these incidental reflections, I now turned my thoughts towards the principal business of the scene about me—Mr. Green's ascension—and wondered at the patience of the sight-seers, and wondered at my own. Another hour passed away in idle expectation, and still the monster balloon rode quietly at her moorings. Meantime I was greatly amused with the humours of the minor members (which formed the majority) of the mob around me, and their various dispositions—agreeable and disagreeable; the disagreeable, I

should say, lying more on the side of those persons who made pretensions to superiority. The most particular fellows, I noticed, were a shabby beau, and a clerkly-looking young man, a great deal too well dressed: both had *Noli me tangere* written on their foreheads; and the clerk was as rude as if he held the first place in Rood Lane. Mobs are now much maligned, and have been held in contempt from the earliest times; but they have their virtues and good uses. An Irish mob is lively and entertaining enough, I doubt not, especially when the whiskey works upon the always ardent temperaments of Teddy, Daniel, Michael, and Paddy, and their friends and factions. A Scotch mob must be edifying from its gravity. A French mob must make a menagerie silent and dull in comparison. A Dutch mob must be only too-exciting. An American mob, with all its common components "intimately mixed," as chemists say, (that is, a pretty considerable quantity of native Yankee, an equal portion of emigrated Irish, a little sour German, a flavour of vivacious Frenchman, a squeeze of Scotchman, and plenty of political hot-water, poured hot and hot) must be as exhilarating as punch, or toddy, or sangaree. But an English mob for my money: it is such a various, congruous, incongruous miscellany of men! So high and low—rich and poor—pleasing, displeasing—ignorant, informed—gentle and simple—flash and

foolish—such a mixing up of gentleman and raga-muffin—dirty and clean—cad, costermonger, coach-man, carter, coalheaver, spruce clerk, decent artizan, peer, pickpocket, sweep, dustman, butcher-boy, Jew-boy, errand-boy, pot-boy, brewer, captain, livery-servant, house-maid, nurse-maid, young woman, old woman, sailor, tailor, soldier, ballad-singer, pie-man, fly-man, beggar, match-man, merchant, shop-keeper, &c., &c., &c., all distinct and to be distin-guished — all harmoniously blending — and all agreeing and good-humoured in the main. The perfect gentleman stands at his ease among the motley group, and " moults no feather" of his reputation. The costermonger is in the middle ground of a knot of gentlemen—admires their swish-tailed greys and bays—handles their hand-some harnessings with his coarse fingers, and no gallant captain or gentle squire cries " Paws off, Pompey !" If the chivalrous bearing of some dashing Colonel Sir Thinne Somebody something from May Fair, or some princely-looking peer, Lord Char-les Mountladder—(lineal descendant from a Hibernian hod-man, and no disgrace ! for his great grandfather was an elevated character, at times)—is the admiration of all eyes, and his horsemanship called " bootiful," so is the dashing assmanship of Dick Dabster of Tothill Downs admired, and

" Draws iron *smiles* down *Pinto's* cheek !"

Nobody never set a donkey better in his life !

Donkey and Dick are declared one! The Centaur is not fabulous! The Hippogriff has a rival in the Honogriff! If he sat half-a-dozen hairs nearer to the crupper, " he would go off gradivally down his tail;"—nothing can be nicer adjusted than that! Such praise is not undeserved, and therefore is well bestowed: for see! the self-opinionated animal which Dick is " pricking along the" lane " rides rusty," and if the gallant rider had not " a good seat" would incontinently fling him! Fresh bursts of admiration follow him! " Was there ever anything?" cries a doating costermonger. " No, there never was!" answers another. Two young ladies in short petticoats, ankle-jacks, white cottons, white aprons, gingham gowns, yellow-silk-neckerchiefs, and second-hand Leghorn bonnets, broken in, one in the crown, and the other in the poke, as they stand, cross-legged, leaning lovingly on each other's shoulders, admire him—how much! " Look at that Dick!" murmurs the most excited one to her fair friend. Mr. Dabster is not deaf to " the soft infection" of those sounds, and immediately, in the most gallant manner, reins in his spirited steed, and nipping the sprig of myrtle which is tucked in at the right corner of his mouth rather tightly, out of the opposite corner cries, condescendingly, as it strikes me, and yet with an affectionate tone, " Hah! is that you, Miss Podll?" (vulgar for Poll)—and as his brute is now in the humour for

going, passes on, but looks behind, and is followed as he flies by the admiring eyes of "Miss Podll" and her amiable companion, who, I can see, participates in her pride, and "feeds love's flame" by saying, in assuring answer to some delicate inquiry, that "she thinks Dick looked handsome —very! but a leetle too finicking!" From which I infer that there is a *liaison* between her young friend with the Leghorn broken in at the crown, and Mr. Dabster, which she don't altogether disapprove of, but does not much encourage.

I am a lover of peace and quietness, and eke a lover of fair play, because "fair play is a jewel;" and, therefore, if a street-fight comes within my cognizance, I commonly stop "to see fair;" and when it has lasted an hour, and the bruisers are bruised enough for that time, and, shaking hands, are friends again, I am always glad that it is over, and sometimes think that they might as well have shaken hands a little earlier. Your Londoners are, if they are nothing else, the fairest quarrellers in the world. Fair-play keeps the ring—picks up the combatants impartially—prevents foul blows—is always ready with his knee between the rounds —keeps the time—takes his man away when he has had a bellyful—is glad to see him shake hands with Harry, his opponent—stands a reconciling pot of ale to make them friends—takes a lusty pull at it himself by way of example, and

drinks to both their healths as trumps and manly John Bull fighters. I felt interested, therefore, in "a pretty quarrel as it stood," as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, between a feeble, foolish, petulant old fellow, with one leg in the grave, and a stout, sturdy young fellow with a leg and three-quarters of flesh, the other quarter being of wood. It seems that, in the anxiety of the latter to see all that was going on, he had twice pegged the old gentleman's toes with his stump; and hence his irritability. Two sorts of men only are prone to threaten blows—the cowardly and the incapable: the brave and the capable know that striking is the worst argument which can be used, and, therefore, leave it to the last. The old man was a very Hector in his threats; and the more the young one tried to smooth down his displeasure, the more he wouldn't be appeased, and the more he "felt a good mind to dust his jacket handsomely for him." This is a luxury for which some men pay a man thirty pounds a-year wages, besides perquisites: it shewed, perhaps, a turn for the generous and the gratuitous in the old gentleman, that he should thus handsomely proffer to dust a jacket for little or nothing. But every man has more or less of the benevolent in his nature, and his own way of shewing that he has, and tendering it. If he offered his in terms which might not sound polite "to ears polite," it was only his manner of doing

a good turn. Some men knock you down with their generosity when offering it; others offer it so gently, that you are not sure that you have got it when it has safely come to hand. The young man bore all patiently, and only smiled. The old boy had a friend with him, who held him all the faster when he cried "Let me go, Sir!" At last he pulled him quite away. "If you would only have let me alone," cried the angry old Bobadil, "I would have killed him in an hour!"—and, as he said this, the old toppler fell forward upon his stick, and looked as though he would have tumbled over it from mere feebleness. "Bless me, Betty!" mumbled an old woman who had been looking on, "Great words come off weak stomachs!" And as the opinions of the public are like sheep at a butcher's door—you must pull one in by the head and ears before the others will follow—the old lady having led the way, every one now had something to say to the purpose. "Old gentleman," cried a hackney-cabman, "take my advice, and bring your big brother out with you next time you come a ballooning!" "Why don't you keep a cab, Captain?" quoth a second cabman. "And a tiger?" added a third. "Oh, 'cause he's his own tiger!" said a fourth. "He's just the right sort of respectable old gentleman now for a gig! Wonder he don't keep a gig!" cried a fifth. "Oh, he's got riding enough, bless ye! He keeps a gate, and

swings on it whensomever he likes!" said a sixth. "Ah, he's had a rock too much, then, this morning!" said a seventh consoler.

These worthies having cast the first stones, the word-pelting became pretty general, and almost every one around had either a turf or a stone to fling at the discomfited old gentleman, who stood his ground, and bore it handsomely. "It serves you just right! Shouldn't play truant from school, then!" cried one. "Shouldn't come out without your nuss!" cried a second. "Take it cool, old boy!" advised a third. "I wonder whether his Ma knows he's out?" asked a fourth. The old gentleman began to think now that it was time to move off, and turned to go away, but still was full of wrath, for he looked daggers at the stumpy-toed provoker of his anger. "Good bye, old tender-toes, if you're going!" cried a fifth friend. "Now, he'll go straight home, and whip his footboy!" surmised a sixth. "What a life his cat 'll lead this blessed day!" piteously expected a seventh. "I wouldn't call for his taxes for tuppence!" cried an eighth. "I rather think he's in the farmering line somewhere about Cow-cross, and 'tis very vexatious, you know, to get your corn trod down jist as it's shooting so very nicely!" sympathized a ninth friend. But by this time the ungentle old gentleman had been dragged, grumbling away, out of tongue-shot.

And now the innocent author of his ill-humour came in for a few incidental remarks, as "the rigging" was not quite exhausted, and the immediate mob had nothing better to amuse them. "I wouldn't be in your shoes, thof you wears but one at a time, if he catches you down his street! Won't he give it you? No, he won't!" cried a tenth. "Oh, never you mind him! He's only a superannivated clark to a tripeman, with the parkisit of licking his fingers whensoever he likes!" quoth an eleventh member of the mob. But to settle the business—that the old gentleman was not worth any further notice—a large instance of doctor's boy, bearing on his arm a basket-full of bottles, with long white labels dangling down as preparatives for the longer black hatbands of the undertaker, said, very sympathizingly, "Ah, never mind him, Sir! It's only old Oggins, our churchwarden!"—and to account, medically, for the disordered state of his passions, he gratuitously added, "He's taking alter*n*ative pills of us, and they don't agree with his *irritybile!*" And having delivered this his medical opinion, the rhubarb-collared-and-cuffed licentiate straddled across three straws and a stone, and looked about him with all the easy air of a dispenser of medicine to the poor where gratis advice is given—as soon as he has read the *Times* through with his back to the fire. After so grave an opinion had been pronounced, the subject

was let drop, as settled. Meanwhile the stumpy-footed member — a thoroughly good-humoured fellow, I could see—looked as undisturbed as if a fly had buzzed in his ear—laughed now and then, and took no other notice.

It never lessens my estimation of a man that he bears provocation with patience; for I have always found that the quiet fellows could, if they would, resent it, and, when the time came for it, did. As I stood next to him, "Pray," said I, "when is this balloon to go up?" "Well, sir," said he, nodding his head a little, out of civility, "if I must speak the sentiments of my mind, I should say sum'her' [somewhere] about six." "Oh!" thinks I to myself, "since I have, at last, fallen in with a man who speaks the sentiments of his mind, I shall certainly make the best of such an acquaintance, and know as much as I can of so remarkable a person!" Thanking him for his information, I took that opportunity to look at my man, for further particulars. How shall I describe him? Does the Reader understand the full force and significancy of the vulgar phrase—"He looks like a fellow with some *gumption* about him?"—for "*gumption*" expresses all his intellectual characteristics in one word. But, besides the look of natural shrewdness and town-knowledge expressed in his dark, sharp eyes, he had, it must be confessed, that peculiar appearance which would fully

inform any one accustomed to recognise appearances, that he was a man of the steadiest and most regular-irregular habits—an idler for company's sake—a tavern-haunter—a gin-and-water-hot-and-no-lemon man—taking the chair now and then at a convivial meeting among his brother tradesmen, because he was great at a toast or sentiment, and not small at a sentimental song, such as "Could a man be secure," "May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle," "My friend is the man I would copy through life"—a favourite song, by the bye, with the late Mr. Facsimile, who copied his friend a little too closely, and got himself into trouble, through his genius for imitation, about eight o'clock one morning.

My stumpy friend was, I guess, one of those careless men of business, who leave it to be managed by a trusty foreman, while they go out and enjoy themselves, only looking in occasionally to see "how the land lies," and "how things have been getting on" in their absence. London abounds with tradesmen who so manage their matters. If they are wanted, they are to be found at the Rose and Crown, or the Windmill. If they are not likely to be wanted that day, there is a parish dinner, to which they have been invited by Mr. Overseer Wigginson; or the new landlord at the Windmill gives a house-warming, and they must be there; or there is a party for Norwood, knocked up by Sam Sturgeon,

and they must go—no getting out of it—play or pay; or a rump and dozen, lost as a wager, comes off at the Green Man at Dulwich, and they are invited, because Jack Johnson, who lost it, loves a song; or a game at cribbage takes them away; or a game at ninepins; or the crack skittlers at the World's End are to play a match against "All the World," and they are chosen as umpires. And so they lead a careless, easy sort of life—their business keeps their chins above water, and "they live all the days of their life," and are jovial half the nights of it. Thus they manage to keep it up for years, sometimes successfully, and sometimes not, as it happens. And one of these easy-takers of life having ruined himself, and all belonging to him, in the end, his old boon-companions will cry (how compassionately!) "Ah, poor Dabble! he brought his family to want a meal's victuals; but how well he sung 'May we ne'er want a friend, nor a jolly full bottle!'" "He knocked up, and kicked down all at last; but how he played at skittles! Who was so sure of his nine? He used to say, merrily, 'Descend, ye Nine!' and down they came!" "He hadn't a house to cover his head at last; but how he used to keep the table in a roar when he presided at the Rum Puncheon!" "His children, poor little things, were half-starved; but how he could cut up a goose at the Michaelmas dinner, which used to be held annually at the Swan,

and how he'd carve out the merrythought, just as if he'd studied *anytommy* all his days under old Sir Billy Blizard ! It did your eyes good to see him carve a goose ! Poor fellow ! he was very accomplished !" "Ah ! he often wanted a mouthful of Meux at last; but no man was so ready—once—to be his bottle !" "Poor devil ! But we won't say no more of him ! He's dead, and buried by the parish ! Lord bless us, who would have thought of that ten year ago? What a rattling, careless, merry fellow he was then ! Would spend the last shilling he had about him towards the other bowl, and make everybody agreeable and sociable !" "Poor Dabble ! Nobody's enemy but his own ! Ah, well! I'll trouble you, Mr. Simperwell, for your song *or* sentiment. Poor Dab——but order for Mr. Simperwell's song !" My stumpy friend was one of these easy fellows—it came out in evidence, and it was further corroborated by the strawberry redness of his nose.

It was not till Mr. Bullyrag, as he facetiously called his late foolish assailant, (Mr. "Most Forcible Feeble" I had called him,) had been taken away, and told by Mr. Gumption (for so I shall name my strawberry-nosed friend) that his threatenings were "all my This and my That"—(winking his eye and slapping his elbow as illustrations of the things signified)—that he began to exhibit himself in his true character; and then I found

that he was a facetious fellow, with some good-humoured gibe or jeer, or mouthful of merriment, to fling at everybody about him; and, moreover, that he seemed to know everybody, everybody to know him, and to care for nobody. "How d'ye do, Captain Bragge, I'm sure?" called out Mr. Gumption to a rosy-nosed old gentleman, as he marched by in military time, and touched his hat in front in answer to the salutation. "That's odd to begin with!" thought I. "You don't know Captain Bragge, I dares say?" asked Mr. Gumption, leaning his head towards me in an inquiring attitude. I replied that I had not that honour. "That's Captain Bragge, of the Red Lion." I accordingly set down the gallant Captain, not as a military man, as I had supposed him to be, from his parade-like perpendicularity, but as commander of a vessel of war or merchandize so named. A second more military-looking person passed in review, and was received with the same honours. "Hah, Major Todd Stodd! How do? Glad to see you, I should say! Fine sight? Very!" Then turning to me, he whispered, "Major Todd Stodd, of the Angel in Pattens. They calls him Captain at the Crown and Cushi'n, but as I believe he's a Major every bit, I allows him his promotion." I laughed at the mistake I had made a minute before as to the sea-worthiness of these gallant men, for as I had never met with more than

one sea-major, and he had served in the Horse Marines, as these worthies were not commanders of ships, what were they? I put the question, and Mr. Gumption instructed me. "Oh, don't you know? I'm surprised!" said he. "You ought to have known that every tavern or public-house has its own Captain, or Major, or Colonel, in 'these piping times o' peace,' on half-pay, or no pay at all. They command companies in that regiment of which his Grace Duke Humphrey of Gloucester was formerly Colonel—the Fourth Regiment of Foot Guards. Now you take?" I took the hint in a moment, and immediately remembered several retired officers of the same corps, whom I had met with, in my time, about town.

I have been so much mistaken in these Copper Captains, both retired and unattached, that I now suspect the true men to be as apocryphal as the counterfeits; and when I fall in with one of them, commence a better acquaintance with him by buttoning up the pockets of my mind, and keeping one eye warily upon "the Captain." The old proverb says "Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind:" as I plead "Not guilty" to the—not civil—but military crime of simulation of Captaincy, my suspicion must be allowed to be as good a suspicion as suspicion can ever be—for goodness, it must be said, has never much to do with that leer-eyed, oblique-visioned, Parthian-glancing virtue—or apprehen-

sion of vice—or what shall we consider it?—I have been cajoled by these Captains who go roaming about from suttling-house to suttling-house in the great camp of London, and therefore am watchful of them, and keep them a pike's length off from closer intimacy. Oh the homage—the deference, which I paid, in early life, to a certain crony-Captain of mine, one Captain Bowseup, as he was intituled and called—setting him down (so indisputably great an authority was he in all salt-water matters) as Post-Captain, or, at least, some grey, forgotten old first-lieutenant of no less a craft than Her Majesty's battle-ship the *Billy-Royal-ian*, and oh the homage thrown away. But my worship of a sea-captain never opened its trusting eyes till one night that I detected my Captain in this truly un-British assertion—"That the Yankees would, some day or other, take both the West and the East Indies from us, and clap them on to the United States, as Nature had geographically meant them to be *one kingdom!*" At first I stared, then I doubted, and, lastly, I inquired into the date of Captain Bowseup's commission, and what command he had held; and imagine my inexpressible chagrin when I discovered that he was the superannuated captain and part owner of a Blackwall Billy-boy, so libellously named! That night, when he proposed as a toast "The Thirteen Stripes," I turned down my glass, and saying he richly

deserved to have them all to himself, left the room.

The land-service treated me no better. A certain Captain Crumple, with whom I fell in, on the evening of the ever-memorable 18th of June, was shewing me (as well as chalked lines, and a pipe broken up into pieces of artillery, could exhibit it) what a bad position the Duke took up at Waterloo; and the Captain was pleased to say, that "He never wondered for a moment that we were beaten ten times over on that ill-managed day, for we richly deserved it. As the French assert to this hour, we *were* beaten, according to all the regular rules of warfare; but as we were too much beaten to run away, and the French were able to move, we claim the victory!" I bowed to such a competent authority, for there was no getting over Captain Crumple's plan of what the battle should have been; and when he left the room I said "I supposed that the gallant old gentleman had gone through a great deal of service?" "Why, yes, Sir, you may well suppose that," replied one of three persons who had "joined him" in a bowl of punch, for which the Captain paid; "Captain Crumple, it is too well known to be doubted, commanded the light company of the Westminster *corpse* of Loyal Volunteers all through the Revolutionary War and up to the treaty of *Amens*, when he retired, as Mrs. Captain Crumple always enjoyed

a very bad state of health, and settled here—"—at Newington Butts. "Captain Crumple was also at the taking of the Red Lion at Wimbledon in the sham fight on the King's Birth in the year A.D. 1799." Since these memorable misapprehensions of mine I have entertained such a Captain-incredulity, that nothing but a certificated copy of his commission, a cork leg, into which he will allow me to thrust a pin, and a wooden arm, which there is no mistaking, can make me sit a believer in any Captain's company into which I may chance to fall.

But to return to Mr. Gumption. A footman stood before us with remarkably thin legs, *sans* calves. Mr. Gumption easily taught me to understand that "John" was "on board wages," and made the difference manifest by referring to the legs of another footman with large calves, his companion, as having "the run of the kitchen." He made many more passing comments upon persons about him, which shewed him to be a shrewd observer, and which kept me, and others who were permitted to be his auditors, agreeably amused. At last the oddest little lump of humanity I had ever beheld, walked, or rather tumbled itself up towards him, as if approaching to accost him. Mr. Gumption, at sight of him, put on one of his most facetious sets of features, and eyeing him from top to toe, which was not a long labour, broke out with "Why, Richard, is that *you?*" Richard owned to his identity, and waggled his little person

about as if mightily pleased with Mr. Gumption's flattering recognition of him. "Well, I never shou'd ha' known you if you had not said it! Howsomever, I never see'd you look so respectable, which makes me for to begin to suspeck that you've dropped in for that fortin o' yourn at long and at last—eh, Richard? Is the ould man dead? Well, I never see'd you look so respectable—anyhow!" As much as could be seen of the "fortinate youth's" face I observed to be grinning either at the joke, or at the fact that he had come to his "fortin at long and at last!" As many very respectable persons may not know exactly how a respectable person looks when he is said to "look never so respectable," I shall describe the respectable Mr. Richard Gabriel Gabbs—(so the interesting young person was named)—for their instruction.

To begin with the beginning. Mr. Gabbs wore a hat which was originally black, and having been made for a head twice as big as his own, fitted him a little too easy; for the brim behind rested on his back, while the brim before fell so low down in front, that you could just see his lower eye-lashes twisting about as if struggling to give their eyes a peep at what was passing: as his friend remarked, "He did not want snuffing out, for he was a'ready pretty well extinguished." Between those lower eye-lashes about as much raw, red nose as, if stuck

on a save-all, would light "a single gentleman" to bed, was seen resisting, as much as it could, any further downward encroachments of the hat aforesaid; and every half minute his finger and thumb, which had worn their way out of his Berlin glove, aided his nose in adjusting the disputed possession. It was then I noticed that he had a pair of small, grey, twinkling eyes under cover of his hat—about an inch and a half of forehead—hair as short and stubbly as that on a hard shoe-brush—and a pair of ears, for one only was visible, the other being lost somewhere in his hat, while the ear outside served as a sort of bracket or latchet to prop the hat up, and keep it knowingly cocked a little on one side. When he grinned I observed that his teeth were of the Tuscan order, and as brown as squirrel's. Mr. Gumption said that they reminded him of Newington churchyard: first, a tall head-stone, then a short foot-stone, broken off at the corners, and so on through the set. Taking his teeth as a test of his age, I should say that Mr. Gabbs was *ætat.* 40. His cravat was of rusty, brown-black silk, negligently tied *à la* Byron, from which I inferred an admiration on the part of Gabbs for romantic poetry. His shirt-collar—stiff as starch could make it—aided and abetted the ear aforesaid in keeping the hat aforementioned as much in order as it could, for the rim partly rested upon it. I never met with a gentleman who paid greater

attention to his shirt-collar than Mr. Gabbs. He was continually adjusting it to his chin, and keeping it up to the mark ; and one time, indeed—his friend Mr. Gumption having said something particularly pleasing to his vanity—he pulled it up so violently with both hands, that he seemed to lift himself bodily off the ground. His shirt—which was frilled, after the old neat fashion—formed such a prominent breast-work in advance of his person, that it looked as if it had been recently pulled out by some impertinently curious fellow, who had doubted whether it was shirt or dickey, that demi-shirt of your poor decent dandies. His yellow-white waistcoat—which I should say had often "sat at good men's feasts," and had been, in its time, filled out by a fat, full, four-bottle man—having invested his upper works, and finding it had some waistcoat still to spare, descended half-way down his thighs: his thighs and their continuations "took up the wondrous tale," and met the excess of white waistcoat with as great an excess of dingy white-duck trowsers, tied at the ankles in the old Cossack-trowser fashion, and bagging so, that if he had had a yard and a half more of leg and thigh, there would have been trowser enough and to spare. Mr. Gumption said they looked like two bolsters falling away in a feather consumption. Having overtaken his ankle-jacks, the trowsers thought they had gone quite far enough, and went no

further. A blue coat, with brown-rubbed brass buttons—a little too long in the sleeves, the cuffs turned up to remedy that defect—the outside pockets out of his reach, they hung so far below his haunches—the tails thereof bobbing against his heels, completed "the picture of a man" who had "never looked so respectable!" I have seen somewhere—I forget where, for I made no note of it—a scarecrow taken better measure of by his country Stultz, but never one so cleanly and carefully made up, and with so good a conceit of itself, that it was the thing—the tippy—the natty—the knowing—"The glass of Fashion and the mould of Form." I did not wonder that Mr. Gabbs's friend admired him, almost to envy of "his high estate," for I was not untouched myself by the same baleful passion. I envied him the easy "fitness of things"—the unconcealed self-satisfaction, the sweetness upon himself, which were so apparent in every thing he did. Mr. Gumption was becomingly proud of so respectable a young friend as Mr. Gabbs, and though he was not himself so admirably attired, but, on the contrary, was rather more "seedy" than smart, he confidently took his arm and tucked it under his, to shew how pleased he was; and as he walked him up and down, parading his person, I overheard him putting these, with many other like questions, to all of which did Mr. Gabriel make pertinent replies:

"Well but, Gaby, where have you been hidin' your hillustr'ous head all this time? I hav'n't see'd you since Lord Nelson wouldn't fight the Frenchmen, because he didn't like to be hard upon 'em, and that's twenty year ago come next Never-come-tide? Where have you bin? You can't think how I have fretted after you! What have you bin a-doing with yourself?" To these very kind inquiries the little oddity made satisfactory answers, but I did not hear them, not being in such intimate communication with the hat as Mr. Gumption was. "Well, I'm glad to see you anyhow, and to find that you're doin' wery well, and that you ha'n't got up-ish now you are up in the stirrups." And here Mr. Gumption lifted up the hat, and having cursorily examined the enclosed, re-adjusted it carefully, so as not quite to put out his friend. (I expected next moment to see Mr. Gumption lift him up, and place him on the post at his side, that he might examine him a little more closely and circumstantially.) Mr. Gabbs seemed not displeased with the familiarity, I thought, for he smiled, swelled out, and grew in stature. And now as the respectable young person seemed to want to get nearer to the sight, the friends shook hands and parted, Mr. Gumption advising him "Not to get gallivanting with the gals, as he'd tell his governess if he did"—a very friendly admonition, as I thought; for as the young

gentleman did not appear to be much more than forty, and I know what boys of forty, out for a half-holiday, are capable of, it struck me that it was "a word in season." So advised, Mr. Richard Gabriel Gabbs strutted, with no offended dignity, away, his merry friend looking after him, and quietly chuckling at the little smothered figure of a man with "Hat, coat, shirt, waistcoat, and trowsers enough for two Gabys, and a bit over," for so Mr. Gumption happily expressed the superfluity.

As Mr. Gumption did not move away, I asked him, by the bye, what his pleasant little friend was by profession. "Oh, he's a gentleman by profession." I stared. "His mother kept a mangle in our neighbourhood for many years, but he'd never turn it, not he, he was above that. His little head in the large hat had got a notion stowed away in it that he was a born gentleman, 'cause he was to get thirty pounds a year and a cottage for life as soon as his gran'father turned his peaked-pointed shoes up'ards: so he wouldn't do nothin' for his bread, not even fetch the meat home from the baker's on Sunday, as his poor old mother sorrowfully told me once, with tears all over her spectacles. The old gentleman's dead, he tells me; so Master Dicky Gaby's an old gentleman now in his left-off shoes. The little Gill always had high notions, as long as I knowed him, and

would do nothin' but read novels, and plays, and books of poems, and trot his little cheese-carvers all day about to see all the London sights. I don't know whether he doesn't write werse himself, and you know nothin' can be worse than that: them poet chaps never comes to any good, nor any good to them, for that matter." It was pleasant to be told that melancholy bit of good truth. "Hows'ever," said my stumpy friend, resuming his remarks, "that's the wery worst on him you can say: there's no more harm in the little varmint than there is in a child, always providing it's a good un. The amusing creetur has only got wrong notions in that tiny head under that bushel-measure hat of his'n: that's all! His wanity would make him strike up to a dowager duchess, I believe, if she wasn't otherwise engaged; or run away with the Queen, if she'd take him with her. There's worse ones in the world than them there conceited little four-footed fellows, I believe—eh?"

I nodded assent. And here, another rough movement occurring in the mob, I looked round when it was over, and missed my very pleasant stumpy-footed friend, Mr. Gumption; and very sorry I was to lose him. If I should meet with him hereafter on any public occasion, or fall into his company on any private one at the Windmill, or at the Pig with the Portmanteau and Pouncet-Box, I shall be sure, I think, of further entertainment;

and as an enjoyment "for one," as they say at chop-houses, is not half so great an enjoyment as when shared between two, whether it be something good to eat, or something good to drink, or any other good, I shall share it with my friends, for their further entertainment.

"What went ye out for to see? A reed shaken in the wind?" No. Half a million of persons had crowded to Vauxhall, in an autumn afternoon, to witness the ascension of the largest bubble ever blown. The day was cold and dreary: rain-clouds hung heavily laden overhead—a mist and dark air gradually spread around—these gave the pass to a fog, which came down all at once, and put an extinguisher upon all but a few favoured eyes whose noses were close against the balloon. Suddenly a cry went up of "Balloon! balloon!" and up went Mr. Green; you could just see him go; and ere you could count ten he was gone like magic from all earthly eyes. The dense cloud of fog had taken him in, and he was gone. His disappearance was so total, so sudden, and so final for that day, that the disappointment of the sight-seers vented itself in good-humour, and the groves and bowers and roads of Vauxhall rung with the laughter of half a million of "de best-temperet blackhearts" (as a French gentleman near me called them) and best-behaved gentlemen and ladies in the world, who then went each unto their

homes, as well as they could find the way. Never was disappointment more complete in all its conditions, and never was it better sustained. A mighty London mob had waited four hours to see something, and they saw nothing, and were satisfied. Merriment, however, not murmurs, made light of their bereavement, and testified, laughter-tongued, to the genuine good-humour of my countrymen. Had such a total eclipse of gaiety and "loss of sight" occurred to the good citizens of Paris, there would have been, at least, a change of ministry next day; but we "manage these things better in" London.

PUNNING &c. MADE EASY.

(In a Letter to a lively young Pundit.)

"We have found out the only true, satisfactory, and indisputable definition of Man is—that he is a *punning* animal."

DEAR ——,

Punning is not so difficult an accomplishment as it is said to be. The few living masters of the art, of course, stick the garden-wall of this humorous Hesperides with all sorts of insuperable and insurmountable objections, in the shape of bits of broken glass-bottle, to make the clambering over it appear to be a difficulty and "no joke;" and if they see that you are meditating a lively jump over all intervening impediments, to frighten you out of your wits, they point to those watchful out-scouts—the critics—taking up their posts upon the debateable ground—the border-land—to warn you off, and alarm you, if they may, with fearful premonishings of steel-traps and spring-guns, "sudden and quick in quarrel," and determined, if you will steal the forbidden fruit, that it shall

be at your peril. And this *ruse de guerre* is, in general, so successful "with the general," that they give up the ambitious notion of distinguishing themselves by any such escapade—let their courage ooze and dribble away—make up their minds that "the better part of valour is discretion"—give it up as a forlorn hope, and are well-contented to look on, and, when it is well done by others, "applaud the deed."

Punning is as easy as lying; but there are not so many professors and eminent hands engaged in the one as in the other—which is to be regretted, considering how amusingly innocent the one indulgence is, and how mischievously wicked is the other. The disparity of hands engaged in each manufacture shews, indeed, how small the demand is for punning: whereas the demand for liars is incessant—(good liars are invaluable in these speculating times—especially in your railway companies and political clubs)—the market brisk, and liars may be said to "look up," which they seldom do, whilst punsters are "dull, and in no demand."

Punning, it must not be concealed from you, has many prejudices to confront, and put down, and affront, and put up. Punning is said to be an impertinence, and very impertinent people say so. "Punning"—says a sixpenny teacher of men and manners, calling himself "Αστειος"—"Pun-

ning is now decidedly out of date ! !" Marry, how long ? Is it an hour since ? With whom is it out of date ? With *you*, "goodman Dull ?" *Yow !*— I could make a mouth at you—such a mouth as the sceptical flounder made at the holy haddock marked by the Apostle's thumb, when, vaunting perhaps somewhat too much thereof, it was mocked with most contemptuous wry mouths by that gor-bellied unbeliever, the flat fish, who thereupon got his mouth twisted awry to teach him better manners, and to this day all Flounders are wry-mouthed. —Is it with *yow* that punning is out of date ? By'r Lady, not unlikely, for it never yet was in date with a dullard ! "Divine *Paronomasia*"— the good Genius who inspires all thoughts that "palter with us in a double sense"—would never "waste her sweetness on the desert"—your head ! But this goodman Dull—this Signor *Asteios*— cannot have done with his simple declaration (which is as good as an affidavit) of his dullness ; he goes on to say, that "It is a silly and displeasing thing when it becomes a habit !"—just the time when it is not displeasing !—it is during the noviciate of the aspirant to the honours of Swift, Hook, and Hood, when he lets fly at any bird that flies, and sometimes, with a double charge of powder and shot, brings down a poor Tom-tit, that the sport seems silly, but is not so ! When it

"becomes a habit," the real sportsman reserves his fire, and "keeps his powder dry," till a fine lively fat fowl of a pun goes off with a whirr and a whizz, when "bang" goes his Manton, and some such spaniel as this *Asteios*, unbidden, runs up, picks up the dead bird, and lays it at his feet.

But though this *Asteios* has committed himself sufficiently, he cannot yet have done: he goes on to say—"Some one has called it (punning) the wit of fools." You have perhaps, in your lifetime, heard a goose sing Psalms to a milestone, and, subsequently, add a few words, by way of general exhortation to the same impenitent; but, if you observed, he did not turn it from the error of its way! He is preaching now upon this same text; but don't think of lending him your ear: there is an animal in the aisle which can much better afford to make such a loan. "Fit audience" let him find, "though few?" See how attentive he is now! Let him drone on with his determined dullness—steal out of the church, and let us have a game at hop-scotch on a flat mural stone, till he is done, and had his say. He will make no converts to his heterodox opinions, unless it be Tom Dibdin, or Tom Moore, or Tom Hood, or some such serious bodies.

If you, dear ——, have made up your mind "to pun," it will save you a deal of vexation if you, at the same time, make up your mind to listen

to, and take no notice of, all sorts of dull-dog, stupid, serious objections to such an indulgence. Prepare yourself to hear the punless persons quote the dogma of that prosy old perpetual president of Pfozzi's parlour, Dr. Johnson, touching punning; but "heed not what they say." He, in one of his weak moments (and he had many of them, Colossus as he was) is said to have said "that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket." Now, to shew how little you can depend upon these morose moralists, this very Doctor Johnson himself would and did make puns, and turned them out in a workmanlike manner, too; and did you ever hear (I never did) that he picked a pocket? I doubt whether he ever indulged that way, because Boswell has made no mention of any such little eccentricity; and you know what a tittle-tattling, gossiping, Paul Pry-ing son of a previous old woman he was; not the sort of "Dougal creature" likely to cloak, conceal, cover-up, or wink at the worthy Doctor, if he had ever been so ingenious. Johnson's dogma, therefore, goes to the dogs. Homer punned; yet no account comes down to us of his propensity to pocket-larceny. Virgil punned—in imitation, of course, of his great epic master. Do you believe that Horace would not have quizzed him and smoked him not a little before great company if he had had any such affection as an unlawful love for

another man's pocket-money? Can you think, for one moment, that the great Augustus—the conservator of the public morals of Rome—(no very onerous task, by the bye)—would have set so bad a public example as to invite a poet—(always a poor creature, and, therefore, liable to suspicion)—to his table who could not keep his furtive fingers from picking and stealing, and let his pocket-handkerchief alone—though marked at the corner, C. A., by the fair hands of his daughter Julia—if indeed such a cleanly luxury was known in those old, barbarous days? It is unlikely.

To get a little out of chronological order—Moses punned! David, Solomon, St. Paul—all punned; but decorously. Those old pagan philosophers who shewed their lack of pockets through their pocket-holes—such grave fellows as old Socrates, Diogenes, Plato, Epicurus, Aristotle, and a score of such foolish teachers—the Jeremy Benthams and Bobby Owens of the young old world—all and severally, they punned, and thought it no transportable offence. You may be sure that the Laughing Philosopher punned: with what else could he have made himself so merry? Not that all the puns of these ingenious old gentlemen were meant to tickle midriffs: some were, no doubt, as grave as owls, and just as wise—levities, such as an undertaker of those days might listen to, and keep his face funereal-wise—unrisible quibbles—serious, solemn—such grave puns as, in these

days, might go round at a Quaker's funeral with the cake and wine—playings upon words as upon punning pipes—pipes with double sounds or meanings. To come to more modern instances, majestic Milton punned: read his "Superscription" on Hobson, the University Carrier, who

"—— died for heaviness that his cart went light!"

Ingenious Cowley punned: how else could he have been ingenious? Locke, he who thought so much of the human understanding—Dryden, Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Prior, Gay, Gray, Steele, Addison, and a good hundred more famous fellows, punned! And to come down to our day, the grave Dr. Southey puns! Even Mr. Liston puns! All happy-minded people pun! If a man has nothing on his conscience that much depresses it, he puns, of course!

My friend Herr Von Pückler dined with me, a few days since, in company with six merry friends of mine, all punsters by profession; and the good German seemed to enjoy himself mightily: for when there was a delicacy—a *bonne bouche*—offered him, out of courtesy to a stranger, the Herr Von Pückler took it, and opened his mouth; and when either of my merry-Andrew friends said a good thing which set the others on the roar, the Herr also opened his mouth, and gave a grunting sort of sound, expressive of something like enjoyment, but he did not laugh. He dined with me again only

yesterday, but not one of my merry friends was of the set, which was partly a business dinner-party; and, unfortunately for my lively German friend, the members were what the religious world call evangelical people—grave men, who have forgotten how to laugh, and have no notion of such a vanity and vexation of the spirit as being entertaining. Dinner *on* the table, the Von opened his mouth very often and very wide: dinner *off* the table, he kept his mouth still open, as if waiting for something which was wanting. Meantime the sober bottle went round, the discussion of a disputed point of faith went on as gravely, but the Von seemed to take no pleasure either in the wine or the theology. At length he spoke: "I likes *buns!*" cried Carl Von Pückler. I rang the bell, and whispered my servant to slip out, and get the German man a dozen buns, and set them upon the table with the next bottle: I thought that the dinner had not pleased his palate, fresh as he was from Germany, and that he had perhaps not eaten enough to satisfy the cravings of nature—German nature—which has a much larger stomach than English nature, and swallows enormous meals. A shilling's-worth of plum and plain buns were placed before Carl Von, and, for a time, furnished him with some satisfactory amusement. The thirteenth bun having gone after the other twelve, Carl Von Pückler broke silence again by saying, as

well as he could, for he was half choked with the quantity of penny sponges he had swallowed, "I likes *buns!*" "So I should think," thinks I to myself. "Get my inordinate friend, Mr. Von Pückler, some more buns, pray do, John," said I, "and let's keep him quiet somehow." Another plate, piled with buns, was placed before the Von, and for a time appeased him. There was a something I saw still wanting to make him happy, but I could not divine what. Just as the argument grew warm and high, in he broke again with "I likes *buns!*" "What do you mean, my dear Von Pückler?" asked I. "Say what sort of buns you prefer, and they shall be got for you." "Nach, nach," said he, half angrily, "not *buns*, but *buns*—to laugh vid—hah!" The murder was now out: the poor imperfect-tongued dear foreigner had all this while been asking me for *puns*, not *buns!*—such "quips and cranks" as he had heard from my merry friends when he dined with me the other day! And I had, all this while, mistaken his complaint, and treated him on the wrong system! When I explained to my pious friends what it was the poor man had been so long desiring, they relaxed their religiously rigid risible muscles for a moment, and gave a tolerable imitation of their recollections of a smile. But when he turned to them with tears in his eyes—tears from excess of bun—the spongy, puffy nature of

which diet had made the man spasmedical—and asked them to oblige him with some *buns*—still intending *puns*—they could contain their evangelical gravity no longer: they laughed, loudly, heartily, as though they enjoyed it; and I warrant you it did these sour sectarians good to shake their sides and their lungs with the agreeable strange convulsion. I sent for no more buns, but as I now knew what it was Von Pückler wanted to make him happy, I asked leave of my serious friends to send for my jocose friends, Gest and T. Jolly, junior—(Milton seems to have foreknown them, and described them, as "Jest and youthful Jollity.") They came; the German glowed again when he beheld them enter, the grave men took to them kindly, and thought them very pleasant fellows, and not profane; and we had such a merry night of it as would have made the lanky locks of good old John Wesley curl up like parsley.

And now, dear ——, I shall begin my serious advice to you. Occasionally you may *act* a pun: if it does nothing more, it will shew that you are pains-taking and laborious in your efforts at making yourself agreeable. For instance, if a Mr. Grabham—(there is such a person extant, and he dines out)—happens to form one of a dinner party where you, as luck may have it, also form one, and a ham also happens to make a part of the removes, stick to the ham, and, as deceitfully as you

can, oppose anything like its removal: get helped to it several times, which is sure to attract attention. If there are strangers present who don't know who you are, and what you are—whether Christian, Turk, or Jew—they will perhaps conjecture that you are the last, and that you are anxious to testify that a Jew can eat swinish meats, which is sure to draw further notice to you. Your host will, of course, watch your movements, as delicately as possible, and wonder what the d—l you are driving at; and the hostess, seeing him so attentive, will naturally be inquisitive also. The rest of the party, who *do* know you, will be struck by the extraordinary coincidence of your being helped three, four, or five times, as the plot works, to ham: "What can he possibly mean by persevering with such intractable, indigestible food?—a man like him, with a genius for indigestion!" will be the uppermost thought in their minds. Among others, Mr. Grabham himself will—aside, as it were—wonder at your perversity of taste: the moment that you catch his eyes glancing at your plate, for the last time filled, that is the moment which you should seize to work out your premeditated jest to a conclusion. Begin by exhibiting the liveliest fears and apprehensions for the safety of your plate and its contents. If you ever saw a hen covering her chickens while a hawk hovered overhead, give the best imitation you can of her

extreme concern: cower over your plate, and affect as much affright as possible. Mr. Grabham will stare, and look uneasy, which should, of course, encourage you to go on. Everybody else will stare: what can you desire more? Your host will by this time be so interested by the scene, that he will probably ask "What is the meaning of all this, Mr. ——? Is there anything unpleasant to you at the table?" Then is your time for an explanation of your "inexplicable dumb show." You will reply—"Oh no—nothing unpleasant! I have only a not unwarrantable apprehension, I believe, of a gentleman sitting beside me with so threatening a name, to one with so well-known a partiality for a particular dish, as *Grab-ham*." If the company are of the right sort, they will receive such a diligent piece of elaborately worked out pleasantry with a rewarding laugh, in which your victim, Mr. G., will, of course, join heartily, in self-defence: if they are not of the right sort, the sooner you hear that "Mr. ——'s cab, No. 365, stops the way," the better for your safety one way, if not for the other.

Talking of taking improper liberties with names, one of the best pieces of impudence of this sort I ever heard of concerns a respectable old resident in one of the Inns of Court, *hight* Nation. A Mr. Waggle, an impertinent dog of my acquaintance, had to write to this Mr. Nation on some legal business, and not knowing whether it was John, Thomas, or Nathaniel

Nation he had to address, and not liking to style him plain "Mr. Nation," and disliking just as much to superscribe his letter "—— *Nation, Esq.*"—for the humour's sake—nothing more—he gave him three Christian initials, which his godfathers and godmothers, as good protestant Christians, would as soon have thought of "holding faith with heretics" as of sponsorially bestowing upon him; and, boldly, he addressed him "*D. A. M. Nation, Esq.*" The letter, so directed, went through the usual Post-Office processes, and came, in due course, into the hands of the Temple postman. He, a man of letters at all points, of course, immediately detected the clerical error: for he knew that there was but one "Mr. Nation" in the Temple, and that his Christian name was "John." He thought, therefore, and thought rightly, that the misdirection must be a joke, and greatly did he enjoy that joke. "No sooner said than done," as the moralists say. Off he went to Hare Court, impatient for the *denouement*, or "the issue," as the Templars would say. He speculated, and not without hope, upon the preparatory laughter which he and Mr. Nation's clerk, coat-brusher, and brief-receiver, Mr. Tomkins Tomlins, would have and enjoy, as a joint usufruct, to themselves on the stair-head upon which Mr. Nation's chambers abutted, before Mr. Nation himself could, in his turn, enjoy the joke, or not enjoy it, as his humour suited. He rushed up the two flights of stairs—

like a pigeon sent express—all agog for the sport; but he was fated to be disappointed of his immediate enjoyment, for on the office-door was this *affiche*, written in a round, clerkly hand, and stuck fast with a wafer:—"Gon out. Back in harf an hour." Mr. Walker, the postman, for it was he, *could* have dropped the letter through the usual letter-slit in the door of chamberers; but then, in that case made and provided, he would have lost the innocent laugh he had made up his mind and his mouth to have with Mr. Tomkins Tomlins, the clerk, coat-brusher, &c., of Mr. Nation. What did Walker do in this emergency? This. He went the rest of his walk round the Temple, and came round again to Hare Court, and to No. 5 in it; and once more he flew up stairs, three steps at a time, to Mr. Nation's chambers, "Second floor, Right." The *affiche* was down, and the clerk, &c. "Back," &c. Mr. Walker seized the little brass knocker, which a lawyer, with one brief in a term, would like to hear rat-tat-tat-tat-ing rather frequently; but what was remarkable, he could not give the accustomed twopenny postman's "rat-tat," which says "Tup-punce" as plain as knocker can speak. Poor fellow, he was so big with the joke, that "his right hand forgot its cunning;" his knock was a failure, and the little brass knocker fell feebly and inarticulately upon the door out of his trembling hand, shaken with laughter. Mr. Tomlins, clerk,

&c., came to the chamber-door—not as clerks do, with learned pen behind the learned ear, or pen and penknife in hand, nibbing the one with the other—but he came with Mr. N.'s black coat, powdered all over the collar, and half down the back, in his left hand, and in his right a clothes-brush. Walker thrust the letter missive in at the door before it was half open, and then fell back against the opposite chambers door-post in an incontrollable explosion of laughter. Mr. Tomlins looked severely grave, for a moment, as became him as clerk, &c., to Mr. Nation, when he heard a twopenny postman laughing so indecorously, and beheld the offensive misdirection: but, "as Master was out," he ultimately took the joke, and enjoyed it, too, with Mr. Walker; and there the pleasant pair were to be seen, each leaning against a door-post, and rolling about in an agony of fun. But while they were in the height of their amusement, a pair of creaking shoes were heard stepping slowly up stairs—the laughter suddenly ceased—Tomlins darted in and shut the door—Walker ran up the other two flights of stairs, not daring to meet the creaking shoes, because Mr. Nation was suspected to be in them—and "All was silent as death," as who is it says? Mr. Nation knocked at his door—it opened—he entered—his clerk, &c., met him with a smirk—then, averting his face, presented the letter, and got out of court as fast as he could.

If he laughed in the ante-room, it was "in his sleeve," or else in the sleeve of Mr. Nation's black coat with the powdered collar, which he kept brushing away, as hard as he could, to smother his giggling with the bustle of his brushing. Mr. Nation, of course, flew into what is descriptively called "a 'nation passion," and threatened to horsewhip the wag who had taken such an impertinent liberty with his respected name. "*DAMNation, Esq.*, indeed !" he exclaimed ;—"How dare he? the puppy ! What will 'the Profession' be subjected to next, I wonder ?" Mr. Tomlins, clerk, &c., got, it is said, notice to quit, and, it is also said, a box on one of his ears, it is not known which, for daring to laugh in his master's face when he shewed him the insulting superscription.

So far the joke worked well; but it did not leave off working here. Mr. Walker must go and tell it as a good thing to another Temple clerk, &c., up another two pair of stairs—who "up and told it" to the clerks in the third and fourth stories—who told it, as the best joke they had ever heard in their lives, to all the clerks of their acquaintance up and down all the other stairs of the Temple. It came at last to the ears of one of the Benchers, Mr. *Surrey Butter*, a wag himself, dearly loving "a mirth-moving jest," and telling one admirably. He told it in the Hall at dinner—all the Benchers there

told it to all the Benchers who were not there: it went the circuit with the briefless—who, of course, told it to the judges at the assize-dinner—who told it again to their friends not of the law; and, lastly, it made its way from an antechamber of St. James's (where it was told to a lord in waiting by the Recorder, in waiting, too, to lay his report of capital convicts before the King,) into the Presence-chamber, where it wonderfully tickled his late good-humoured Majesty; and when the court, and courtiers, and Inns of Court, had done with it, I became its fortunate possessor, and tell it again in my way, that you, my lively young friend, for whom I write this Tractate and Treatise upon Punning, and joking in general, may tell it, finally, in your own easy inimitable manner.

By the way, it is rather odd, and not by no means "a concatenation accordingly," that it should fall to my lot—I who am neither wit nor wag—to give you my notions upon wit and waggery; but as you have asked for them, you shall have them. Perhaps the task might have fallen into worse hands, as I may be considered, at least, an impartial judge? You will read me: I give you, therefore, one piece of good advice. As you are a wit, do not read works of wit. There are not many such works: you might carry them all in a barrister's brief-bag—one of the capacity, for instance, of

Serjeant T———'s, which, dropping into one of the law-courts, the other day, I was pleased to observe was very sizeable, and full to overflowing. Don't read works of wit, I say again. Some persons conceive that a book of wit to a man of wit is like a hone to a razor—that it sets him—gives him a fine edge without wiryness—and makes him shave sharp and clean, without rasping or cutting the thin-skinned blockheads on whom he has occasionally to operate. I do not think so: on the contrary, I suspect that it in no way sharpens that weapon—his wit, but oftentimes takes off the fine edge of its original keenness. I speak from experience, for I have said more good things since I left off reading works of wit—and that is seven years since—than I ever said in all my previous life. One of these I blurted out, and could not help it: the other I half said, and prudently thought I had better not vent the rest: so I drew in my horn, and never had reason to repent it—a forbearance which I recommend to you for imitation: for it is often a greater wisdom to forbear to speak than to speak —a forbearance which some of the few foolish fellows of wits I know cannot imitate—they must out with it, and repent it afterwards, when they have found that their most incontinent tongues have got them into scrapes which they cannot easily get them out of. I have never repented my restraint of the unruly member; and am, I think,

as well contented with being the author of one joke and a half, as Hood—the Rothschild of the *Jeu-d'esprit* world—is with his millions of jokes.

By the way, again, you may be asked "What Wit is?"—not that you are obliged to give a pertinent answer to so impertinent a question, unless it be by making the querist feel what wit is by drawing your weapon o' the instant, and thrusting him through and through with it. My friend Waggle —a man of wit, I believe—was once asked, in my company, to describe what a man of wit was. The ungracious dog looked at the dullest man in the company—a slug, a slow-worm at anything quick and intellectual—and made answer—"A man of wit is he who, in the battle of brains, has his rapier drawn first, and has pricked you through your five button-holes before you have placed yourself in your first position." Wit has never yet been well defined. Is it the lightning of the mind?—or is it two dry ideas rubbed together till they fire and throw out a spark—(brilliant, of course)—as the Indians produce flame by rubbing two dry sticks together till they "flare up?" Whatever wit is, it is a scarce production, and hard to manufacture. I don't know half-a-dozen men in the wholesale trade: there are plenty of retailers, but they are all in the puddling way, and get little or nothing by it.

And now a word or two of general advice. If

you have a friend whose name will admit of being twisted, in any way, into a pun, be sure that you let him know that it can be so tortured, on all proper occasions; and there are none so proper as improper occasions—especially if you are in a company partly known to you. If a country cousin present, answering to the same pun-provoking name, should start a little, and look as if he or she thought you was taking a great liberty with his or her dear relative and dearer name, repeat the pun, to put down all puny opposition and exhibit your independence. If then the country coz persists in not relishing your easy assurance, let him pick a quarrel with you, if he will—or do you pick one with him; but it is always better that he should begin the affray, because it is always wise to have "the law on your side." So thought Sampson—(not the gate-carrier—a discreeter man)—ere he "bit his thumb" at "a dog of the house of Montague;"—a grave authority—for Sampson was a punster, as well as one who could "strike, being moved," as you may see, if you will study his character as drawn by that punster of punsters and pleasantish play-wright, Shakspeare—a poet whom I can recommend to your notice, if you have not already met with him. He was, at one time, very popular, but has somehow—I know not why—fallen into what the learned call desuetude.

But this is a digression. As I was about to say —nothing is so likely to cement a long and lasting friendship as beginning an acquaintanceship with a quarrel. If it is a female coz who is the objector, and you are a bachelor, and she is interesting and richish, if your own name cannot easily be punned upon, tell her, like a candid man, how she may escape such jokes in future, and handsomely offer her the use of your name for life. There is nothing so promising of marriage as beginning the negotiation with a little aversion on one side: no persons are so soon likely to come face to face as those who are back to back. Nature abhors such a diphthong, as much as the philosophers say she abhors a vacuum. I know of an instance of the young heads of two respectable families falling in love with each other's faces simply because they were placed back to back for a moment, that their mutually-fond mothers might measure, head to head, how much John and how much Jane had grown since they were last measured; when it was found that they tallied to a hair, which marked them out as made for each other — so their mothers said. John, being a lively fellow, did what was customary upon such occasions: he jerked his head back, which, as it was hard and tolerably thick, hurt the tenderer head of Jane, made it ache for an hour, and set her railing against him as a brute and a bear.

The upshot was, that in one month they were married!

There is no end, as I have said, to punning upon proper names—nor should there be. When you begin with them, therefore, make up your mind resolutely to "go the whole hog." As I am in the humour for digressing, allow me to remark, by the way, that that phrase—"going the whole hog"—is as much misunderstood as any phrase in modern use. All sorts of incompetent interpretations of that interesting metaphor have been given by all sorts of incompetent persons, not one of which, or of whom, have approached the true and original meaning of this favourite flower of Parliamentary oratory. Everybody ought to know—but they do not—that "a hog" is, in cant language, a shilling. Two scamps—(for none but scamps gamble)—were tossing up for sixpence a time, when one of the scamps becoming desperate—(as scamps do when they are pocketing other people's money)—because he was winning the other scamp's sixpences "like winking"—(which expresses a great run of luck)—disdaining sixpences when shillings might be won as easily, cried out "Here, I'll go the whole hog with you at a fly!" "Done! Go it!" replied the other, and up flew "the whole hog," unlikely bird as it is said to be to fly, and the challenger won the toss, and "many another one." And this

is the true origin of the metaphor. Note that down.

As I said but now—when you begin punning on proper names there is no end to your sport: it is like Cockney angling with a pin, a piece of thread, and a halfpenny cane, for sticklebacks—you may catch a bottle full in a few minutes. I give a few examples: "Examples are better than precepts," says dog's-eared Dilworth. You meet your particular friend Smith lugging home an anker of Hollands, smuggled from that foreign part of his Dutch Majesty's dominions called Whitechapel—carried clandestinely heaven knows how many miles below bridge in wherries and other smuggling vessels—"run" up the High Street of Gravesend—bought cheap, on the sly, by the voyagers there—and *sometimes*, if the officers of Customs are not on the alert, brought successfully back again to Whitechapel—(a little weaker for the voyage and coasting)—and, finally, is bought again as a bargain, at rather more perhaps than double the price it might have been purchased at in the aforesaid Whitechapel—I say, when you overtake Smith under all these interesting circumstances, he, of course, admits you into his confidence, winks, shakes his head, looks uncommonly knowing, shews you the head of the anker under his cloak, laughs, crows, exults—you chuckle, too—call him an *anker-Smith*—he laughs again—invites you home—

taps the anker, and, as it is really "pretty tipple," as the dry wags say, you and Smith smoke "the smoky" till it is five pints the worse for it. This is a profitable pun, that pays you.

If you are where there is what is slangishly called "a good spread," and you observe your friend Ward indulging in port, when there are much dearer wines on table, you may, I think, take the liberty to ask him whether he is in any way connected with Portsoken Ward. Is Mr. Card, the eminent flautist—(that is the word—flute-player is vulgar)—one of the party! Contrive somehow to get seated next to him, that if anybody doubts what you assert you may safely say "You speak by the Card." Perhaps a picture-fancier may be present. If he boasts of having picked up a Titian, and talks much of the scarcity of Titians, contradict him flatly—tell him they are not scarce, but plentiful, and that you know where there are many, at that very moment, to be bought cheaply. He will prick up his virtuoso ears, and ask "Where?"—answer "Here!—poly-ticians." He will hate you from the bottom of his heart; but never mind that: and so will all the politicians present, after your declaration that they are to be bought, and that cheaply: that, too, you need not mind. This is a sort of chain-shot pun, doing double service.

Perhaps the conversation may turn upon that

unworthiest of all subjects to engage the attention of a rational man—eating—now, exalted into a science, and called Gastronomy. By all means have a fling at that, whether asked, or not asked for your opinion. You may say, that as Astronomy is—knowing all about the stars, Gastronomy must mean, you should think, an intimate knowledge of gas-lamp lighting, as far as your own parish is concerned. If that does not "choke them off," pinch them a little tighter next time. If a Scotchman is present, he is pretty sure to give "The *bonny* Lasses" as his "toast and sentiment:" every Englishman present, in his awkward attempt at an imitation of Mr. Donald Macdonald's pronunciation of "*bonny* lasses," you may be sure, will call them "*bony* lasses:" let them drink the toast, but when it comes to your turn, turn down your glass. An explanation of your extraordinary conduct will be demanded, of course—especially by Mr. Donald Macdonald, who will look as cutting as a claymore at you. Rise then, and coolly and calmly confess that, if you have a preference, you certainly do prefer *meaty* to *bony* lasses. Mr. Donald Macdonald, if he is one of that remarkable few of Scotchmen who properly appreciate a pun, will immediately give you a friendly grip, and hob-and-nob with you, as "a claver chiel." If he is not so gracious with you, wait till he sings "*The Cam'ells are coming*," and

sit silent when everybody else is applauding his song "to the Echo." Mr. Donald Macdonald will perhaps say, "Ye didna seem to ralish ma sang, Sare?" Rise again, and assure him that you did, partly; but that you did not feel so much interest in the announcement that "the Cam'ells" were coming, for you had already seen them about the streets—you were more curious to learn when the dromedaries were likely to arrive, as you had never seen them. If you manage this well, you may make the warm-headed Scotchman quarrel with you, and by tickling him like a trout during the course of the dispute, you may so win upon him—as he is sure to be as warm hearted as headed—that the affair will end in his asking you to dinner next day. If he does, go.

If Hook, or Hood, or Luttrell, or Dr. Maginn, or any other first-form punster, is present, "affect a virtue, if you have it not," and modestly play second fiddle. You may, in the course of the first course, observe that you do not know which is most pungent, the particularly piquant dish before you, or the relishing pun you have just heard from one of those merry wags, whichever it may be. Either one will take it not amiss. It is always a compliment to a man of talent to imitate him, if you do not "imitate him abominably." It is equally flattering to follow an eminent man; but if, under pretence of following him, you push on

before him, you may be tolerably certain of having a pretty sharp sudden pull-up, to teach you better manners. I need not tell you that it is one thing to follow a man, and another thing to go before him. If you cannot immediately understand this, walk up to Westminster Hall on the 9th of November next, and observe the remarkable difference there is in the carriage and conduct of the fresh Lord Mayor sworn in, and the stale Lord Mayor sworn out; and you will perceive at once what I mean. The difference is as great as between a sole caught yesterday, and one which has been kicked and cuffed about for many days at Billingsgate. Do you understand me now? If not, walk into Smithfield on a market-day, and remark the difference of treatment which a butcher's dog meets with when he quietly follows at the heels of an ox, not offending him, and when he forgets himself and runs before him to pin him by the throat: he gets a horn in his ribs in the one case, and is permitted as a follower in the other.

I believe you know Crease, the patentee of a superior sort of paint, much advertised, and therefore much used?—a worthy man, with a large little family. It is worth your while to invite him and family down to your villa at Wimbledon, for this joke's sake. Having got them down there, send the young ones to amuse themselves at your duck-pond. When they are in the height of their

juvenile enjoyment—dabbling in the mud, and all over duck-weed—contrive to lead Mr. and Mrs. Crease in that direction. The tender parents will perhaps hardly know their young, so recently decent, and will haply be a little angry at the mess they are in: put in your joke then, and ask them "Whether the dear sucklings do not look uncommonly like 'young water-Creases?'" (Never mind the Cockney vulgarity of the pronunciation.) The worthy couple will be sure to laugh—the boys will be forgiven—the mother will dry their tears—your maid will dry their trowsers—and next day the Wimbledon carrier will drop at your door patent paint enough to double-coat every post, garden-pot, and pale about your villa, as a present to their pleasant friend—you! Who else?

As I have said, there is no end to punning upon proper names: I thank the wag who made a beginning with them. Shenstone, the poet, poor creature! had the weakness—I had almost said the wickedness—to thank Heaven that "the surname which had descended to him was liable to no pun!" Now I thank Heaven that mine is—to twenty puns—the more the merrier. Oh that he were "a living dog," though an unhappy one, and not "the dead lion" of the Leasowes, that I might have the pleasure of setting Tom Hood at him, to "try a fall with him," and show him that his name *is* liable to a pun. Tom would take that

poor conceit out of him, or break his great heart in the trial.

You may pick out a few very passable puns from among the note-mongers upon poor Shakspeare, and serve them rightly too, the tedious blockheads! Lead the conversation that way, and at a proper opportunity say, that "He who has read every commentator on Shakspeare is very likely to end in becoming what you have become—a comment hater." Then go on to add, that, "For your part, you can place no dependence upon any new reading by Reed: that you consider Warton no better than a wart on Shakspeare's otherwise spotless face; that Malone (*Mal*, French, *bad*) is nothing better than a bad one; that Pope is not infallible; that you see no great difference between Johnson and Jackson; and that Hazlitt is almost the only critic who has lit his lamp at the shrine of Shakspeare." And so on.

Many terms used in the daily business of life may be turned to the punster's account. The men who use them know this, and often "palter with us in a double sense," while they are picking our pockets with a bran-new scheme for filling their own, or "trying on" a new fraud upon us, to see whether it will "fit." An impudent dog of my acquaintance—a fertile projector of new companies, and an ingenious contriver of new inventions to get at other people's money—was, the other day,

boasting that, in a newly-blown bubble of his, he was "backed" by a great personage. Upon inquiring further into the matter, I found, as I suspected, that he had, indeed, been *backed* in it by the nobleman named; for his Grace had kicked him out of ——— House, prospectuses and all!

Mr. Pope, deliberate poet as he was, was hasty enough to say, that "a little learning was a dangerous thing," and that you should "drink deep or taste not;" but you are not obliged to pin your faith in such matters upon Mr. Pope's sleeve. He might as well have said that you were in as much danger of drowning in a baking-dish filled from a well as in the well itself: or that you were as likely to be drunk from tossing off one glass as draining two bottles of good old Falernian: you must know better, so don't mind his *bam.* "A little learning" (or not quite enough) of our English tongue had like to have proved "dangerous" to my erudite friend Hermann, a German, while "rusticating" in this country, that he might know and see something of the land and the people that gave birth to *his* idolized Shakspeare. The Professor had given his O-no-we-never-mention-'ems, for certain needful repairs, to a little sporting slang tailor in his neighbourhood. When done, and as good as new again, they were, of course, brought home to Mr. Hermann's lodgings. "How mosh?" inquired the Professor, pulling out

his purse. "Eight and a *kick*," answered the little slang tailor. Mr. Hermann lifted up his eye-brows over his gold spectacles, and then stared through them at the little slang tailor, and muttered "Meine Gott! dat is very ott of him! Vat does de liddle mans vants vid de kick?" But though grievously puzzled, Mr. Hermann, like a good ready-money German, gradually counted down eight good white Williams upon the nail; and, that done, paused, and looked thoughtful. "And a *kick*, Mounseer," (for he thought that all foreigners were Mounseers,) quietly demanded the little slang tailor. Mr. Hermann, a philosopher of the Transcendental school, and a Professor of Humanity at Leipsic, very properly hesitated to comply with the unaccountable demand in full: the demandant, therefore, repeated it, and "bated not a jot." "Vell, it is very ott!" murmured Mr. Hermann, and he fell into a fit of rumination upon the extraordinariness of the incident. Now the Professor flattered himself that he knew our tongue "better as a native"—better than many of the natives I have no doubt he did; but to be certain that he was making no mistake, he took down Smart's Jones's Todd's Walker's Johnson's Dictionary from his book-shelves, and turned to the word "*Kick*:" the text was clear:—

> "*Kick*, *s.* a blow with the foot.
> *To kick*, *v. a.* to strike with the foot."

Nothing could be clearer; and yet he hesitated! While he consulted the authorities, the little slang tailor quietly looked over him, and as he shut the book once more reminded him that "He hadn't guven him the *kick*." Thus pressed, however painful it was to the proper feelings of a Professor of Humanity to kick any man, even though he insisted upon it, he complied with as good a grace as he could, and, catching hold of the little slang tailor by the collar, gave him such a kick as he might have taken for a horse's if he had not known that it was a German's. Little tailor as he was, as he could count ten—that is, could handle his two bunches of fives scientifically—he immediately gave Mr. Hermann the regular Fives Court "one, two" in his pantry—laid him flat on the floor, Eastward and Westward — and candidly, and considerately too, told him that he should have given him "two for his nob," if he had not had his spectacles on. An explanation was then made on both sides; when Mr. Hermann, too late, discovered that "a *kick*" was slang for "sixpence"!! (*Vide* Pierce Egan, *passim.*) He, of course, apologized in the handsomest manner; and the "little learning" of my friend Hermann, the German, cost him an order for two new suits, as a pacificator of the outraged feelings of the little slang tailor; and an indignant letter to Mr. Smart, complaining bitterly of the fatal omission under

the verb "kick," and deploring the error into which it had led him.

I know but of one other instance of "a little learning" being "a dangerous thing," and that was the venial error of a foolish Frenchman, who knowing so much English as that "to bait" was to set dogs at and worry some poor animal—such as a bear or a badger—and seeing written up at a livery-stable "Horses taken in to bait," he jotted down in his note-book "The English are so fond of cruel sports, that they bait bulls, bears, badgers, and horses."

A "little learning" of the English language is so far dangerous. But leave such mistakes as these to foreigners. Have a shy, yourself, at a few puns in the learned languages. Nothing sets up the pins of a punster so soon and so steadily, and dines him out so surely. The beauty of this sort of puns is, that those who do understand them enjoy them excessively, and those who do not, affect to look as if they did, and incontinently cry "Hah!" and "Excellent!" and "Capital!"—so that you please all parties. The Latin language is very accommodating in this respect, and, for a dead tongue, makes itself extremely lively and entertaining. Never hesitate at taking a few licentious liberties with its quantities, or at "committing short and long," as Milton phrases it. It was not bad of a country schoolmaster, for instance,

on seeing Bill and Dick, two of his precious pupils, picking themselves up out of a ditch, thus paraphrasing the old exclamation, "*Mirabile dictu!*" "*Mircy Billy! Dick too?*" What better latinity could you look for from a country Dr. Keate?

It makes a pretty "invite" to send your card to a learned friend with some such inscription as this superadded—"*Super hoc leman:*" which, if he is wise, he will rightly translate into "Very superior Hock, and Le Mann biscuits," call a cab, and get at your chambers in no time: if he is otherwise, he will wonder what the d——l you mean by it, and stay where he is, like the blockhead he is. In that case, you have lost a pun, but saved your hock and biscuits: so give thanks. Next day, if you have leisure, you may write him —"What a booby you are! You deserve a flogging, and the first time you call on me I'll trim your *jactabit* (jacket a bit)." Brought to a sense of his stupidity, he will send you an invitation to a supper and a song, to atone, in some measure, for his misconduct; and make all kinds of professions how he esteems you, and all that sort of thing. In your reply give him another Latin pun upon *cantabit:* tell him "He may *cant a bit,* if he pleases, but you cannot *chant a bit*; and, as for eating, you *can't a bit.*" He will instantly see what a pleasant friend he has offended; and, if you want a bill accepted next day, be so eager to oblige you,

that he will perhaps spoil the stamp by spilling the ink over it, in his hurry to write his name—"John Tomkinson"—boldly across the back of it. If he is thoroughly repentant, he will then send out for a fresh stamp, and say "You had better make it a hundred, instead of fifty, pounds?"—to which, if you are placable, you will consent, to accommodate him. The next time you invite him, ask him only to tea, and give him nothing but tea—not a cake, crumpet, muffin, slice of dry toast or buttered, or anything which should accompany tea. If he asks for anything, stop his mouth with one of his own favourite Latin sentences—"*Nihil ad te*, (Nothing at tea.)"

Now and then, in the course of your practice, a political pun will tell extremely well. It has become so much the custom lately in the House of Commons whenever any great question is coming to the vote, for half a hundred of the members to pair off, that, if the fashion progresses well, we may in no long time expect to see some such return of a great division as this:—

Ayes	25
Noes	33
Paired off . .	600
Majority	8

If you are among political people, prove logically, as well as punically, that such a House of Commons

as this is, *de facto*, a *Chambre des Pairs*; and that, consequently, if the present House of Commons abolishes the House of Lords, as they threaten to do, they will find themselves precisely in the melancholy condition of the celebrated quarrelsome cats of Kilkenny, who ate up each other, all but the tip of "the tail" of "the late member for Kilkenny."

If you are among whigs and radicals, and the Dowager Queen Adelaide is charged with all sorts of political sins and errors, you may safely say that "There is *a deal laid* to her charge, which you, as a gallant man, and a tolerably good subject, don't believe to be true, and, what is more, won't." You will lose a dinner-invitation, or two; but never mind that.

You may, occasionally, take such a liberty with French pronunciation and a friend's book as this. Figgins, who is such a lover of the literature of his own country that he never reads it, but is all for the foreign writers, lends you his French copy of Fouché's Memoirs. Make that copy valuable to him, if only for your autograph's sake, by putting this note in the margin upon the name of "*Louis Dix-huit*:"—"*Qy.?*—What relationship was there between our *Dick Suett* and the French one?" If this tells, you may try it again in another shape. After dinner, somewhere, turn the conversation upon cooks—an interesting theme to

most men, for cooks remind men of cookery, and cookery of good and bad eating. Compare the two most eminent cooks of modern times, M. Ude and M. Carême, with each other: venture a pun upon the name of the latter—something about *cream*: then express your sorrow that the last is fast superseding the first in reputation with the eating world, and observe that poor Ude is growing thin, and just such a shadow of a man as Dick Suett was when he, that poor anatomy himself, kept all the town alive, and fattened men (with laughter) while he looked starved—Ude's case exactly. Conclude by regretting that so eminent an *artiste* should so gradually decline and fall into *D.-Suett-Ude* (or *desuetude*.) This should, properly, be a manuscript pun; but carefully served up, and well seasoned, it will pass very pleasantly off if orally delivered at table.

There are very few tables at which conundrums are not welcome, for your conundrum is a pleasant species of small wit. Good conundrums are well enough, but bad are the best. I will here set you up with a few—good, bad, and indifferently bad. Always, as a general rule, begin your funning and your punning by enlisting the ladies present on your side, and having got "the fair" in your favour, never heed the opposition of the two or three male frumps who would frown down such levities, but go on to ask next, "Why a pickled

egg is like an egg thrown up in the air?" They will, perhaps, not guess that, as pickling of eggs is a mode of preserving them now out of fashion, though once very common. (In Clerkenwell there is a locality, properly called Pickled-Egg Walk, which the Clerkenwellers have of course corrupted into Pickled-Leg Walk; and a public tap bears the same sign. Gentleman's Magazine proofs these of the antiquity of the custom of salting eggs.) Called upon for an explanation, answer, "Because it is *exalted* (*egg salted*.)" Encouraged by their gentle, genial smiles, or, better still, their well-bred laughter—(and the laughter of lovely girls is more gladdening than wine)—try your hand again by asking them, "Why a man who spends twenty shillings foolishly is necessarily very nice eating?" The ladies having "given it up," after much ingenious speculation, and a great quantity of very happy giggling, let them know that it is "Because he is a pound cake." They will never thereafter lunch upon those heart-shaped delicacies without thinking of you and your conundrum—an impression made in your favour, if ever you should think seriously of making marriage proposals to one of the fair party. When the ladies have retired, take a turn at the old boys. If a sporting man is present, demand of him "Who was the greatest bottle-holder of antiquity?" If he is a Cambridge man, and has read, he will answer, "The Great

Secunder (Alexander the Great.)" If an officer of the Guards is one of the party, set him up for a wag at the mess-table by inquiring of him "When one of his men, if fifty years old, doubles his age?" He will suggest—"When he is a *sentry*." A good answer, for a guardsman. If a gentleman grazier is extant, and there—one who talks much of his tups, and ewes, and rams—ask him "Why a ram is like a *liqueur*?" A grazier, though a gentleman, is not likely to guess. Answer—"Because he is *noyau (no ewe.)*" If an Irishman is present, and you want to put his nationality to the trial, ask him "To what part of Ireland all the loose women of London should be sent?"—and put him in a passion by replying to his "Whereabout?" —"To *Bellefast*." Then turn your attention to "things in general."

An outrageous jest, as it is called, sometimes tells very well in the end: for though, for a moment, every man's hand is against you for a joke which seems almost no joke, but serious—when it is over, and the participators in it are glad it is no worse—and it is at last clearly understood and pleasantly relished—the outrage discovered to be no outrage at all—and you feel comfortable that you have escaped being kicked down stairs, or thrown out of the window—you rise suddenly fifty per cent. in your friends' opinion of your wit, and their safety in hearing the worst you can say, as it turns

out to be the best. My lively friend, Waggle, as wicked a wit as I wot of, lately "outraged all decent society," (so the society said, for a few minutes, till the matter was made plain,) by roundly asserting to the uxorious faces of six married men, that there was not one of them who was not *horned*. Every man fired, and flew up, like cherry-bounce, demanded immediate satisfaction, and felt for his card-case. It seemed as if poor Waggle would have had to meet all six of them next morning: but he explained. Coolly laying hold of the trembling hand of his next neighbour, he shut down his fingers, and cocked up his thumb. He then demanded to know "What that well-pared, acorn-shaped, transparent, hard substance was which covered one-half of its tip so handsomely! You cannot call it skin," said he, "nor flesh, nor bone: what is it, then? *Horn! Ergo*—every married man here, who has a thumb, is *horned*." They immediately drank his health, and he became popular. It was his first visit—and now he is always there at feeding-time. Draw your own moral.

It was not a bad pun of that scarce article a facetious M.P., who, while spanking along with a pair of bays, the other day, found his horses suddenly arrested by a sheriff's officer. "Pray, Sir," he inquired, "are you licensed to let (meaning to hinder) horses?" "No, Captain," answered the

officer. "Then let 'em alone," said Captain—— say Smith. But the shoulder-tapper knew better than that, and made his caption. So the Captain walked down to the house, as he could not be touched, and the bays were duly impounded.

That same merry fellow, Waggle, one of whose capers I have just related, is the wag for turning a good name to good account. I remember once introducing him to a Mr. Hatt. When they shook hands he turned his jocund eye to me, and softly whispered "Felt." You may be sure that he was not insensible to the fitness of such a name for puns unlimited: however, he let him alone, for Hatt had a pretty wife, and it is one of my friend Waggle's maxims never to make a man appear in any way ridiculous in the eyes of his wife—a very excellent rule—for if she loves him she will hate you for your pains, and if she does not, why should you add one more reason to too many which she has for her distaste? When we were on our way home, he broke silence about Mr. Hatt. "An easy fellow that Hatt—fits capitally—and don't look amiss—'best beaver' I should think? Wants a *leetle* brushing up, perhaps: never saw so smooth, unruffled a man: nothing disturbs his nap: I don't suppose that if I was to run away with his young wife that he would trouble himself to do more than cry out—'Why, d—n the fellow, he's taken my best *Hatt!*'" As we walked

homeward one of *Hansom's* safety-cabs came dashing along towards us, and just as I was remarking that they were the handsomest vehicles about town, the horse slipped and sent a shower of mud over both of us. "The handsomest cabs about town are they?" cried Waggle: "I say '*Han'som*' is as *Han'som*' does!'"

Waggle is a dabchick at a conundrum. He puzzled a conjuror in that way by asking "Why a book of Sacred Songs was like Sarah all over mud?" They gave it up. "Because it is *Sall-muddy* (*Psalmody*)." I remember that we were disputing, that same evening, which of two brothers of the name of Bone—friends of his—was the oldest, Harry or Tom. Harry has that pleasing peculiarity of pronunciation for which your thorough-bred Londoners are most remarkable—of asking you to "Take the *hair* with him," when he only intends that you should take the *air*, &c. &c. His brother Tom, a Cockney like himself, avoids that error, by omitting the *H* where it should be, and saying "Miss 'Obbs 'as a very fine 'ead of 'air! Remarkable!" Waggle kept cutting his jokes upon these peculiarities, and gave us a very lively, laughable dialogue between the two brothers, exhibiting their several talents at clipping and disfiguring "the Queen's English;" and as he personated them, that we might make no mistake, he let us know who the speakers were as he went on:

"Now *Trom-Bone* speaketh: to him *Haitch-Bone* answereth." Mr. H——k would have enjoyed his "antic disposition," and the dramatic skill with which he worked up the dialogue.

I remember, too, on that same evening, his undertaking to prove, at the tea-table—(the conversation having turned from the high price of sugar, to the substitute for our sugar which the ingenious French now manufacture from beet-root)—that a French wife had an undoubted right to beat Monsieur her husband, and that such a beating must be very sweet and agreeable to him—"*Sucre de Betterave*," or better-half—sugar of wife.

I met Waggle one day, in a swingeing passion, with a hammer-headed horsewhip, such as is used by sportsmen, in his hand. I asked him where he was going, so heated, and in such a hurry. "To *Hammersmith*." "But this is not the way!" said I. "Oh, is it not?" answered he: "Come with me, and you shall see." I walked with him. We had not gone far before we met a man of the name of Smith, who had libelled him. He charged him with it—he could not deny it, and so he horsewhipped him; and this was what he intended by "going to *Hammersmith*," punning even in passion! If Waggle is not a wag, who is? Sir Andrew —— ? My voice is for Waggle. Sir, you look like a sensible man, and a lover of your country, allow me to canvass you for your

vote and interest. Vote for Waggle and good-humour! You will—I see you will—in that well-lighted up corner of your eye. "Waggle for ever! and no Temperance Societies!" What a popular placard and blackguard cry that would make at his election!

I may as well, while I am about it, give you a few more instances of his waggery. A Mr. F. Ayling, not long since, got into the Bankrupt List. Waggle expressed no wonder at it, for, as he said, "He had been *FAyling* ever since he set up." Not many weeks after, poor Ayling's unfortunate name appeared in the obituary of a morning paper: Waggle saw nothing to be wondered at in that neither, for, as he said, "He had been *Ayling* all his life." Some one told him that D——, a gamester by profession, had gone over to Lubeck. "Gone to loo Beck, eh? He'd go to the D——l to loo anybody," said Waggle. As Leigh Hunt says, he could "turn a common name into uncommonness." I remember that his friend Buck, who had never been on the water before in his life, would rashly go all at once on a voyage to Gravesend by steam: the consequence was, as

> "The *seas* were rough—the sky was dark,
> And distant every joy,"

poor Buck hung out signals of distress before he had weathered Erith, and shortly afterwards

Waggle might be seen supporting his friend's "lily" head, like the tender friend he was, and encouraging him all the while to get better by cutting all sorts of jokes at his white cheeks, and his dead whiting's eyes, turned half-reproachfully, half-beseechingly up to heaven every now and then, in the extreme pathos of sickness, as if "the Blue above" was to blame for his weak stomach. Among other jokes, Waggle went so far, while he was supporting his head, as to remark "Your head is very heavy, Buck!" and he seemed to weigh it in his hands as he held it, and then broke out into that cry which the schoolboys make at a certain favourite game of theirs, "Buck, Buck, how many *horns* do I hold up?" Now as Buck had only been married two years, it is no imputation upon his candour that he answered not, except with an imploring look of his whiting's eyes, ecstatically rolling.

Bubb, a foolish acquaintance of Waggle's, having dropped the first of his two Christian names—Hubert William Bubb—because his too-familiar friends nicknamed him, for shortness' sake, *Hubbub*, or Hub. Bubb, which Mr. Bubb thought a very great liberty taken with a gentleman who kept a cab and a tiger—found himself all at once just as much in a quandary at the new and more horrible license of his friends' calling him "Billy Bubb!" "Now, Waggle," said he,

in a deprecatory tone, "don't call me Billy Bubb, I beg of you!" "Very well, Hubby," said the wag, "I won't, as you dislike it so much—suppose I call you *Silly Bubb* (*sillabub*)?" Bubb cut him dead from that time forth for evermore, and drove his cab and tiger right at him only a few days afterwards.

Waggle is as reckless a joker as I know, but "all in jest." Only think of his rising the other day, and addressing the grave President of a grave, learned society, a Mr. Blanchard—the gravest man I know—with a tankard of toast and water—the only strong liquor he takes—before him—only think of his rising and thus addressing him:

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Blankard,
Have the grace to push the tankard!"

Waggle only escaped expulsion by the Chairman's casting vote, who loved a joke, grave as he was.

Mr. Waggle has a happy knack at putting his jests into verse made extempore "for the nonce," or the nonsense, which you please. At a public dinner, a Mr. Fuller, a pretty large landed proprietor, spoilt him a pair of pantaloons—(to which Waggle was perhaps too partial, for he wore them, as most wits do their best things, on all occasions—we all have our weaknesses)—by pouring a boat-full of melted butter over them, instead of over his fish. He was recommended, by some one present, to apply a little fuller's earth. "I'll apply

for it," said he; and he immediately put up this petition to the author of the stain on the character of his pantaloons:—

"A man of acres, and a man of worth,
Give your poor wit—whose only land by birth
Just fills two garden-pots, which ornament
(Or rather were stuck there with that intent)
His *domus* poor, some of *your Fuller's earth*."

Mr. Fuller took the personality in good part, and, I believe, asked the poor wit to dinner several times, and you know what a mollifying effect such invitations have upon misfortune. Mr. Waggle was, in the early part of his career about Town—(I am not ashamed to say so much, for he is not)—sometimes dinnerless, which improvidence of his might be accounted for in this way: he never thought of providing himself with a dinner, and some one, quite as forgetful perhaps, neglected to ask him out to dine. He had the candour—when I asked him last Thursday what time he dined on the next day—to answer "Oh! dinner will be on table on Friday, for half-past Saturday, precisely!"—leaving me to understand that he should not dine till Sunday afternoon. Of course I collared him, figuratively, and made him lunch with me *ad interim*. Poor Waggle! I will say this for him—that, for a man of wit, he has not a bad appetite. How many aldermen would envy him that "fatal gift," if they could have it without his wit!

A man of wit is allowed by his friends to take many liberties with other persons for their private amusement, and he should always help himself, and take a great many more, if for no other reason, for this—that it is very pleasant at all times to have your full swing of liberty even to license, and a glorious privilege to have your own wilful, headlong way in anything. A pleasant fellow has an undoubted right—"the law allows it, and the court awards it"—to make himself unpleasant if he thinks fit so to indulge; and no one, not so gifted and permitted, should be suffered to put him out, or put him down. Not that it is impossible to be a man of wit or waggery without offence; but as it limits the range of the light artillery of your wanton Wit, and prescribes certain marks, targets, and bull's-eyes to be hit, or aimed at, and no others, lest his Majesty's lieges should suffer from his random firing, such limitations are a restraint on the liberty of the subject, to which his wilful witship will not easily submit: you might as well hope to prescribe to an impartial Irishman what particular heads he should break at Donnybrook Fair, when his philanthropy is universal enough to embrace the heads of all mankind. A thorough, persevering punster, or a true wag, should be like nothing on earth so much as Michael Malone recreating himself on that favourite field just mentioned—free, flourishing, "quick, nimble, forgetive"

of a quarrel, all alive and alert, "anybody's customer" at the shortest notice, his dearest friend his dearest foe, till he has "rattled his canister" and polished him off: that done, it is then quite time enough to explain, shake hands, and be friends again. I take a man of wit to be a fellow with lively parts and superior audacity of intellect—one who has the presence of mind to make himself and friends very merry at the expense of some inferior person with a dull disposition and the spirit of a mouse. Such a man is the proper butt for his bolts. He hits him in all his tender places, probes him to the quick, lashes him with "steel whips," makes him writhe, wriggle, and tortuously twist about as though a score of scorpions were stinging him, but all in jest—he means nothing—only to entertain "the groundlings" with a laugh, or that substitute for it "a shriek"—the now fashionable phrase for a laugh. I know a few good-natured wits, but they are poor fellows, and will never become popular, on that very weak account. Wits who are afraid to wound should never enter the field: the dashing fellows—the Murats of wit—will drive them out, or ride them down, in no time. A wit, if he seeks popular applause and conquest, should be armed and accoutred like a matador in a Spanish bull-ring, with a cloak, and a dagger under it, to irritate and strike. If you can make up your mind to be such

a man as this, my merry friend ——, you, who are ambitious of such a reputation, may be a man of wit. But if you are not, as I hope you are not, one

> "Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
> Would leave a sting within a brother's heart;"

if you cannot, from some "compunctious visitings of nature," afford to "go the whole hog," go no farther than you have gone, but be "merry and wise;"—which I take to mean—be good-humoured and considerate of your own feelings and the feelings of others—the happiest aim in the end.

> "A wit's a feather, and a ———"

——But you know the rest.

THE YOUNG MAN AT NINETY.

A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE.

"He is a Citizen," thought I, as I gazed respectfully at the venerable object of my cogitation, "who, having grown weary of the ways of the working-day world, *now*, in the seventh-day and Sabbath of his old age—wisely forsaking the Mart, the 'Change, and the populous paths that lead up to and terminate at the Temple-doors of too-much-worshipped Mammon—nestles here in this pleasant suburban hamlet, and passes away the small remainder of his days in undisturbed peace and meditative quietness—

"The Town forgetting, by the Town forgot."

It was an old gentleman who had, a few minutes previously, entered the cleanly, cozy parlour of one of my favourite baiting-places in my untiring perambulations, round and round, and in and out of the unceasing suburbs of this ever-extending

city, and was now not unpleasantly engaged in sipping his half-pint of sherry and glancing through the morning paper, who had given occasion for these introductory reflections. He was a remarkable man; for, as I shortly afterwards ascertained, he was more than *ninety* years of age, though looking less than sixty—was hearty and active—quick-footed, with a steady gait—quick-eyed—quick-thoughted—the least bit in the world deaf, not more than was agreeable, and with no other apparent infirmity—short, stout, and well-set upon legs which might make an Irish paviour undervalue his own; and these were becomingly clad in black silk stockings, and it struck me that legs which had stood by a man in the handsome manner his had done, through so many years, were worthy of the honour of such costly hose. A pair of bright silver buckles, of the large old-fashioned pattern, conferred additional brilliancy on the warranted "brilliant Warren" of his shoes; a smaller pair gave dignity and compactness to his knees. His coat, of raven black, was of the old-school cut—lengthy and capacious in all parts—ample in pocket and flap—in short, a reminiscence of the coat of "other days," ere tailors had turned out that

"Starveling in a scanty vest,"

—an exquisite. This was surmounted by the old-fashioned, dark-brown, knotted sort of Bath great-

coat, once so popular with our good old grandfathers, which, as he crossed the parlour, spread out on either side of him with a robe-like sweep. His hat was certainly hat, and I was not certain that it was not also umbrella; for it was broad enough in the brim to shelter his shoulders in a shower. Under this, on either side, two rolled up curls, or right and left wings of a handsome brown wig, arched over either ear, as if his ears had eye-brows, or, rather, ear-brows; or to speak a little more "by the card," no brows at all, but two semi-lunes of hair, to warm, shelter, and protect them. His face was of the very comeliest of all hues—an harmonious mingling of natural brown and red; and though there were as many lines in it as in Denner's master-piece—his beautiful Old Woman—there did not seem one line too much, nor one ill-favoured line: *his* "lines were cast in pleasant places." His features and facial formation had somewhat of the Scottish character, and were what some physiognomists would have called hard; and perhaps they would have been so, had not their natural grave severity been softened-off by a frequent genial smile, full of good-nature as a shining autumn day: this gave a general bland expression of mildness and benevolence to his countenance, such as a face with more pretensions to comeliness would perhaps have wanted. It was the serene smile of an old man at peace with himself and with the world—of an old

man living still in friendly fellowship with the busy world he had quitted but a little time, and might soon quit for ever: the serene, satisfied smile of an aged traveller, who, as he journeys onward, turns to look back upon the scenes and the pilgrims he had passed through and by upon his way, and after some few moments spent in thoughtful solicitude for the safety of his fellow-travellers, turns from them with a kindly smile, and quietly resumes "the even tenour of his way."

There may be many human sights more glorious to behold, but I do not know one more interesting —I would almost say more holy—than an old man who has passed his young and active days amidst the stir and strife of this great Babel—London— and in the evening of his life sinks calmly and placidly back into the arms of Nature—a man in experience of the world—a child in the mildness and meekness of that knowledge.

"This old man," thought I, "has mingled with men, as child and man, for ninety long, long years, and now 'comes out from among them' as he entered—again a child at heart. He has seen the vices of the world, and his good original nature has 'abated no jot of heart or hope,' and lost not its human patience. He has detected the leprous spots upon the face of society, but he saw, at the same time, that the entire body was not affected with disease—that it was healthy and wholesome

still, and not to be given up as loathsome and defiled. The vices of his fellow-men he has, in some sort, forgotten: they are not 'clean wiped out from the book and volume of his brain,' but though still registered there, they are diffused over so large an extent of recollection, and form such solitary items in such far-off, separate pages, that they are too unimportant to be aggregated, cast up in one large sum total, and debited against the world. Their virtues he loves better to remember, and he remembers them well: he has credited them more carefully; and instances of goodness start up like stars before him, throwing a shining light equally on the path he has passed along, and that which he now pursues. He looks considerately at his fellow-creatures as they are—wishes they were what they might be—and hopes he has not left them worse than he first found them. There were bad and good in his youth—there are good and bad in his old age. Time, that teaches some men, has taught him to shut his eyes to the inevitable bad, or, if he will consider it, to look on it with pity and charity; and his contemplation of the vices of the bad has made more beautiful the virtues of the good. If he cannot forget the bad, it is because he remembers their repentance: meantime the better deeds of better men live freshly and greenly in his memory, and he glories in their good names. Balancing, therefore, the one against

the other, his benevolent verdict is—that mankind might be much better and much worse than they are; and upon mature reflection he thinks that it is safer to let both Ill and Well alone than meddle with them too much."

An old man, such as this, is more venerable in my eyes than all that hoary Time has left us in these latter days. "A good old man," says an early writer, "is the best antiquity—one which we may without vanity admire—one whom Time hath been long working, and, like Winter fruit, ripened when others are shaken down." Every wrinkle in the brow of such a man is, to my thinking, an apophthegm of wisdom—every grey hair a line of instruction. His age is as beautiful as infancy—as endearing and sacred. If the foot of forty at ninety—health and temperate looks—the affability and open-heartedness of youth—cheerful thoughts, expressed and implied—and shining eyes and smiling wrinkles are witnesses for such a man, my aged friend—for so I shall call him—was a fine specimen of "the best antiquity."

I have sketched the old man;—I must now describe his companion, for he had one—a dog of the large spaniel breed, who seemed to have seen as much of the busy world as his master. We were very soon intimate, for Prince (that was the worthy four-legged fellow's name) appeared to be of that amiable class of dogs, who, by a handsome person

and winning manners, recommend themselves immediately to one's good opinion. His master apologized for his familiarities, and in mild terms expostulated with him on the impropriety of his conduct. "You are too dirty, Prince—do you hear, Sir? you are too dirty, Sirrah, to be an agreeable play-fellow!" The conscientious beast seemed to be immediately made sensible that he was, and, taking the reproof in good part, very quietly laid himself down at the feet of his ancient friend. Prince, I suspected, had a great partiality to duck-ponds, for the weeds of those aquatic paradises still hung about him, and decorated him almost to the beatitude of a Sadler's-Wells Neptune. To encourage him in decent behaviour, the old gentleman began rummaging his pockets; and the result was, the production of two nicely-packed papers of biscuits, which, first having swept a clean spot on the sanded floor, he deposited there for honest Master Prince's refection; and then the old gentleman resumed the newspaper. The luncheon was soon over; and the *gaieté de cœur* of Prince returned, but he as speedily resumed the proper degree of respect for self and company, and straightway wore as much gravity in his looks, as if he had, in his better days, held the onerous office of deputy of the dogs of Dowgate. I noticed that Prince had a trick of tucking up one leg, and running about on the other three, and

this brought up a story from the old gentleman, which I shall relate, as it was short, and had some point.

"My dog, Sir," said he, "often reminds me of my old acquaintance Jack Simpson. It was said of Jack Simpson——but stay, I had better first relate how what was said of him came to be said: it is not a bad joke, Sir. Jack, when I first knew him—let me see, that was in Seventeen-sixty, not a yesterday recollection, Sir!——"

I stared at the antiquity of the reminiscence, and, for a moment, felt as though I sat in the presence of that more ancient "*Sylvanus Urban*" of that oldest old "*Gentleman's Magazine,*" the world—antiquarian Time himself!

"Yes, it was in Seventeen-sixty. Jack Simpson was then a blood of the first pretensions, as far as broad skirts and breeding went — the 'Ladies' Man' at the Hackney Assembly, a fashionable thing, Sir, in that day; first butterfly at Tunbridge Wells, and second butterfly at Bath; a man of pleasure and of the world; gay, full of unfeigned good humour, having wit enough for men, address and a handsome person for women, and spirit sufficient for all occasions. His fortune was but small, and this gay life of his, you may be sure, made it less. In no long time he began to find out that a spendthrift's purse does not always keep pace with the demands on it; and so he took

dinners instead of giving them, and was of Sheridan's opinion, that 'the best wine is certainly our friend's.' Now what, in Heaven's name, Sir, had a man of Jack's fortune and folly to do with avarice? It was one of those contradictions in his character which I could never understand, and which must have been a riddle to himself. Sir, it must have been born in him—an innate quality—a genius for avarice; and all his brilliant exterior, which pleased the popular eye, like the wretched finery and foppery of a May-day sweep, only disguised, but did not conceal the dirt and degradation under all. He confessed to me that he felt the first gripings of that heart-hardening vice coming upon him at that time, while still whirling round in the vortex of fashion. His fingers began to clutch closer, and his whole hand held faster what it held. As if Fortune had become disgusted with his growing meanness, she sent him a thumping legacy of thirty thousand pounds, the hard scrapings of a miserly relation——it ran in the blood of the Simpsons, Sir! One would have thought that this sudden accession would have confirmed him in his sordidness—it had an effect directly the reverse! Off he went again on the old road to ruin, with a renewed speed, gained from loitering so leisurely along it as he had lately done. Open house—card tables and faro banks—wine, women, and assemblies — routs, Ranelagh, Pump-room,

sedans here, and coaches there—flirtations with Lady A., an alderman's young widow, and the lovely Miss B.—and follies of all sorts, which were nothing if not expensive, made his thirty thousand pounds fly thirty thousand ways; and in three years Jack stood with his hands in two empty pockets—his good constitution gone with his gold, forsaken of his frivolous friends, his flirtation with Lady A. *off*, as the phrase is, and his calculations of the money and matrimonial inclinations of Miss B. wrong in the items, and the whole bill disputed.

But a well-selected vice never leaves its victim—it is always more faithful than a virtue, and sticks, where it has once fastened, tenaciously to the last. Though run out of ready money, Jack was above want. His estate was even now a clear thousand a year—quite enough to begin with when you intend to be penniless all the rest of your life. He was seen no more in his old haunts; and Fashion lost one of her favourite fools. He disappeared, no one knew when or where. He was known to be alive, for his rents were punctually demanded—but not by him, and his agent kept his secret. Seven years passed away, and he was almost forgotten, when suddenly he re-appeared—grey, pinched, miserable, stooping, and unnaturally old—the very phantom of avarice. The generous few pitied him, the unfeeling many laughed at him, the perplexed thought he was

deranged, and the positive said he was. It might perhaps amuse you to relate some instances of his sordid passion; but there is more melancholy than mirth in looking at human nature at a discount, and I would rather forget them. In brief, Sir, he ended by starving himself to death through fear of want; a good estate and forty thousand pounds in funded money fell into the coffers of the Crown, for lack of an heir-at-law; and the only pleasant fact connected with the memory of Jack Simpson is this waggish remark on his begrudging habits by one who knew him well—that if he had been born with four legs, he would have run about on three to save one!"

The old gentleman smiled good-humouredly over this portion of his reminiscences. Prince—who must have heard the story before, for he walked to the door as soon as "legs" were mentioned—stood ready and willing to start; his master bowed, said I was a good listener, a great accomplishment, and bade me good morning.

THE OLD WATCHMEN.

THE older I get, the older I grow, the more I feel, hourly and daily, that I cannot choose but join in my querulous pipe with the chirping voice of that playful poet, who, in his antic disposition, sang these tristful triplets :—

> " I have had playmates—I have had companions,
> In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
> All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!
>
> " I have been laughing—I have been carousing,
> Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
> All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"—*C. Lamb.*

Many are gone, and many are not gone, who might go, an' they would, with all my heart. I miss many that are gone; but I miss none who are gone so much as the ancient goodly Watchmen of this ancient goodly City. There are a thousand parts and parcels that formerly formed part and parcel of the life of London, which have gone, and made no sign that they were going. I miss none of them so much as those veteran weatherers of all

weathers——whether it was Winter, the Winter of the City—how wretched! Spring, the Spring of the Strand and Fleet-street, and those unpastoral parts adjacent—how flowerless, bowerless, budless, and blossomless! Summer, the Summer of St. Dunstan's—not half so long, not half so warm, not half so welcome, as the intrusive nose of that old enemy of man, taken *in flagrante delicto* by the tongs of that good saint—Summer, only known by the annual coming round of that incontinent luxury of your parish authorities, yellow green peas; and that stall-spread delicacy of your pennied apprentices, gooseberry-fool; with that damp indulgence, the parish water-cart, pauper-pumped and pauper-drawn, sent spirting and squirting about the cleanly streets, to put down and drown the few poor lively particles of powdered dirt that dared to kick up something like a dust in dry weather, and, by a sort of unholy-water sprinkling and unreligious exorcism, lay them! Autumn, the Autumn of the damp dwellers around St. Clement the Dane, who, shrinking from the first threatenings of the winter blasts, run shivering to the wharfs along the water-side with a cold, chittering cry of "Coals, coals! an' you love us, goodman Pegg, (or Sant, as it might happen,) keep sending us continually more coals!"——I miss those weather-beaten followers of "mine ancient" Time—the Watchmen of old London! They are

gone! Comfort be with them, poor, workhoused wretches, "wheresoe'er they are—wherever they abide!"

"Blessings go with them wheresoe'er they go!"

May a warmer woollen night-cap take place of those Welsh wigs wherewithal they comforted their wise old ears in winter weather—wise ears, for they distinguished wisely, and could pronounce whether the whoreson noon-of-night brawler who invoked them were wise or simple—country-born or civic-bred—gentleman Templar, too powerfully refreshed—maudlin merchant—plain shopkeeper—learned or unlearned clerk—thorough town-taught vagabond—Delilah or honest woman, drunk or sober, going upon her lawful or unlawful business. And wise enough was he, the good old Watchman, to distinguish whether a watch were lost or to be lost—a nice point; for if it were gone, and fobbed off so, wherefore should he follow it, and expose himself to a like danger?—an' it were not gone, but predestinated to go, he who was to part with it anon had but patiently to "wait a wee," and, all things agreeing, he, the most watchful of Watchmen, would, in his turn, attend on him, and ease him of his commodity. Meantime if the gold-watched citizen were too drunk to go, he could hold on by the post till he came up to him in the due course and circuit of his round,

when he would take friendly charge of him; perhaps see him to his door, if not far distant; and haply take care of his true Tompion, by right of place, as one holding office under the administration of that old watcher and warder, Time. And if he, the *Bacchi plenus*, wot not, when he sobered, what had gone with his gold watch, it was well; if he remembered who had taken so much care of it, it was not well—he took it ill, he that took it, but he gave it up for a consideration. Nice discernments these, which no ears but such practised ears as theirs could easily distinguish: they relied upon them—took counsel of them—stirred and interfered—stood still, or laid perdue, till the brawl blew over, the cry of "Watch!" had cried itself to sleep, and the dangerous coast was clear—did these cautious justicers. "My dainty Ariels, I miss ye much!" Where are ye gone, ye "old familiar faces?" "What accident has rapt ye from me?" I had, in my benevolence, almost wished that

"Never House, misnamed of Industry,"

had received ye; but it is too late: there ye are, all laid upon the shelf, your lanterns out, and your own lives' "brief candles" flickering and quivering in the socket. Ye "old men eloquent," do ye never start up now in your still watchful sleep at the counting of the Poor-house clock, or at the

crowing of the cock at the dairyman's across the way, and call the hour, and call it wrong, as ye were wont to do in your best days, or, rather, nights, when suddenly awakened? Have they—the hard Economists—taken away from ye that childish and yet watchmanly toy, the rattle, with which ye

> "Oft in the stilly night,
> When slumber's chain had bound *us*,"

kept yourselves from sleeping by playing with it, and turning it round and round, solacing your serious, silent hours with it? Do ye never spring it in your beds, and "fright the *workhouse* from its propriety?" Do ye never make charges in your dreams against the rude disorderlies before his worship the Ward-constable? And are they entered? And do they stand in damning white and black upon imaginary charge-sheets? And do ye go in your dreams, as ye were wont to go in sober reality, drunk with the now sobered delinquents before my Lord Muggins the Mayor, and swear to some new charge—invented "for the nonce"—that of the next morning being anything but that of overnight? And do the sapient Solons listen to your charge, and turn deaf ears to the innocent fools your victims, as they were wont to do? Do ye never, in your imagination, collar some lusty, rascal roisterer, and, waking, find that

ye have clutched the poor old crone, your pauper-nurse? Do ye never, in your now undisturbed sleep, as ye were wont when it was disturbed, hear some late Templar, "training for the law," having let fall a guinea in the street, cry "Watch!"—and when ye answer hoarsely to his cry, and walk reluctant up to where he stands; till he grows more explanative, and hurries your slow feet by adding, "Here, bring your lantern this way, my good fellow, for I've dropped a shilling!"—(too-thoughtful student—of mankind, fearful if he had named the larger sum, it might have tempted ye to withhold your light and your besought assistance)—do ye run up now to the spot, to be "first oars"—see where the golden glitterer lies at the first glance—clap your broad foot upon it to cover it from his dim eyes—dim with excess of *law*, or punch—lend him your lantern to look round for it, but stir not from your 'vantage ground till he has given the guinea up and gone his way, not rejoicing, but lamenting the loss, mayhap, of his first fee? And have ye the conscience still to take a shilling for your trouble? And when you have heard him knock, and seen him enter in at the Middle Temple gate, do ye now put out the light, lest any eye should see what 'tis ye do; and stooping down to your shoe, do ye pick up one pound one as lawful waif and stray, and glory that you have done the legal knowing-one? Do

ye still rouse up the bakers' men when the sponge has set, and get large hunks of deadman for your trouble? Or are all your services, uses, abuses, authorities, powers, and all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" Watchmanry extinct and clean forgotten? Then indeed is "Othello's occupation gone!" Out alas! "Where be your gibes now" of the tipsy straggler, provoking him to a quarrel? Where be the *rows* ye kicked up, and the *row-ers* ye picked up? Where be those lesser lights, your lanterns? "Night's candles are burnt out." Where be your staves?—where do the wood-worms peg them through like cribbage-boards? Where do the moths make eyelet-holes in your right reverend watch-coats? "Oh fallen, fallen from your high estate!" "How are the mighty fallen!" But I will pity ye, though oft-times pitiless. May those old "blankets of the dark," your many-*milled* watch-coats—inflexible as board—which could have stood alone, an' there were need on't—fitting ye like your watch-boxes—may they be superseded now by softer woollen appliances, lapping your superannuated bodies and rheumatic bones

"——— in one extreme sweet pleasure,"—

the unusual pleasure of warmth—the old man's chariest luxury, and best of blessings!

Watchmen—most ancient Watchmen—and all

the long line of the dynasty of the Dogberries—went out with what I understand to be the true "Light of other days"—those winking, weak-eyed lenders of a light to the purblind leaders of the blind, the old parish lamps. The garish eye of Gas glared through the darkness visible of our streets, and these old owls, dazzled and blinded with the threatened excess of *moral* light—for so it was—shrunk from its hated presence. I saw that all was over with them from that hour: that their infirmities and inefficiencies thus exposed and brought to light, they could not stand the survey and investigation of these days. While the old obscurity reigned, men—watch-rate-paying men—were satisfied with hearing hourly and half-hourly the feeble cry of some old creature whom the cruel Parish (meaning to be kind) kept out of his warm bed; and were content to think that "their doors were blest from nightly harm" by these poor ministers and mumblers. The new light thrown upon the old darkness shewed them up in their true "false presentments;" and it was seen at once that these old, halt, and lame, and blind infantry—this veteran battalion, commanded by old Colonel Time—were not the effective men your Watch and Ward Committees said they were, but feeble, frail, and impotent. From that hour their doom was sealed—their dissolution was inevitable. Had they been bad Moslemin and

Janissaries, one night would have seen them swept away from the face of the City; but as they happened to be indifferent Christians, they were spared. The fiat, however, went forth—that they should cease to be—and they were seen and heard no more! Well, peace be with ye!

> "Fear no more the heat o' the *Moon*,
> Nor the wintry storm that rages;
> Now your worldly task is done,
> Home ye're gone, and got your wages!
> Golden lads and lasses must
> All follow ye, and come to dust!"

Not uncheerful—though strangely inverted—was the life of the old Watchman. Day was his night—night was his day: his life—or the latter years of it—was all night. It was, indeed, a not incurious speculation to your physiognomist and your physiologist to get a sight of one of the old Watchmen by day. Plants which grow in cellars and in mines, far from "the healthy breath of Morn" and the genial influence of the sun, are white, colourless, and unwholesome-looking. A Watchman seen by day reminded you of these plants. He had that *interesting* paleness which a certain noble poet so much affected; and blended with this was a cold blueness, as though his blood wanted the ripening redness of the sun—and so, no doubt, it did. There was a hue in his aspect, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of watching and lone-wandering through the solemn silence of

a city asleep—a thoughtful circumstance with the least thoughtful;—a look as though he felt somewhat out of his element in keeping such unseasonable hours as twelve at noon and one in the afternoon among a mob which he could not disperse—among a rude and noisy rabblement whom he could not command to keep the peace. He was, indeed, as much abroad and out of his place and element by day as a bee at Billingsgate. Meet him by day, and you saw at one glance at the old Watchman's face that he was no every-day man—that Day knew him not well, and that he only knew Day as you might haply recognise in some young man, who has become a shining character, some once scrubby boy, the morning of whose life was palpably obscure, and whose little day looked as though it would be a dark and dull one: you are not sure that it is he, and yet you think it is. The old Watchman cared not for day:

> "What had day with him to do?
> Sons of Care, 'twas made for you!"

Day was of no further consequence to him than that its coming marked the time when his services might be dispensed with till night. He thanked Heaven for his *nightly* bread. He went to bed with the owl—the Scotchman's nightingale; and left it to the foolish lovers of long life to rise with the lark, and go to bed with him, at such improper

hours as that eminent vocalist—the skiey Incledon —keeps. He had but one favourite author—Dr. Young; and having gone his round, he snuffed his candle with his fingers, and dipped into his Night Thoughts, when his own perchance were drowsier, or the streets were more than commonly silent and well-behaved. Sometimes, with the gentle Hervey, he contemplated the starry heavens. God knows! many an old man who has held the lantern in the midnight search for a dropt six-pence may have been an ill-starred, undiscovered Newton; and instead of following at the heels of Time, and telling, to his fellow-mortals, how fast he goes, might have walked with him as one of the few great companions of that untiring old Traveller, till both disappeared in the far distance of Eternity. But if he was an astronomer, he knew it not, or we knew it not. He *could* point out the place of the Great Bear; but you might safelier rely upon his direction to the Brown Bear, Bow-street, where the night-wanderer could, in those days, "wet his clay." He, good, easy man, himself loved, even to over-indulgence, (which spoils a taste as much as it spoils a child,) a colourless liquor, looking, to the simple eye, like veritable water, but, tasted, was much stronger—at least than any water save that mis-called Thames water: that is sometimes strong enough to knock you down. The old Watchman

would, as hath been remarked by some one, take any given quantity thereof. It was, haply, not unnatural that he whose office—whose vocation it was to trip up the heels of run-a-gates, and cry "Stand!" to an unsteady man, should love a cordial whose simple cognomen reminded him of that old "springe to catch woodcocks," your *gin*.

The old Watchmen were valiant, if need were, and could strike; but they ever had an eye to the measure of capacity of the recipients. If they were small, weak vessels, they thumped away like carpet-beaters, and slackened not till they, perchance, had cracked them, and they began to *run*. If they were stout and sturdy vessels of war, which could maintain the fight 'gainst any odds which the Watchmanhood could wage or wager, their blows being weak, and of none effect upon such "bully Bottoms," they would have been lost upon them, and so they threw them not away. Therein was their discretion.

There was something warning the evil-doers to flee away even in the very shuffling of their old shoon along the stones, which always "prated of their whereabout." Long before you saw the slow, old, creeping guardian of the sleeping hours, you heard him afar off, in the strict silence of the night.

"Poor traveller!
His staff trail'd with him: scarcely did his feet
Disturb the summer dust,"

or the summer silence. You would not have heard his feet, only that they were the sole things which were stirring. In the solemn moonlight nights of autumn, when this city seems most picturesque, and streets, which you see no beauty in by day, are turned by night—with its black shadows, and strange, loose, scattered distributions of light—into perfect pictures, that set the imagination wandering to old Venice, and you see Canalettis at every corner of the streets that slope towards the Thames —that fresher stream than the old Grand Canal gliding through all with calm, majestic pace—— "in such an hour as this," when all the City slept, and not a sound alarmed "the peace-fond Night with noise," save the old Watchman's feeble cry, and his soft, feeble tread, *he* seemed the only living creature in the city of the dead—the only living link between the death of one day's life and the birth-time of another, as he crept along,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

like the Last Man; or like the solitary traveller in that old city of the desert, where all who had lived were dead and turned to stone. The coming of your now watcher of the night is as sudden and unexpected, and yet as stealthy, as the stealing along of a thief. The burglar had time to finish his business, or, if not, to escape, ere the old Watchman had tottered up to where his booty

lay. If, from some want of precaution on his part, the feeble old man caught him at his dirty work, was he honest, his fears would counsel him to silence: was he a rogue, he listened to reason, drew his hush-money at the time, was silent, passed on, winked, and saw nothing, but could say something, upon compulsion, or if tempted to speak by "Fifty Pounds Reward."

The old Watchmen had their enviers. There is no rank in life, however low, but there is some one, lower still, who looks up to it, and thinks it were promotion to rise to that high station. This admiration leads to imitation, and imitation, not unfrequently, to a sort of excellence.

The old Watchmen had their admirers. The little sweeps—those white negroes—rising before the day, as they went chittering along the silent streets in a black, murky morning, loved to hear their reverend voices—quavering with cold, and age, and the excess which only kept them up in the unnatural conflict with nature—sleep, rest, and nursing their infirmities. Those tender younglings, having their share of vulgar superstitions, as well as their betters, dreaded the silence of the darkness, but felt assured of their poor safety whenas they heard the old familiar quail-pipe of some grey Nestor of the night dwelling with an elaborate delight and drowsy charm upon "Past six o'clock and a cloudy

morning!"—an hour dear to him, in winter, for it dismissed him to his bed. How those younkers reverenced him, and called him Father, and looked up to him as a man, a warm man, when they compared his large white watchcoat with their black tatters—as one high in authority, and yet not proud, nor stern, but full of humble condescensions to those small inferiors!

> "The child *was* father of the man,"

—the Watch-man—as Mr. Wordsworth says; for, as Dryden says,

> "The priest———— "

(or *clergyman*, those white-blacks which

> "Men callen *sweeps* in oure towne"

being classed with the members of "the cloth" clerical, and irreverently set apart and segregated as a sort of uncatholic black-friars of the order of the *Minorites*)—

> "The *priest* continued what the *child* began,"

and the boy-sweep, growing too big for the chimney, came at last to be considered a man-sweep; and when, in the course of time, he got too old for that, rather than he should be a burden on the parish, the overseers thereof bade him wash himself as white as he could, and he became a Watchman!—his "being's end and aim!"

The early labourer, lit his three inches of pipe *per* favour of his lantern, as he thought him no mean man. The houseless wretches with which

this wealthy City abounds—greatly to this wealthy City's disgrace—when he was merciful to them, and drove them not about from pillar to post, from door to door, but let them huddle in a corner, if out of the way, and broke not their death-like sleep; or if, as he sometimes did, he shared with the starving creatures the cold orts given him by some good-hearted servant-girl, who pitied the poor Watchman—as the hungry outcasts ravened over the dry morsels, they wept, feebly wept, that some one felt for them, though only a poor Watchman!—That poor little devil—the printer's devil—that *white* sweep—(why not? as we have such nice distinctions as black smith and white smith?)—that indispensable imp—small go-between great printer and great poet—running indifferently from Davison to Byron, from Byron back again to Davison—first carrier of those immortal works consigned in parcels to the care of that best critic, Time, for the use of that young master, Posterity, now thumbing his small horn-book, who, when he has got through his letters, and can read, is to say whether he likes or likes them not——That wee devil, too soon for the *late* warehouseman by a good hour, crept up to the old Watchman's box as to a sanctuary, and felt a poor comfort and a warmth in looking at the light that shone through the lantern;—perhaps held his cold hands, which knew no comfortable gloves, over its top, from

whose vent-holes the heat would radiate, and there would warm his chapped and frozen fingers—an indulgence which the good fatherly man allowed. The late lodger—a single man, given to clubs—when he was locked out, or had forgot his key—walked round his beat with him, and found him sociable, and one who knew the world—by night. The 'prentice-boy, or hobbledehoy, just beginning to grow rakish and disorderly, returning late from private theatre or spouting-club, clung to his box, neighbouring his master's house, and, while he went his round, took forty winks, snugly shut up in it, as that good man advised; and when "Our maid" got up, as was her wont, at six, a gentle tap of the Watchman's staff against the area-railings brought Betty to the door; Master Dick's delinquency was apologized for, and looked over by the good-natured girl "as no business of *her'n*;" and all being now made right, and the coast clear, Dick stepped out from the portico next door, thanked her for her kindness, begged her silence, and slipping his shoes off, slid softly upstairs to his bed-room, past "the *governor's* door," just in time to hear his wakening bell ring him up to work, and, yawning, answer it. And so he 'scaped the Chamberlain, that severe Censor of your City 'prentice.

The Watchman's box was eminently social, like a snuff-box; for all honest men and boys might "beard the lion in his den," an' they were

known and of good repute, or were well-favoured. His box was political, too, for the Morning-paper compositor, if any extraordinary news was stirring, left the heads of it there for further circulation, ere he went, tired of it himself, to bed. Next came the newsman, with his wet, cold quires under his rheumatic arm, who, if he had time, read out the brief particulars, while he, good Watchman, now thoroughly waked up, with mouth wide open, swallowed the alarming news, trembled to hear it, but held his lantern steadily while his indifferent reader now fluently went on, and now boggled at, and sometimes spelt or skipped, a villanous hard word. It was a picture to see them—a picture of the past.

' But those *days* are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray...
Silent are their voices shrill
Down Fleet-street—up Ludgate-hill...
You will never more behold
Feeble John or Robin bold!....
Gone the merry midnight din·
Gone the song of Jamie Lynn!
So it is: yet let us sing
Honour to the worn-out thing!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try."—KEATS, *cum var.*

END OF VOL. I.

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